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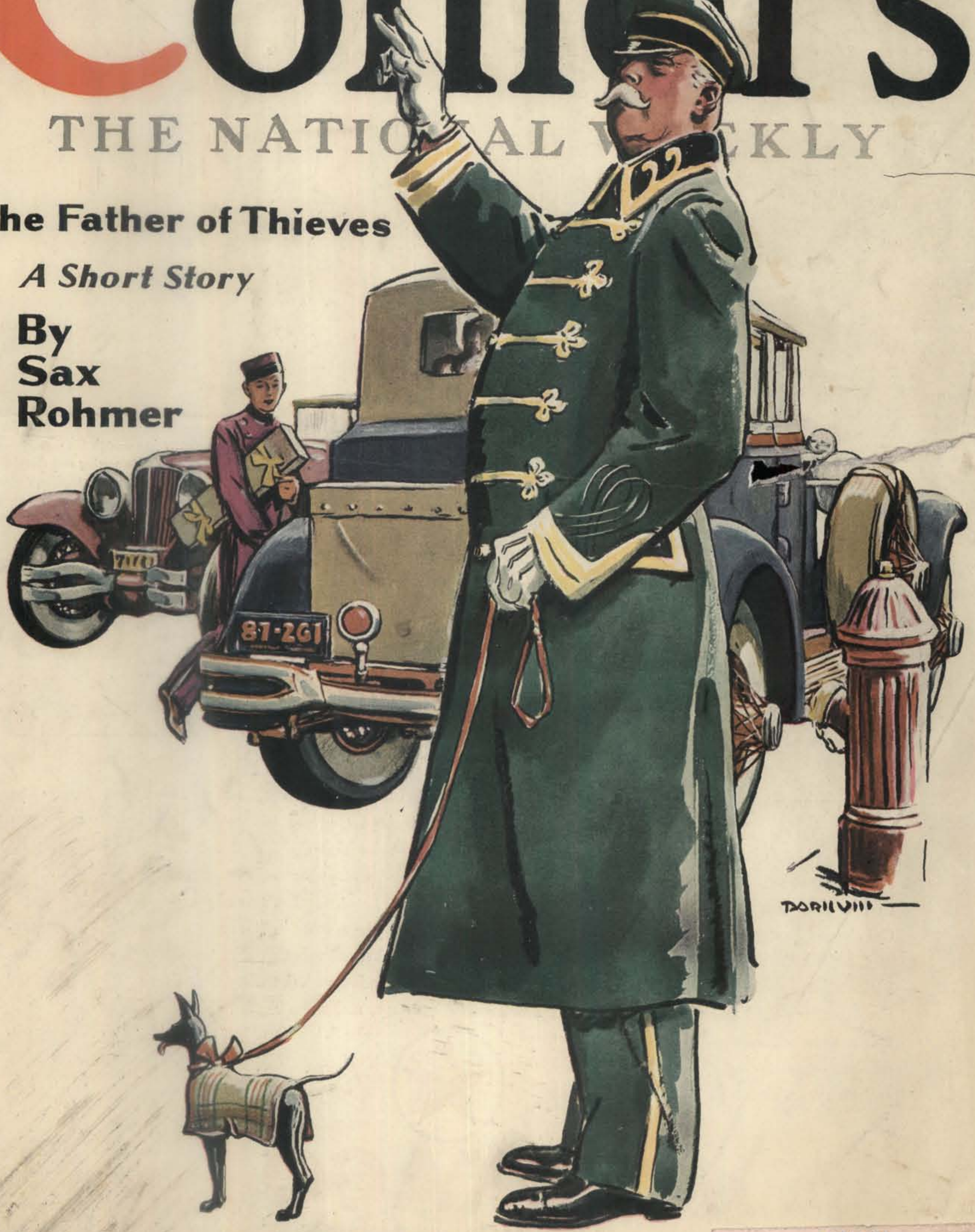
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Father of Thieves

A Short Story

By
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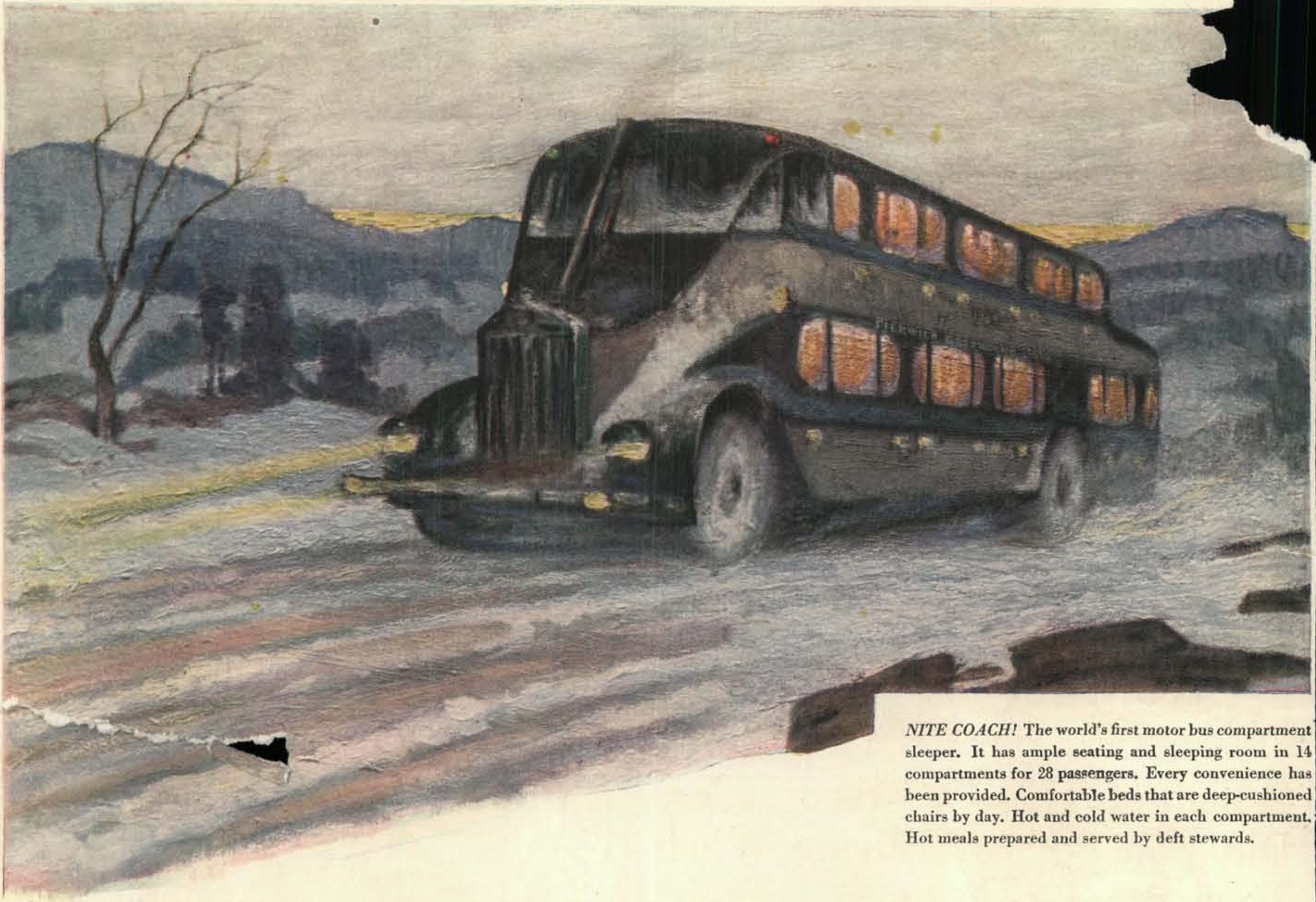

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, whose novel "The Age of Youth" ended a few weeks ago, to the sorrow of a vast horde of readers, is with us again. This time it is a short story called "Renunciation," in which Jerry Dempster, who moves in the best circles, particularly in the evenings, seems to specialize in saying good-by. *One of the things we marvel at is how a* man who knows so much about Society manages to keep up his familiarity with the less favored branches of society, small "s." We haven't decided whether it is a gift or a failing that should cause us to lift our eyebrows. At any rate, from Mr. Roche's fiction you can always learn how the other half lives, no matter to which half you belong—or think you do.

—

WE HAVE remarked before upon the futility of opposing a determined young woman once she has decided that you are the one man in the world. But young men do struggle, even when they don't know what it's all about, and that's what makes life so entertaining to us old cynics. Take the lad in the story by Joseph Hilton Smyth and Porter Emerson Browne, "Girls Demand Excitement." He was engaged to the sister of the young huntress. But did that help him? No. It made things worse.

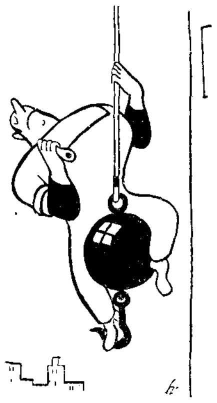
—

FROM "Loud Speaker," by our shy young friend John B. Kennedy, the sporting world will be dismayed to learn that it was ice cream that changed Jack Sharkey from a relatively inoffensive sailor into a fighting man who seems able and willing to offend anybody.

Mr. Sharkey is a model young man, in a way, and loves his home. Everything he has he owes to his wife (we've heard that sentiment before, somewhere) and when he lacks his usual fire in the ring it is because he's homesick. Well, that's a new reason, anyway.

—

WALTER DAVENPORT recently introduced us to a group of daring and intelligent lads who feel sorry for all human beings who work at anything but erecting the steel skeletons of skyscrapers. We blush to think of the time we've spent watching those steel workers push clouds aside that they might not be bothered as they set the girders for the fortieth or fiftieth floor of a new office building. But we simply couldn't resist. And now we've met them in Mr. Davenport's "High and Mighty." They think well of themselves, as they should, speak a language of their own, bow to no man but their "pusher" and not very much to him.



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ALSO we point, with pride of course, to Frank Condon's short story, "Where there's Gold;" "Dark Surprise," by L. V. Jacks; the serials, all three of them; the Short Short Story, Grantland Rice's story about Helen Wills (Mrs. Moody, you know), Uncle Henry and—well, that ought to keep you busy.

THIS WEEK

February 22, 1930

Cover—Jay Hyde Barnum

Page 7—Sax Rohmer

THE FATHER OF THIEVES: The Good Samaritan collects.

Page 10—William G. Shepherd

LOOK OUT, THE HASH IS SOUR! Why prison revolts happen.

Page 12—Glenna Collett

JUNK THAT JINX: Over the correct shoulder, however.

Page 13—Octavus Roy Cohen

ADJUSTMENT: The Short Short Story.

Page 14—Alan LeMay

JUST A HORSE OF MINE: An open-spaces love story.

Page 16—Word Hunt

Page 17—E. Phillips Oppenheim

THE LION AND THE LAMB, Part XII: Shivery music, please.

Page 18—John Knox

BAITED WITH NERVE: The capture of Chapman and Anderson.

Page 19—H. I. Phillips

SWADDLING CLOTHES: The lament of the male.

Page 20—Stephen Morehouse Avery

THE BURDEN OF THE BLONDE: A love story with fresh sea air.

Page 22—John Erskine

UNCLE SAM, Part VII: Mr. Erskine's new novel.

Page 24—Grantland Rice

THE TRICK OF TIME

Page 25—Helen Z. Smith

STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR, Part II

Page 30—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 32—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

TRUSTING TO MORROW

Page 65—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 66—Editorial

Any Week

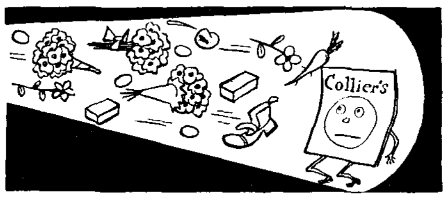
MR. G. G.-S. of the Farnsboro Apartments, Washington, D. C., is amazed. He attributes his condition to the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson's "How Dry is Washington?" which Collier's published lately with reverberating success.

Mr. G. G.-S. says that if Dr. Wilson had gone to the State Department, a few minutes' ride from his office, he could have obtained, free, a copy of the diplomatic list and avoided saying that "there are approximately 3,000 attachés and secretaries with 7,000 servants" and that "the quantity of rum which comes into the District supposedly for the use of these people is amazing."

There being just 54 embassies and legations, this would allow 130 servants each. A bit of an exaggeration, says Mr. G. G.-S., who takes it from the State Department that there are just 188 attachés, counselors and secretaries, not 3,000. . . . This just by way of a hint at the magnitude of our correspondent's amazement at Dr. Wilson.

—

IF THE apparently endless letter-writers who caught us referring to the uniform King George was wearing in the photograph we published a few weeks ago as that of an admiral will agree to an armistice, we will try to do better in the future. If not, we shall arise and sing "God Save the King." And they'll like that even less. It was a field marshal's uniform. Remember now, singing is our last desperate measure and we do it only in extremity.



NOT a day passes that someone doesn't demand that we set forth our personal creed in politics, religion and general philosophy. The net result is it's a wonder we're not just a welter of doubt. Hope is about all we have left.

Here's Mrs. Irene O. Clem of Portland, Maine, calling us enemies of civilization for publishing surveys of prohibition by Messrs. White, Davenport and Shepherd, and Mr. E. E. Millerson of Tucson, Arizona, accuses us of cant, hypocrisy and spinelessness for permitting advocacy of prohibition to appear in our pages. Mr. Carl Kellent discovers reason for crossing us off his list for "a tariff-tethered Republican" and B. F. T. of Washington Court House, Ohio, writes that we are "a damn' Socialist and atheist who ought to be put on a boat." Miss Gertrude Schalk of Boston regards us as "the acme of magazine perfection" and Mr. Luther Mendel of Chicago assures us that he'd sacrifice any Friday engagement rather than forego reading Collier's because, says he, "You got guts."

Coming from all sides, as these opinions do (it's a way opinions have), we have whole moments given over to umbrage. And we don't care especially for umbrage, either. Our position at such times is like that of Jed Slone of Knott County, Kentucky, when Littleton Carver of Letcher, after accusing Jed of practically everything, demanded that Jed tell him what kind of a shoat he, Jed, was anyway.

"Shoo, Littleton," said Jed mildly, "now that you mention it, it never occurred to me to figure it out. After seeing you, most any kind of shoat would feel right satisfied with his lot."

The shooting started immediately.

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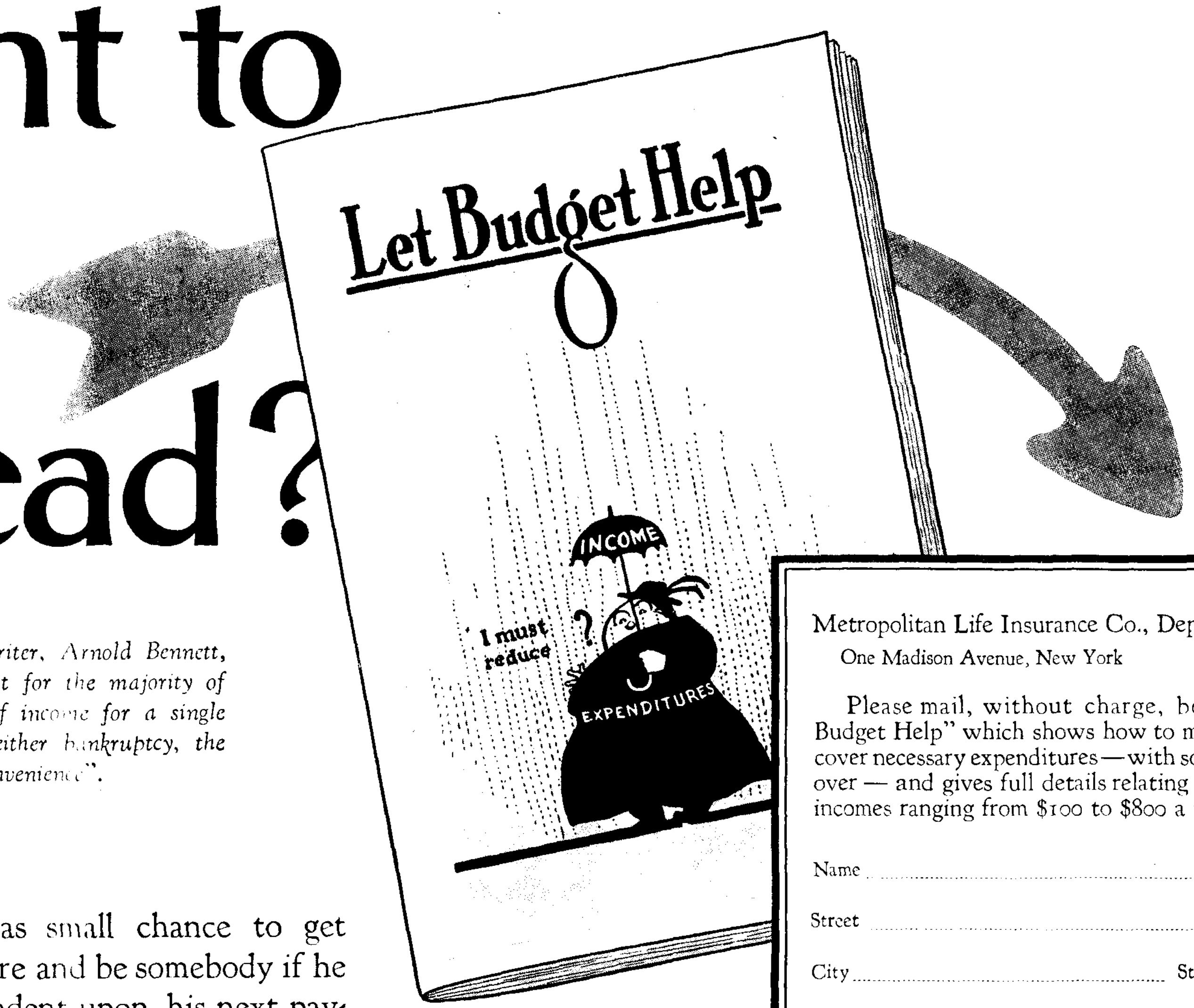
Want to Get Ahead?



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 330-C
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Please mail, without charge, booklet "Let Budget Help" which shows how to make incomes cover necessary expenditures—with something left over — and gives full details relating to budgeting incomes ranging from $100 to $800 a month.

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The great English writer, Arnold Bennett, said, "I suppose that for the majority of men the suspension of income for a single month would mean either bankruptcy, the usurer, or acute inconvenience".

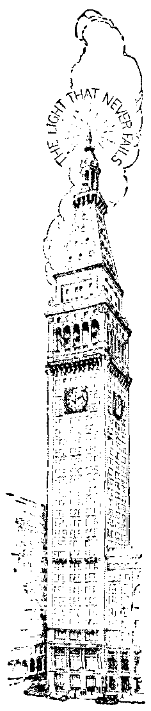
A MAN has small chance to get somewhere and be somebody if he is entirely dependent upon his next pay-check. He is likely to be as helpless as a child if his income stops.

Many a man finds himself in a rebellious frame of mind and sorry for himself because he is "broke". He feels bottled-up, half stifled, almost handcuffed and shackled. Unhappy in his work, he does it half-heartedly, badly.

He wants to quit his job but he doesn't dare. His boss would like to discharge him but waits because he is sorry for him and his family.

If a man has not learned how to live within his income, it makes little difference whether he earns $1,000 or $10,000—he will always be in trouble. But budgeting his weekly or monthly salary to cover expenses for the necessities and comforts of life will show him how to live within his income whatever it may be.

Do you know how the experts arrange a budget for salaries from $1,000 to $10,000? Do you know what per cent of the income should be spent for each of the general expense items — food, shelter, clothing, household operating expense, insurance, education, entertainment and *investment?*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

When *speculation* is substituted for *investment* the last hope for safety usually vanishes.

Budgets have solved money problems in many homes. A typical illustration is furnished by a woman who provided a good home for husband, high school daughter and 12-year-old son on $200 a month. She reported that when they attempted to live without a budget they were always in debt and worst of all in mental and physical distress. Since their conversion to "the budget way" they have found they are able to live better and save 10%.

Have you ever experienced the peace of mind and satisfaction that result from an intelligent budgeting of your income? With necessities provided for and a little money left over you have a far better chance to get ahead.

Send for booklet entitled, "Let Budget Help", which was written with a full understanding of the problems of those with limited incomes. Use coupon above.

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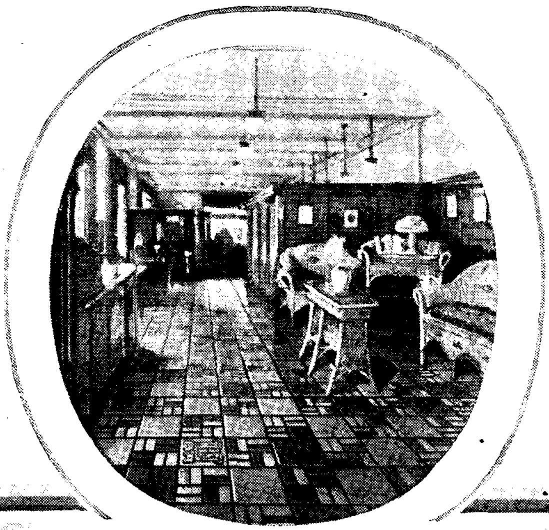
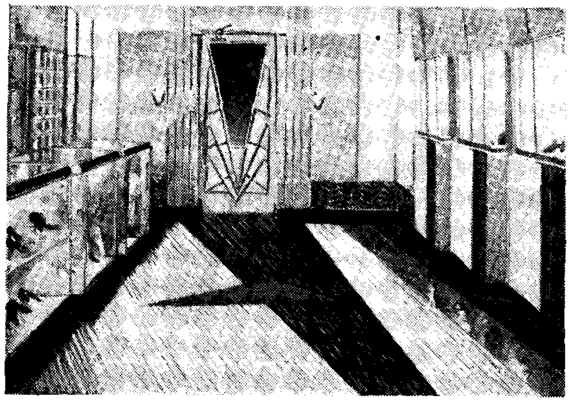


This modern beauty salon of Paul of Fifth Avenue catches much of its fashionable atmosphere from the smart Armstrong Floor—Embossed Inlaid No. 6006.

LET'S STEP FOR A FEW MOMENTS INTO THE OTHER FELLOW'S PLACE OF BUSINESS. LET'S SEE WHAT HE IS DOING TO INVITE THE PUBLIC TO COME IN... LOOK AROUND ...AND BUY

Since 1839 Crouch & Fitzgerald has been a leading name in leather goods. Though old in years, this company has always been new in ideas. Witness this smart Fifth Avenue shop with its Handmade Marble Inlaid floor—one of the new Armstrong's Linoleum effects, Design No. 62.



Vahan Hagopian, Parisian architect, employs Armstrong's Linoleum in a modernistic effect to dress up the Fifth Avenue shoe store of A. S. Beck & Co.

MR. AND MRS. ANDY CONSUMER are the same people everywhere. Whether they shop on Fifth Avenue or Main Street, their eyes do most of the buying. They'll walk extra blocks to the better-looking shops, spend more money in the smarter-looking stores.

You know that. But the merchants on New York's Fifth Avenue have done something about it. Here are but three of many that a stroll down the Avenue will discover.

How do these places of business inherit that extra-quality appearance, that added eye-appeal? Look at the floors! Nothing drab about these smart, spick-and-span surfaces underfoot.

Now walk on these Armstrong Floors. From the very first step they comfort, cushion, quiet. How can you help but look around...shop awhile...and buy?

Most of these Fifth Avenue smart shop floors were laid over old floors—permanently cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. Each was selected for its ability to create the right tone and atmosphere for the business home in which it was to do a sales and service duty. All possess the practical virtue of easy cleaning care.

Their new Accolac-Processed surface is spot-proof. Tracked-in dirt wipes right up. Light waxing and polishing keeps that smart new look. Even where street floors need frequent washing, the surface can be kept smilingly bright by an occasional renewing with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. Do not apply lacquer over wax.

Find out for your store—Why not look at this floor-styling suggestion in a cold, practical manner? First get *all* the facts. You'll find them illustrated in "Enduring Floors of Good Taste." Next visit a good store—or have the merchant bring samples to your door. Find out about wear, care, and cost. Then decide whether extra sales are worth dressing up for.

A letter to us brings you the book. (Canada, 25 cents.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 928 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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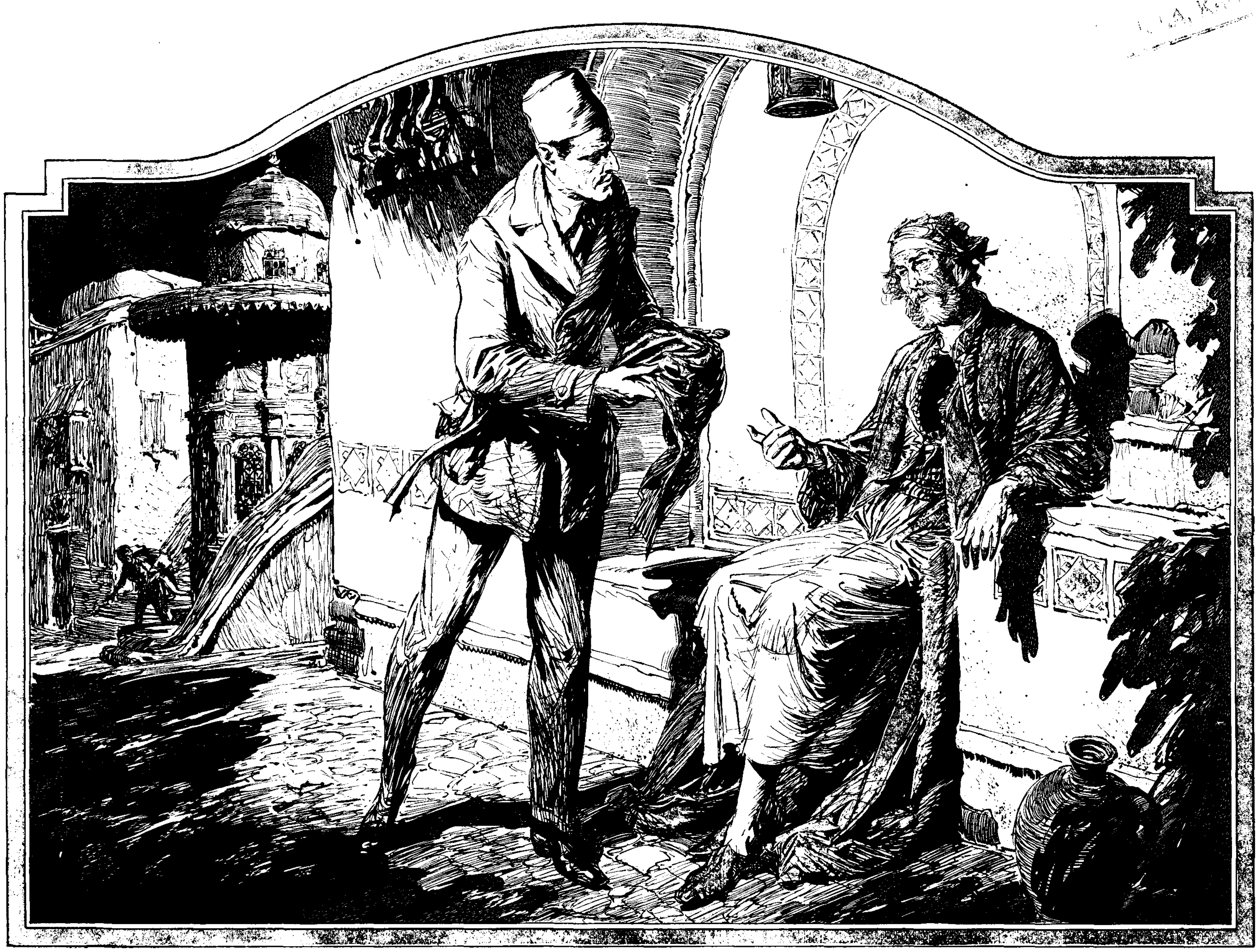


"The old man, who is already able to walk alone, lady, sat down on a seat by the door and insisted that I must return to you," said David

The Father of Thieves

The famous author of "The Emperor of America" and "The Day the World Ended" presents his latest story of strange adventure

By Sax Rohmer

"SOON we shall be on the Aleppo road, lady."

David the dragoman turned and smiled reassuringly. He was a big, slow-moving and slow-speaking fellow, half Greek, and a native of Jerusalem. He habitually wore a sort of shooting kit crowned incongruously by a tarboosh obviously too small for his head.

Dainty little Joan Delmar returned his smile with one very tired and doubtful.

The American motor car was performing wonders; fording streams and climbing mule tracks through the hills without faltering. But it was certainly a fatiguing journey, by long odds the worst they had undertaken. She glanced at her husband. He seemed to be lost in thought.

Robert Delmar felt oddly distrustful—distrustful of himself.

One was prone to look upon any official of Thomas Cook & Son as a sort of guarantee of security. And David the dragoman certainly had an air of security about him as he sat there beside the chauffeur.

But this driver had joined them in Damascus. Cook's knew him, but he was taciturn, queer looking, and a Syrian. Robert Delmar began to long for the square-jawed ugliness of Repton, his own man. Repton, however, in charge of the heavy baggage, had left them in Cairo and would meet them only when they reached Constantinople.

Constantinople!—best part of a thousand miles north. . . .

There was a strange atmosphere of loneliness about these vast plains. It was a spiritual loneliness, as though one had slipped back into the dim history which had been made here.

They jolted down from a spur of embracing hills and on through a haze of poppies. Right, to the telegraph poles lining the rail track, left, to blushing mountains crested with snow, the God of True Believers had spread his crimson carpet—the red road to Aleppo.

"Oh!" Joan whispered. "How gorgeously beautiful!"

She grasped her husband's hand in a sudden rapture of enthusiasm, drinking in the loveliness of Syria. He squeezed her fingers sympathetically; but actually his thoughts were far away. He was considering that conversation with the French captain of military police. . . .

"I do not say, M. Delmar, that you are unwise to proceed by car to Aleppo. You are American, yes, but of French descent? And the French—they love adventure! Besides, the great Thomas Cook is with you, in the person of George David. But your wife is beautiful (forgive me if I intrude my observation) and no doubt also she carries valuables?"

"Is there really any truth, then," he remembered having asked, "in the stories of this Omar of Ispahan?"

"But certainly!" the Frenchman had replied. "By the superstitious natives he is credited with powers of magic. They say in Egypt, and here also, 'The flowers of the garden, the palms in the grove, the sands of the desert, have ears' . . . the ears of Omar of Ispahan! He is called The Father of Thieves; and setting superstition aside, his record is extraordinary. His historic feat, of course, was his theft of the Holy Carpet during a pilgrimage to Mecca!"

"But that's plain nonsense!"

"I assure you it is not. The man is a genius in his way. It is said he can open any lock without a key—as your famous Houdini could do. I might tell you many stories of his impudent impostures. Now, as you have heard—who has not?—it is rumored that he is operating with a Bedouin party on the Aleppo road. Myself, I doubt this. There have been robberies and there was one bad raid. But I think the idea that Omar Ali Khan is concerned to be an invention of the frightened villagers. His name is a bogey to scare babies, you understand?"

"Then you admit that the district between here and Aleppo is disturbed?"

"Disturbed? Hardly, M. Delmar. There has been a little trouble in spots. Pray do not allow it to upset your plans. Our fellows are patrolling the route. There is a reward, you know, of twenty thousand francs for Omar's capture!"

A queer conversation, Delmar mused; contradictory statements, rather, on the

Frenchman's part. What had he meant to convey exactly?

Now, searching the red distance, and noticing the nearness of dusk, he wondered why he had not reported that conversation to Joan. She had intuitions which were oddly reliable. Should he have exposed her to this? She had heard the rumors, of course, but had laughed at them. She didn't know the facts. . . .

He glanced at her. She was studying the landscape. Away to their left, rising unreally from the floral carpet, was a large walled village on a mound, the solitary conical abode of its sheik crowning the eminence.

Delmar looked down to where a small square leather case lay on the floor of the car. He rested his foot on it, and:

"David," he called, "how far to Aleppo?"

David consulted the taciturn chauffeur, and then:

"Only about fifty miles," he smiled back.

Fifty miles . . . and sunset near!

"Don't get worried, Rob," said Joan. "Considering all the delays, we haven't done so badly."

"But you must be frightfully tired?"

"Not frightfully!" she replied, and nestled up to him. "These millions of wild flowers which seem to stretch right to the foot of the mountains are the most wonderful sight I've seen since we started."

"Yes—it's an amazing picture. . . ."

HE WAS watching the walled village—and vaguely wondering why it should be walled. They were near to it, now. But not a single inhabitant was visible.

Perhaps fearful eyes peered out, unseen, from those dim windows. Perhaps the dreaded name of Omar of Ispahan had driven every man, woman and child into shelter at the approach of the American car!

Even as the idea crossed his mind:

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What's this?"

Joan clung to him in sudden fear.

A party of horsemen came galloping down the slope. They lined up to intercept the car.

David turned, smiling his reassuring smile.

"Don't be afraid, lady," he said. "It is only the French again."

Delmar uttered a sigh of relief.

The lieutenant in charge of the patrol rode forward. This was the third time they had been stopped, but word of their coming had been passed ahead and so they had met with no hindrance.

It was so, now. But, their identity established, the young officer bent from his saddle and whispered in Delmar's ear:

"Put your best foot forward, monsieur! We have established contact with Omar of Ispahan! He nearly murdered one of our fellows near here. Omar was after his horse. It seems he has been cut off from his companions. Luckily for us, the brute bolted. Omar is surrounded. We have him trapped! But you must make Aleppo before sunset. . . ."

His bold gaze dwelt smilingly upon the charming face of Joan Delmar; he sat stiffly at salute as the car moved on.

"What did he say, dear?" Joan asked anxiously.

"He said we must hurry up to get in by sunset."

It was too late, now, to tell her everything; he could but hope for the best. He rested his foot on the jewel case and grasped an automatic in his outside coat pocket. His other hand touched Joan's, and her fingers closed tightly on his own.

As the great loneliness embraced them again, he reproached himself. Why had he not arranged with the Frenchman for an escort to the next post?

There was no perceptible road. How did the driver find his way? An Arab shepherd, driving his flock homeward, paused, regardless of wild scampering about him, to watch the big car. He rode a small, wiry pony, sitting it as though but one spirit animated man and beast. A dangerous-looking fellow, Delmar mused, a natural horseman—and probably a natural brigand.

He had heard, or read, that there was *some mysterious system of communication* in the East. News was carried from bazaar to bazaar quickly, as only radio could bear it. Probably a myth.

But suppose it were not a myth? This savage shepherd—just the sort of ally Omar would attach to his cause—might send news ahead of their coming. . . .

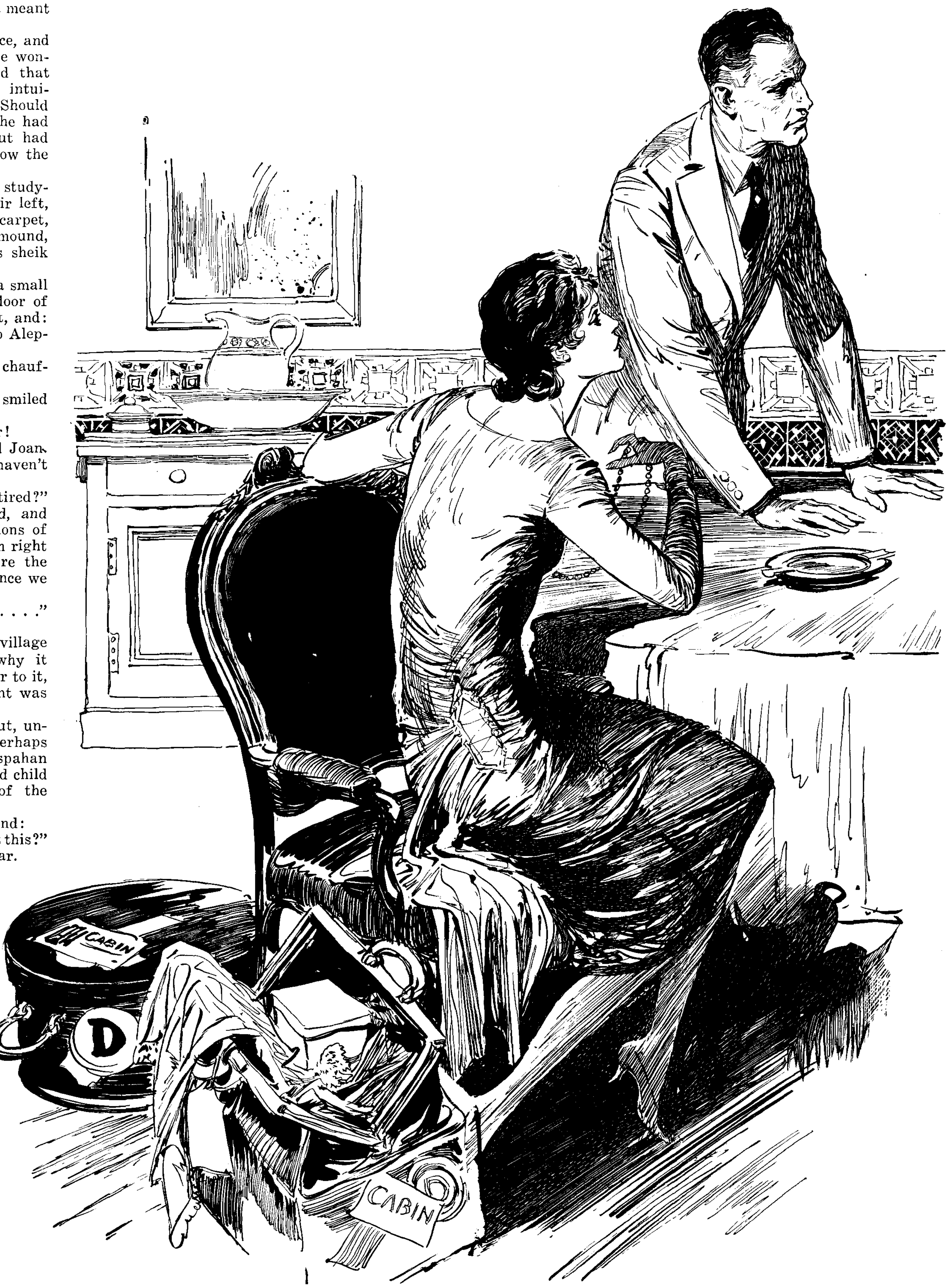
To the right of their route, where the magical carpet of flowers displayed a patch of green, there huddled another of those strange villages, the houses resembling tents but being built of mud.

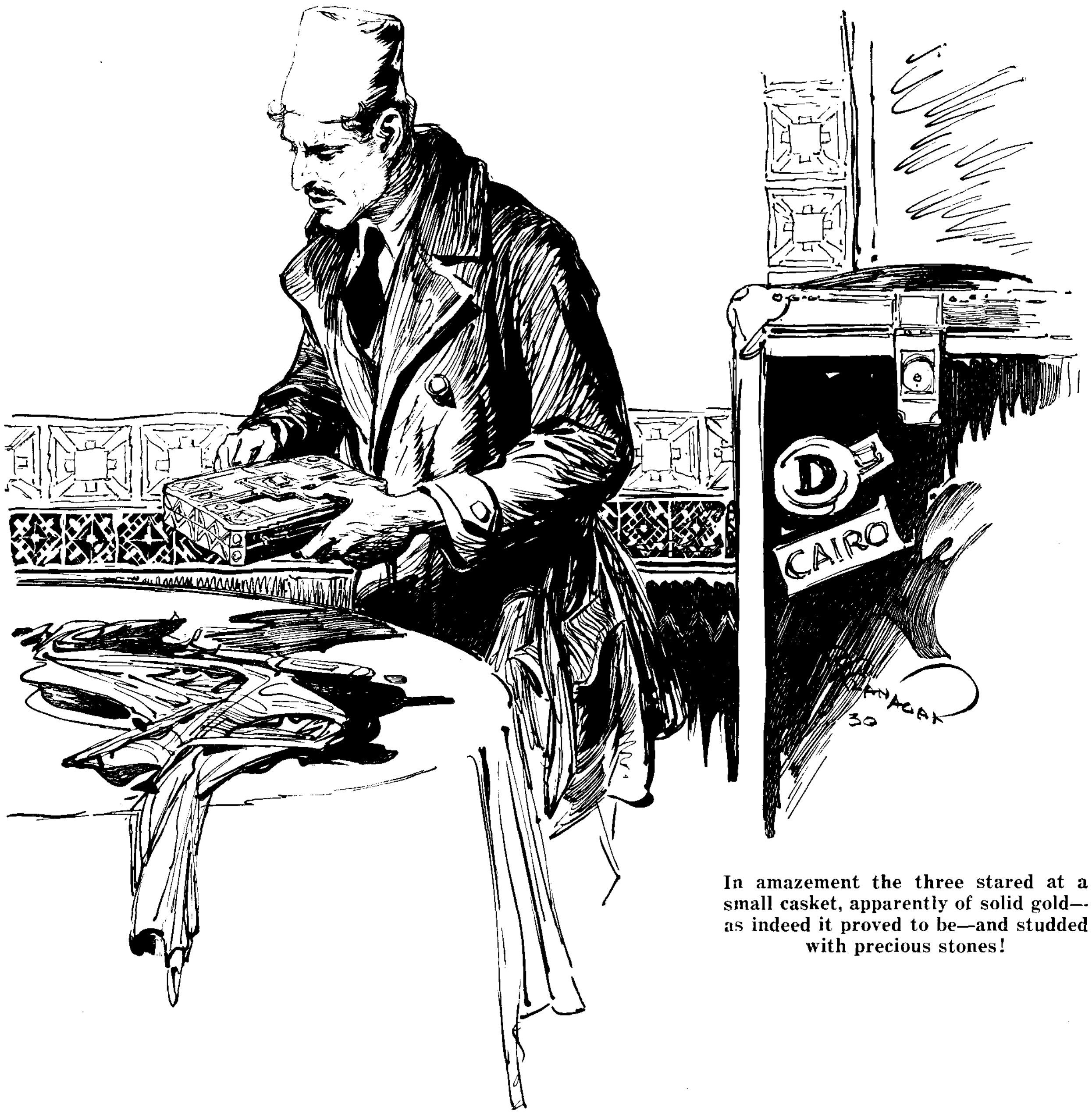
He distrusted these villages.

So apparently did their driver. He skirted this one, swinging aside from a rough track—doubtless an ancient caravan road—and describing a wide semicircle about the western boundary of the place. And when those queer conical buildings had slipped into the land of memory and the sun dipped nearer yet to the rim of the world, they met their fourth interruption.

As they raced for a hill squat and ruddy, upon the slopes of which faint chalky pencilings marked the old caravan road, a boy appeared. A slim silhouette against the skyline, he stood right in their track, arms upraised.

David shouted. But the boy persist-





In amazement the three stared at a small casket, apparently of solid gold—as indeed it proved to be—and studded with precious stones!

ently headed them off; so that when the Syrian driver pulled up, the resolute intruder was less than three paces from destruction.

"Whatever can he want?" Joan cried excitedly.

At which moment the boy ran forward, jumped on the running board and, ignoring David's anger, seized Joan's hand in both his own.

He began to pour out such a torrent of words that she was bewildered.

"What's this!" Delmar began.

But the boy—handsome in a way that only a desert Arab can be: passionately eloquent eyes, liquid, dark-fringed—pleaded with ever-growing earnestness. Joan's fear turned to pity when she saw that those wonderful eyes were swimming in tears.

David scrambled out and grasped the little supplicant with no tender hand.

"What's this?" Delmar repeated. "What the devil is it all about?"

"Don't hurt him!" Joan cried angrily. "David! do you hear me! The poor little fellow is in terrible trouble. Tell me what he says."

The boy stooped and kissed her hand, still clinging to it convulsively.

"He says, lady," David replied, looking about him in sudden doubt, "that he was going with his uncle to his father's house in Aleppo. . . ."

The boy spoke again, rapidly.

"His uncle was riding a donkey. His uncle is an old man. They came from the village we have passed. In the hills—which we are coming to, lady—they were attacked by robbers. . . ."

Delmar checked a question an instant before it was spoken. . . . Omar of Ispahan? He had been at work here—just ahead of them, in the hills through which their route lay!

The boy's rapid words continued. David translated in the monotonous manner of a priest intoning verses from the Koran. . . .

"Their few possessions were stolen. But their worst loss, lady, was the donkey. The old man struggled to save it, but. . . ."

"Go on!" Joan urged.

"They beat him and left him for dead. The boy, here, was running back for help when he saw us coming. . . ."

The boy, ceasing to address David, clutched wildly at Joan, speaking emotionally, tearfully. David bent to Delmar's ear, and:

"There was only *one* robber," he whispered. "The old man recognized him. It was Omar of Ispahan!"

"I knew it! We must race on ahead!"

"Or back, sir!"

"What are you whispering about?" Joan demanded. "And what is the boy trying to tell me?"

THE truth flashed through Delmar's mind. Omar, having failed to get the trooper's horse, had made shift with a poor old Arab's donkey. . . .

An automobile would serve his purpose better!

"Answer me!" Joan cried angrily.

David mutely consulted Delmar; then:

"The boy is asking, lady," he replied, "will we take his uncle to the French Hospital in Aleppo. But it was Omar the Thief—Omar of Ispahan—who attacked them!"

"Oh!" Joan's eyes blazed. "The cowardly brute!"

"He is ahead of us now, lady, and . . ."

"We daren't waste a moment," Delmar broke in. "We must either race forward or go back. . . ."

"And leave the old man?"

"They will send help from the village—"

"Rob!"

JOAN'S eyes turned in startled indignation upon her husband, and suddenly they were filled with tears.

"How, in heaven's name, can you say such a thing?"

Furiously, she broke away from his detaining grasp, and sprang out, and:

"David!" she cried. "Tell the boy to lead us!"

Less than fifty paces brought them to the scene of the outrage. Delmar, fingering his automatic, experienced a revulsion of sentiment. Was he hard—or did the presence of Joan induce a sort of protective cowardice? In either event, her warm humanity had pointed the right course. . . .

Prone he lay, the victim of Omar, his fine old face sideways to the earth, his white beard stained with blood.

Joan was on her knees in a moment. Delmar lifted the venerable head. The Syrian chauffeur had forced their reluctant car to some ten yards from the spot.

"Terrific blow on the skull!" said Delmar. "But he's alive right enough. David!" he turned—"get my flask from the car—"

"Oh, no, sir!"

David pointed to a stained and trampled turban which lay on the earth beside him.

"What?" Joan asked.

"The old man is a *hadji*—one who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. It would be a mortal offense, lady, to give him strong liquor. . . ."

And now came a babble of words. The boy ran up with a bottle of Vichy water which the Syrian driver had found for him. Joan moistened the old man's lips, bathed his matted hair and the cut above his temple and wiped the blood from his white beard.

He gave no sign of consciousness.

"There may be other injuries," she whispered. "Oh, the poor old thing!"

"I think, lady," David declared anxiously, "that it is only the blow on his head. Let us carry him to the car. At the French Hospital they will take care of him."

David and Delmar carried the insensible man back to the car. David was obviously ill at ease now, glancing this way and that with an apprehension he was quite unable to disguise.

THE Syrian disposed rugs and cushions so that the wiry old body could be laid on the floor whilst allowing room for Joan and her husband to occupy their seats in comfort. These arrangements completed, the boy, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, grasped Joan's hand and kissed it reverently.

"But he is coming with us?" she exclaimed.

"No, lady," David explained. "He says he will remember you all his life and that God will reward you. But he says he must go back to tell what has happened and to bring the mounted police."

Accordingly he was left behind. Their last glimpse showed him, hands clasped, his dark eyes fixed in adoration upon Joan. As the car moved on into a defile through the low hills, she bent and bathed the old man's face with water and eau de Cologne.

It was now close upon sunset. When they came out from the defile a plain stretched before them desolate and empty. No figure, of man or beast, moved upon it, so far as the eye could reach.

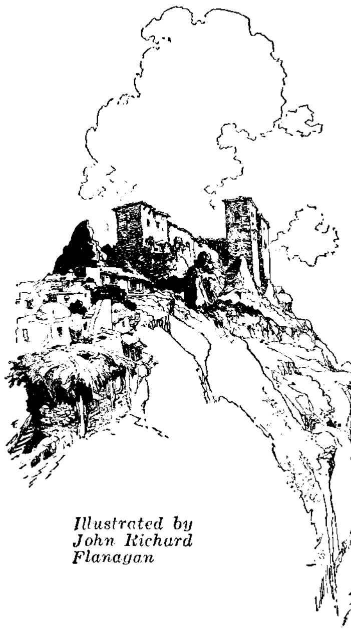
The driver developed a speed as high as was safe on such a road and in that deceptive half-light. At any moment dusk would come—Eastern dusk like the dropping of a curtain. . . .

In sight of the minarets of Aleppo they were challenged for the last time. David saw the watchers first—a captain with a large party.

He turned, and:

"Cover up the old man, lady," he said. "They may detain us at the depot if they see him."

(Continued on page 46)



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Look Out, the Hash is Sour!

Are our penitentiaries so bad today that men will risk death rather than remain in them? Mr. Shepherd, who has investigated the principal prisons in the United States, finds that we have new kinds of prisoners. Some of them are the new killers who talk in "grands;" others are men who have violated our new laws. Our penitentiaries weren't built for so many or such kinds. All over this country "steps are being taken." Are we going to have a jail on every corner?

By William G. Shepherd

A GUN was hidden within those prison walls. To the warden it might as well have been a savage tiger hidden there waiting to leap forth and kill. But how could these four women, from the free, outside world, know anything about a prison warden's worries? When they came in that morning as visitors and asked the warden for passes they saw a hearty, smiling man sitting at a big desk, who readily answered their requests—and sent them on into the visitors' room.

How could they know that behind the smile of this man who had charge of these vast walls and mazes of cells and corridors there was a heavy cloud of dread and worry?

A gun was hidden in this penitentiary. The warden knew it. Prisoner gossip, rarely wrong about such matters, had informed him. But he could not learn where it was hidden nor who had it. Even while the four women visitors went trustingly into the visitors' room it might bark. Perhaps there were more guns than this one; it was quite possible.

The gun *did* bark that Sunday at the very moment that those four women were in the visitors' room. There *had* been more than one gun. Guards began to run hither and thither. The guard in the room with the four women abruptly left them to join the battle which had begun in the prison yard.

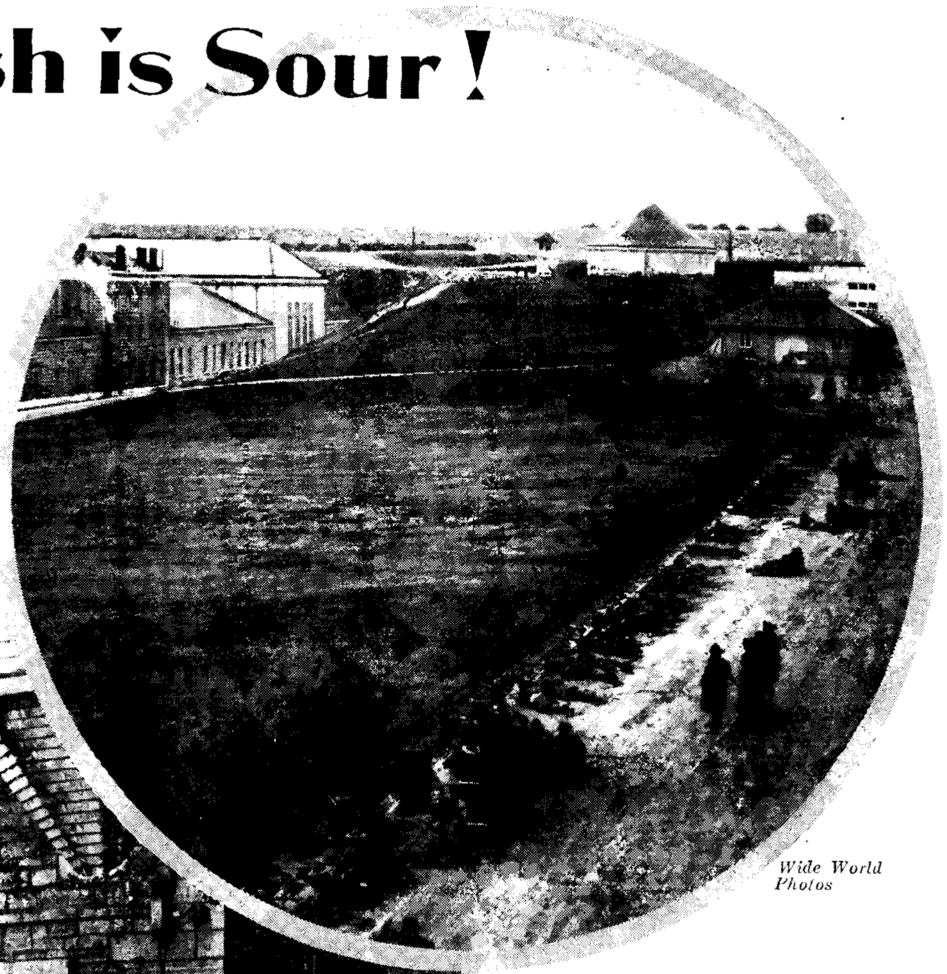
Shrieks came up to them through the window that opened out on the yard. Machine guns, mounted on the prison walls, began to pound out a tattoo of death. Terrible figures in gray uniforms with little round gray caps, some with clubs, some with guns, ran back and forth across the yard, seeking safety behind walls or in doorways in a life-and-death game of pussy-wants-a-corner. The women were crying, by now, and calling down to the blue-clad guards in the yard for help.

The women tried to leave the room. On door was locked! They tried the other. It opened onto a long corridor. Down this corridor dodged the same terrible gray figures. They closed the door but could not lock it.

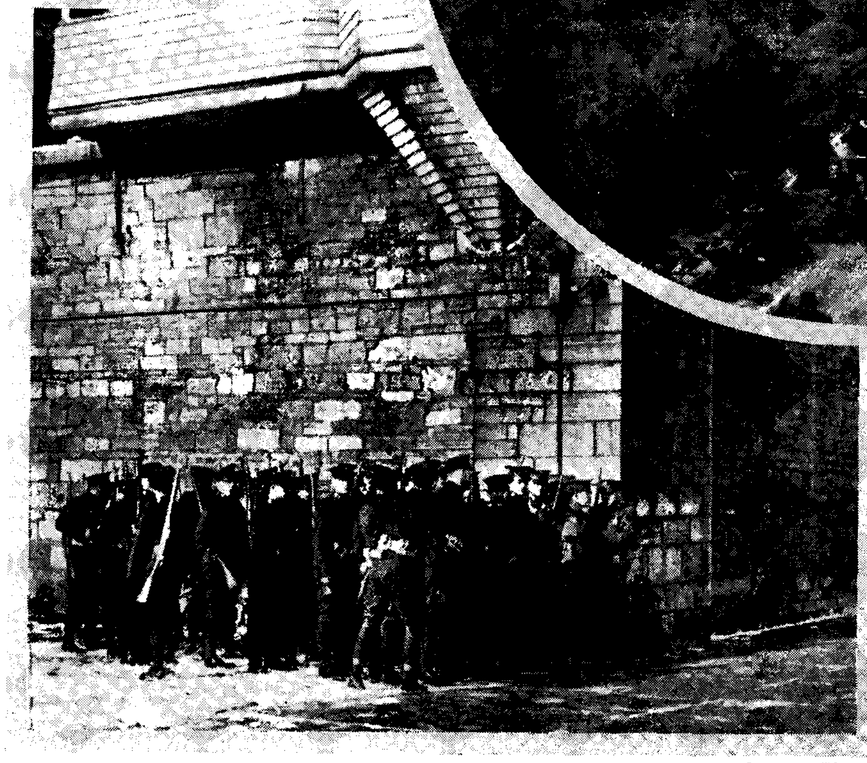
A great building across the yard began to belch smoke and flames through its doors and windows. Outside the doorway the women heard the trampling of feet—surely the feet of men wearing the sinister prison clothes.

Their door opened! In came five of the gray figures.

Right then and there, amidst this bedlam—for all this actually happened during the first Auburn prison riot of July, 1929—those four American women, unwittingly representing in a penitentiary the great outside American public, made a discovery which all of us will have to make sooner or later—that not all men in prison are bad men.


Wide World Photos

Folsom prison, California, just before the unconditional surrender of over one thousand prisoners, who held the cell block for over twenty hours


P. & A. Photos

Troops outside Auburn prison, guarding the wall, ready for any further trouble from the convicts

The men in the gray clothes were *not* evil-faced louts, even if they were convicts.

"We'll take you down to the League room," said one man in gray, who seemed to be a leader. "It will be safer down there, if this shooting keeps up."

So the four women and five gray figures made a strange parade down through the corridors, down the stairs and into the room used as the headquarters of the Mutual Welfare League, an organization of prisoners.

Two of the gray figures departed from the room while the other three kept a protecting watch at the closed door.

Gentlemanly Convicts

Within a few minutes the other two returned, after a perilous trip to the "front of the building" where the great doors open out on the street and to safety, and, taking the women with them, led them out to the steel doorway at the warden's office and saw this door swing open and release the women to the safe "outside." They themselves, the men in gray, turned back into the inferno of a penitentiary riot.

Of course not all men in our penitentiaries are bad men. A lot of them are amazingly like the rest of us, outside. Not a hundred men of over 1,700 in Auburn penitentiary that day took part in the killings, the burning and the escapes. We've seen how five of them acted in a crisis.

The arm of the law reaches out and picks up for prison occupancy such a large number annually of ordinary, everyday youths and adults among us men that it dilutes the potential massed evilness of prison convicts.

Here's some very simple arithmetic showing, far more clearly than the optimism of "prison reformers," the average goodness of men in prison:

There are about 40,000,000 of us American males of jail age. That's a census fact.

About 150,000 enter jails, prisons or penitentiaries yearly, though all prison data are pretty vague, owing to the fact that no one has yet learned how to collect them, much less—as we shall see later—how to run a prison.

This means—so the arithmetic experts tell us—that the average adult male runs an uncomfortably high risk of getting into jail, for a little while at least, some time during his life.

The chances are over 250 in every 100,000. That's a bigger risk than it seems at first blush. Five or six times as many men go to jail as die of "flu." You're four times safer from death by tuberculosis than you are from ever going to jail. Indeed, we males are almost three times safer from death by our most malignant enemy, cancer, than we are from getting into a cell. You're almost twice safer from dying of heart disease. In this land of violent deaths from motor cars and other mechanical devices boys and men are three times surer of going to jail than of being violently killed.

Over twenty per cent of the men who went to prison in one year had been in the Great War army. Over half the men who go to prison yearly have never before served time, even in ordinary jails or calabooses. Many of these have committed crimes of theft that would have been impossible before the days of corporations, general banking and present-day methods of conducting business. Over three quarters of those who go to prisons are married and living with their wives at the time of their offense. Only eleven per cent are of the illiterate type. Almost fifteen per cent have gone to high schools and over three per cent to college.

Watch Your Step!

Our fathers were far safer from jail than their sons are today; our sons may be less safe than we. The fact is that the risk of going to jail has multiplied by almost forty per cent for the average male since the beginning of the century.

One reason for this is the constant increase in laws. It's harder to be good, legally, than it was twenty-five years ago. The temptation to break laws is ever present; the policeman constantly has more things to talk to us about. Even the best and most homey of our good women succumb. For instance, how many of our 1930 husbands can say that their wives while driving cars have never quarreled with policemen? Have never been fined? It's nothing for a lady to be arrested in these motor-car days.

Here's the word of T. J. Tynan to prove this point—Tynan who, as warden of the Colorado state penitentiary, with convict labor built many miles of the marvelous motor highways that lie along the ridges and through the passes of the Rocky Mountains.

"One of the causes, in my judgment," he told this writer, "of so many prison outbreaks is the overcrowded condition caused in part by the passage of sumptuary laws. My experience has taught me that ninety-five per cent of the men I have seen in the Colorado prison are good men. It's only the five per cent that are hard to handle when you try to treat them squarely."

I visited three disgracefully crowded Federal prisons during the year 1928. In them were 8,227 men, though the prisons were built to house about 3,000. To an untrained eye the prisoners all looked alike, mysterious and sinister. How could I know that 57 out of every 100 of them had committed one of our *new* crimes? That 57 out of every 100 of them couldn't even have been arrested by Uncle Sam, much less sent to a Federal penitentiary, only a few years ago?

It was three *new* laws that had put 4,696 of these men into prison, so the National Society of Penal Information later discovered, as stated in their 1929 edition of the Handbook of American Prisons and Reformatories. One was the drug act, date 1914. Another, the motor vehicle act, date 1919. The third, the prohibition act, date 1920. The drug act grew in part out of the German invention of heroin; the motor vehicle act and the prohibition act were laws peculiar to our new age of machinery.

Prisoners were all crowded into 1914 quarters, with 1914 kitchens, 1914 dining-rooms, 1914 cellage.

If we're going on at our present incredible rate of wholesale lawmaking we'll have to do more wholesale prison-making.

With more of us going to prison than ever before and with new laws in sight that will imprison even more of us or of our sons than ever before, our various governments, county, state and Federal, ought at least to make room for prisoners.

Incidentally, a new and ever-growing public anger against lawbreaking calls for prison enlargement. George W. Kirchwey, noted penologist, once warden of Sing Sing, explained it to me thus:

Sitting on the Lid

"Every now and then the public is incited to new hatred of crime and criminals. This public opinion encourages lawmakers to put longer sentences into the law. Judges give longer sentences. Parole boards become fearful of granting paroles. Governors become fearful of granting paroles or pardons. The ordinary stream of prisoners does not cease to flow into our prisons but prison exits become clogged so that the outward flow narrows down and the prisons become overfilled.

"We have been going through a great spell of public indignation against crime and criminals. This is because the new flashy, machine-gun, motor-car type of gangster criminal, with his flashy, desperate crimes, has recently arisen. Indignation against him need not necessarily mean that all *other* prisoners should be treated with increased rigor. I heard the governor of one state say not long ago that a very considerable percentage of the prisoners in his state ought to be paroled or, in many cases, pardoned, but that the public in its present frame of mind against the desperate type of criminal would not endure such action. All criminals, to the public, I am afraid, seem alike—until one of the public gets into prison himself and makes the discovery that most prisoners are quite ordinary human beings."

This business of sending lawbreakers to prison to serve long terms is really a very new thing in our civilization—not two hundred years old.

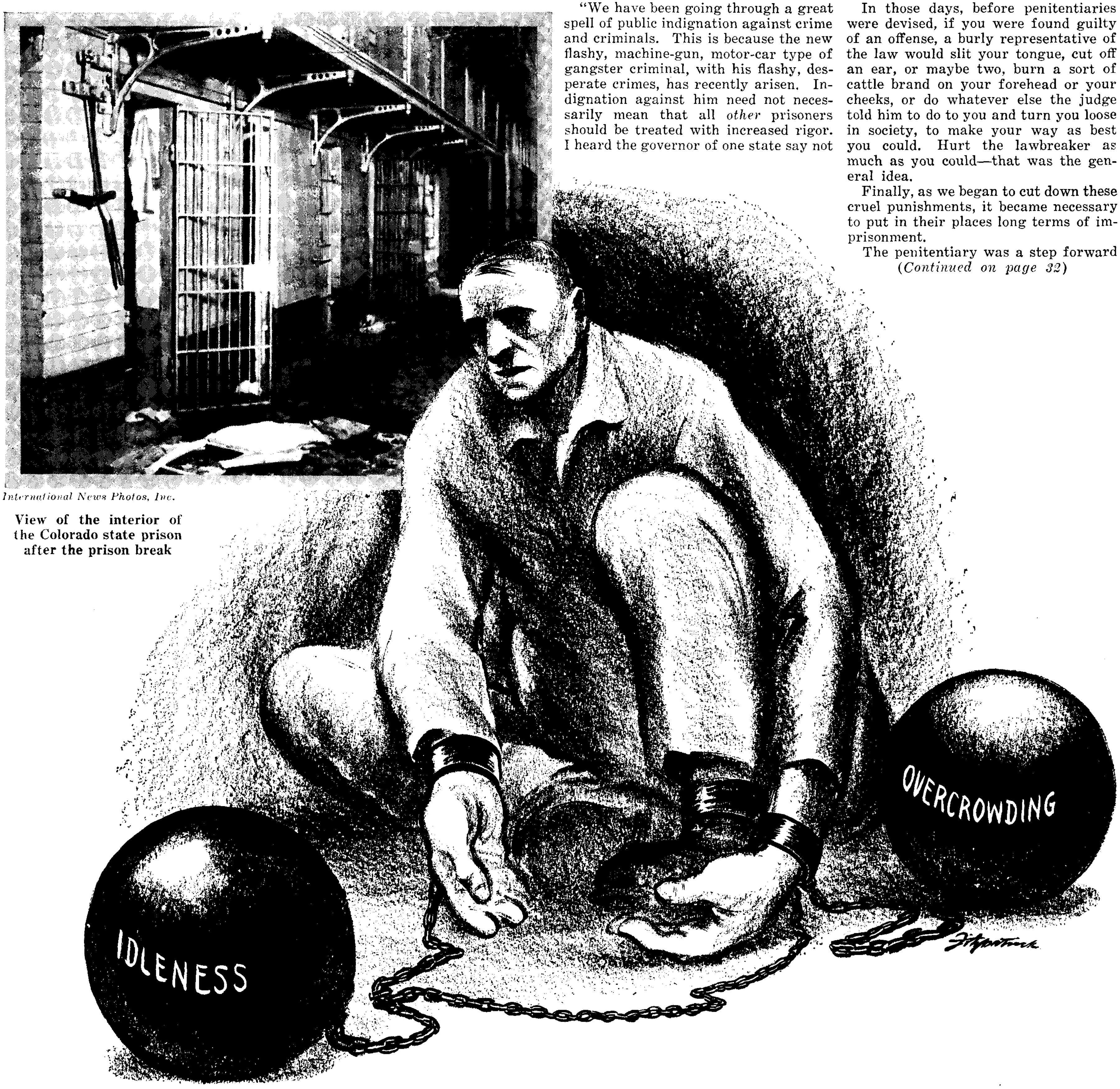
In the old days of free and liberal hanging for crimes ranging from murder way down to poaching, sheep-stealing and picking pockets, there was no need of penitentiaries. To kill a man or a boy was cheaper for the state than sending him to prison. Also, it was considered a more righteous punishment to hurt an offender physically than to try to help him get on his feet again.

In those days, before penitentiaries were devised, if you were found guilty of an offense, a burly representative of the law would slit your tongue, cut off an ear, or maybe two, burn a sort of cattle brand on your forehead or your cheeks, or do whatever else the judge told him to do to you and turn you loose in society, to make your way as best you could. Hurt the lawbreaker as much as you could—that was the general idea.

Finally, as we began to cut down these cruel punishments, it became necessary to put in their places long terms of imprisonment.

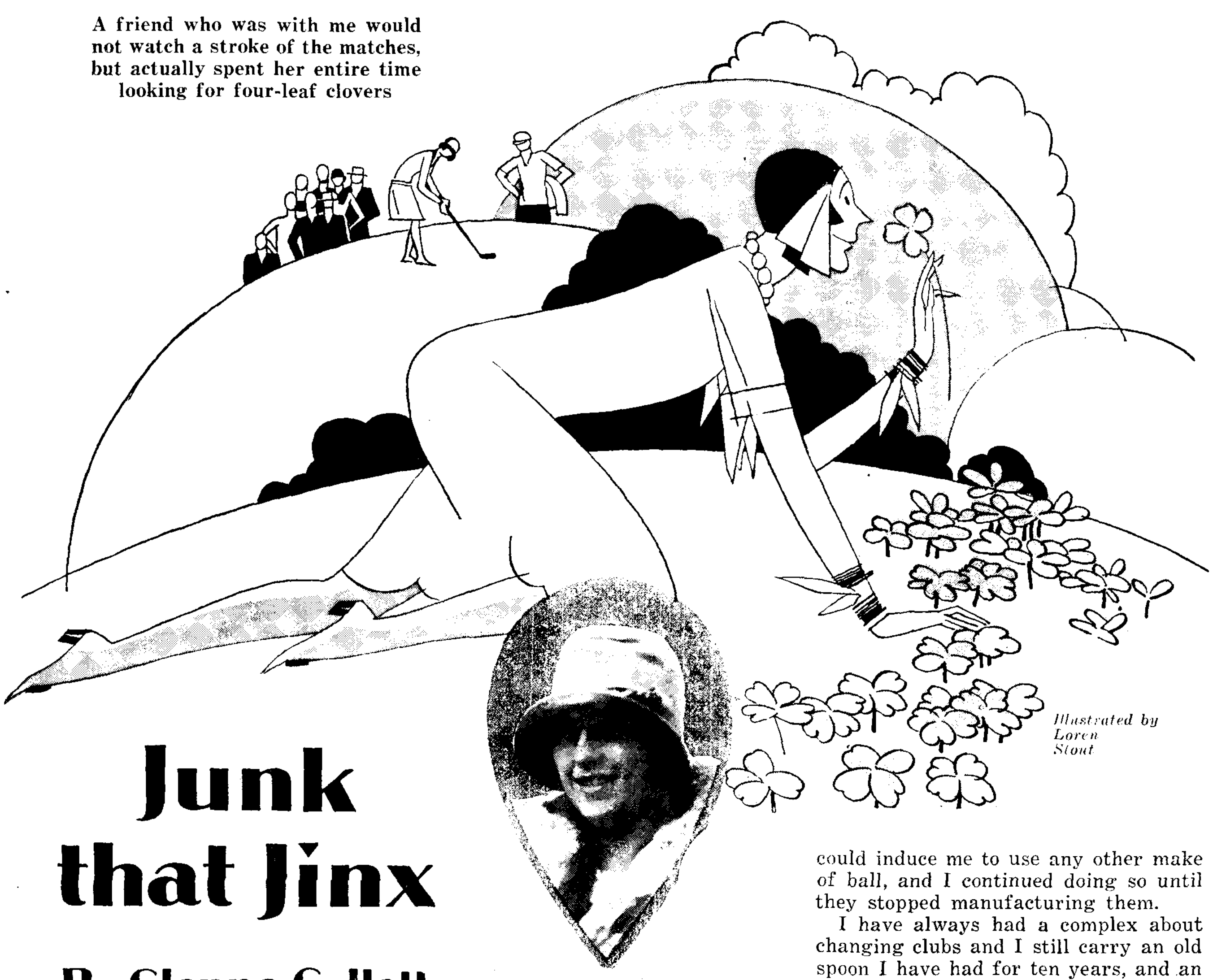
The penitentiary was a step forward

(*Continued on page 32*)



International News Photos, Inc.

View of the interior of the Colorado state prison after the prison break



A friend who was with me would not watch a stroke of the matches, but actually spent her entire time looking for four-leaf clovers

Illustrated by Loren Stout

Junk that Jinx

By Glenna Collett

Superstitions are all very well as a hobby, but an athlete can't afford to pay them too much attention—they cramp his style. This is the conclusion reached by Miss Collett after she almost lost her life through preöccupation with omens

EVERYBODY has superstitions to a certain extent, but I suppose athletes and perhaps actors and actresses are more susceptible than others. Any impressions made on an impressionable mind by the suggestions made in early life are not to be easily lost.

However, the few fortunate people who may be without superstitions often give in to a friend's pet theory about lighting three cigarettes on one match. They may even suffer the inconvenience of walking to the theater instead of riding if it happens to be Friday the thirteenth. A man may be a little elated if he sees the moon over his right shoulder while another wakes in the morning with apprehensions if he has dreamed of snakes. Some are careful to put on the right shoe first; others believe if you sing before breakfast you cry before night.

Should you return to the house for a forgotten article, you must sit down and count ten or your day will not be lucky. You must not spend your lucky piece, and when you boast of any good fortune you must knock on wood. You cross your fingers for various reasons, and never walk under a ladder.

These and many, many others are superstitions that are entertained by numbers of intelligent people. We find vestiges of magical practices existing among people of the highest civilization more generally than is supposed. Nearly everyone is constantly doing little things in his daily acts as "charms" to ward off evil.

I try to feel that all of my superstitions were forced on me; and they were to a certain extent, but I searched diligently for newer and better ones that would turn the wheels of fortune my way.

To show in any way how seriously these charms and tricky thoughts of mine affected me I shall have to go back to the first time I remember having succumbed to this magic influence.

The Club and Ball Complex

After I had been playing golf for a year or two, and in the meantime reading about all of the best golfers, one day Alexa Stirling, Bobby Jones, Elaine Rosenthal and Perry Adair came to my home course to play an exhibition match. It was during the last year of the war and the match was arranged for the Red Cross. After each hole where a birdie was made by any of the players, the balls were auctioned off.

I procured one of Elaine Rosenthal's after she had made a beautiful two on a difficult par three hole. Miss Rosenthal incidentally made a course record that day which has never been beaten. Whether or not I was influenced by that I cannot tell, but immediately after the famous match I went out on the course with that ball and for the first time in my life broke fifty! After that nothing could induce me to use any other make of ball, and I continued doing so until they stopped manufacturing them.

I have always had a complex about changing clubs and I still carry an old spoon I have had for ten years, and an approaching iron that came in my original set. I would feel I could not play without that spoon in my bag. I'd be sure to come to a shot that needed that very club. It has a long narrow head and a spliced shaft, and although I carry another spoon that gives greater distance I continue to use the old one for shots ranging from 160 to 180 yards. I have new shafts put in twice a year but I couldn't get along without the head of that familiar old friend.

The first time I was ever conscious of superstitions having a real hold on me was in 1922, when I won at White Sulphur Springs. I wore the same skirt, sweater and hat for the entire week and was so tired of them after the tournament that I discarded them for keeps. I ate the same things for dinner every night, lamb chops, creamed potatoes and string beans, until I half wished that I would be eliminated in order to be able to change my menu.

A friend from New York who was with me for this tournament would not watch a stroke of the matches but actually spent her entire time looking for four-leaf clovers. When she found seven the first day (the number of rounds I would play if I won the tournament) she was delighted and thought it was a good omen, but she didn't stop searching for them.

When I went out for my final match in this tournament my caddie put a horseshoe in my bag, which is still there, then went over to the eighteenth hole and spit in the cup for my opponent! After winning the match and the tournament I found my little friend with a circle of four-leaf clovers a foot wide stuck in her white sweater. She had stumbled upon a bed of them and picked and picked.

The winning of this tournament, my first National, was the beginning of a flood of mascots. I acquired a bracelet with dozens of charms dangling. If I thought one of these particularly lucky I would fasten it on my pin. One happened to be a stone in the shape of a cross, found in a peculiar formation around White Sulphur. It was not a religious emblem, but now as I look back I shouldn't be surprised if many people believed it to be.

Neither Father nor Mother were superstitious and with me it was more a fad than a conviction. I appreciated my friends' efforts for me. I liked these offerings of good luck, not for the things themselves, but for the idea that the people who gave them might have a feeling of being a part of whatever success I had.

Here They Are—Junk 'Em

But finally this thing grew out of all proportion, with one more thing to worry about. I couldn't wear all the trinkets at once and in choosing one or two, others were offended. Superstitions grew in my own mind until they became a curse.

I shall repeat a few of them: I tried using the same peg on every tee. If I lost it in the course of a match, which I seldom did, I tried to make myself believe the new one was the same. I would walk on the same side of a bunker as my caddie. I always tried to stand a little in advance of my opponent, far enough away of course not to interfere with her play, but to give myself the feeling of being ahead of her and not behind.

I started using the same number on the balls, preferably number one, or the same color balls. I hated to change a ball during the match. Now if I made

(*Continued on page 56*)

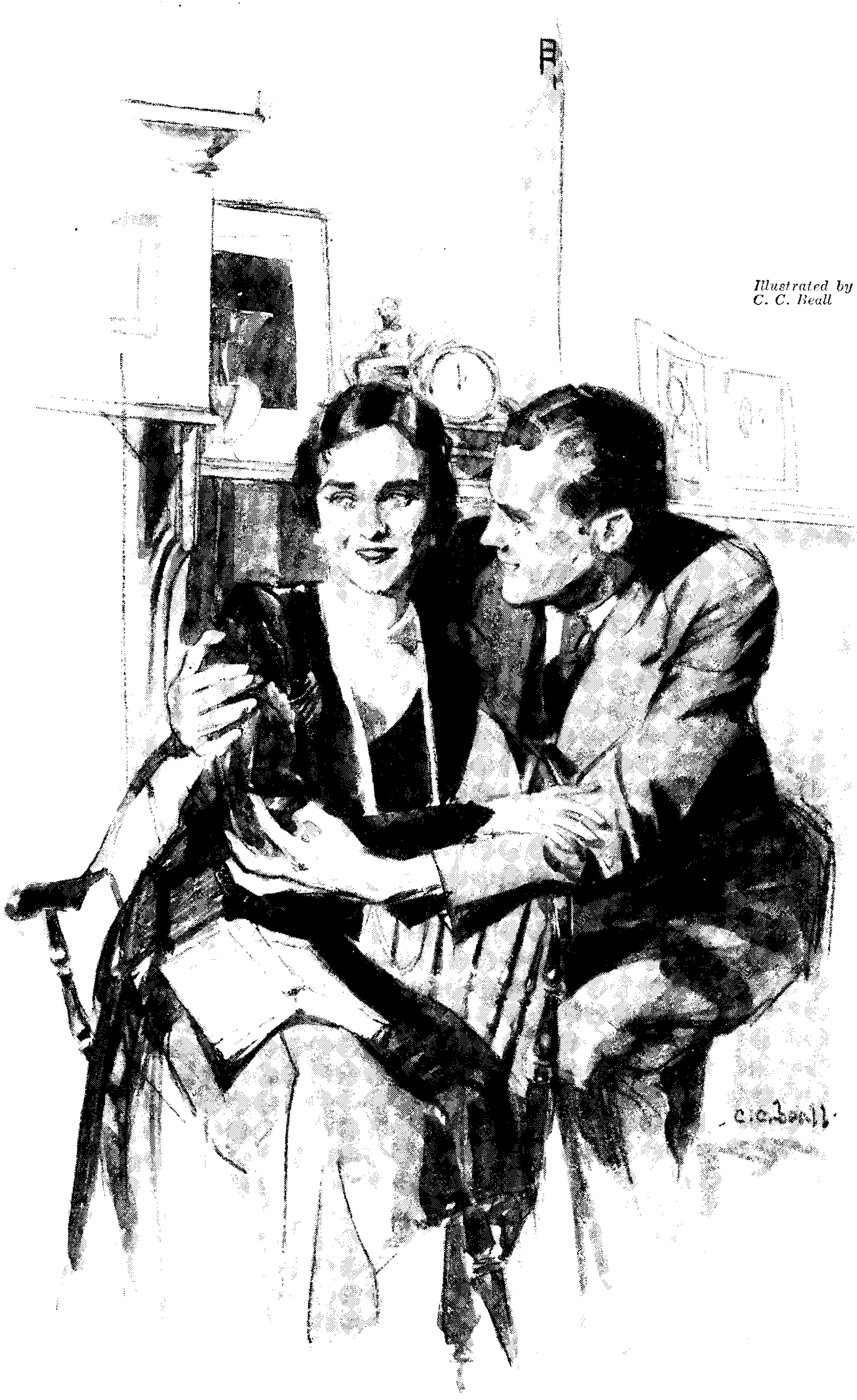
LOREN STOUT

But finally this thing grew out of all proportion. Superstitions expanded in my own mind until they became a curse

Adjustment

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen



Illustrated by
C. C. Beall

On such occasions she wondered whether his manner was not too effusive, the sparkle in his eyes too bright, his attitude too affectionate . . .

THE day that Martha Morrell received her inheritance of one thousand dollars she and her young husband settled down for a common-sense discussion of what should be done with it.

One thousand dollars is a large sum by comparison only, but by that standard it represented a fortune to the young folks. He was twenty-six years of age, she three years his junior. He earned seventy dollars a week, and somehow after they paid the rent and housekeeping expenses and insurance and put a trifling sum aside for doctors and medicines there was no surplus.

The thousand, however, was all surplus. It was the first money they had ever owned—and in the initial flush of delight they planned great and important things: a savings fund, the buying of a good six per cent bond, a first payment on a little suburban cottage. But in the end, because they were very young and very much in love with each other, and because they yearned for the open road and all-day picnics, Martha spent her entire heritage for an automobile.

IT WAS a beautiful little sedan which promised them a happiness they had never before known. It was the realization of a dream and the achievement of an ambition. They agreed that its purchase was absurd, but they were at an age when absurdities are delightful. As for the young wife, she didn't even admit that it was an extravagance.

She was jealous of their happiness, and she knew that Eddie always had wanted a car with a fierce craving. Nothing mattered except that they should be happy, and now that the car was theirs, they were intimately together on clear nights as they drove along country roads; and on Sundays they sought new nooks for picnic lunches.

She was very generous about the car, which she insisted belonged to him as much as it did to her. And finally he came to take it for granted and commenced driving it when he went to work. She didn't resent this. If the thing was bringing pleasure to him she was more than satisfied.

It was only when he started going out alone in the car at night that she felt slighted, and as the months passed she noticed a gradual change in him. He seemed to invent excuses to get away from her, and those evenings when he did go off by himself in the car were long and bitterly lonely ones for her.

She would sit and read until his return and on such occasions she wondered whether his manner was not too effusive, the sparkle in his eyes too bright, his attitude toward her too affectionate . . . as though seeking to atone for something.

So it was that the possession of the car came to worry her. Instead of bringing them closer together, it seemed in a fair way to drive them apart. She was baffled and bewildered.

But one evening, when he had pleaded business and she had felt that the emptiness of their little home was more than her nerves could bear, she boarded a street car for town, where she intended to see a talking picture. A friend was with her, and once when the car stopped to take on passengers Martha glanced out of the window and saw something which brought a gasp of pain. Her friend spoke quickly:

"What's the matter, Martha?"

The young wife smiled bravely as she placed herself so that her friend could not possibly see.

"Nothing. Why?"

"You look pale—as though something had happened."

"Don't be silly. Nothing has happened. Not a thing."

Outside, as the doors of the street car clanged shut, a tiny automobile sped forward. In the driver's seat was Eddie Morrell. And beside Martha's husband sat a girl. . . .

The feature picture was a nightmare. She was glad when her friend suggested that they leave before the completion of the short program. Then she was alone in the house again, waiting tensely.

She was bitterly hurt. Her own car—the car she had bought to insure the happiness of which she was so jealous. The sight of her husband with another woman had come as a horrid shock . . . and even yet she could not entirely doubt that he loved her. She excused him on the grounds that he, too, had been swept from his feet by the sense of freedom and independence which had come with the car.

He was, as usual, too bright and cheerful when he came home that night, and in answer to his solicitous queries she merely pleaded a headache. But the next morning she suggested that he leave the car with her.

She told herself she was a fool for believing that he still loved her . . . yet she knew that he did. But she was afraid of the future.

And that afternoon she telephoned him at the office:

"Eddie! Something awful has happened."

The terror in his voice brought her a glad message:

"Not you? You're not ill?"

"No, Eddie. It's the car. I was driving in the country and there was an accident. The car was smashed."

"Are you hurt?" She thrilled at that! Not an instant of hesitation. Not a thought for the car—only solicitude for her.

"I'm all right, dear. But the car is ruined."

"To thunder with the car. You're the only thing that matters." A pause, and then an embarrassed little "Gee. . . ."

"What, Eddie?"

"I'm foolish, sweetheart—but when you said accident you 'most flattened me. I'm in a cold perspiration. It just struck me all of a sudden how ghastly it would be if anything ever happened to you."

"Would it mean much, dear?"

"Much?" His voice trembled with passion: "I guess until I got this shock, Martha—I never did quite understand how dear you are to me. . . ."

AND in the office of a big insurance company a bewildered adjuster was talking with one of the executives.

"This smashup of the Morrell auto was a peculiar thing, Chief. Minute we got the news I beat it to the place where it happened. There's a sloping side road which leads down to a cliff . . . one of those spots where tourists stop for the view.

"And I found a kid there who swears he saw Mrs. Morrell drive her car to the top of that incline, head it toward the cliff and then get out and deliberately release her emergency brake so that the car rolled over the cliff and got smashed to smithereens. And the kid says furthermore that she took a look at the wreckage and then walked away from there smiling."

The Chief was very grave.

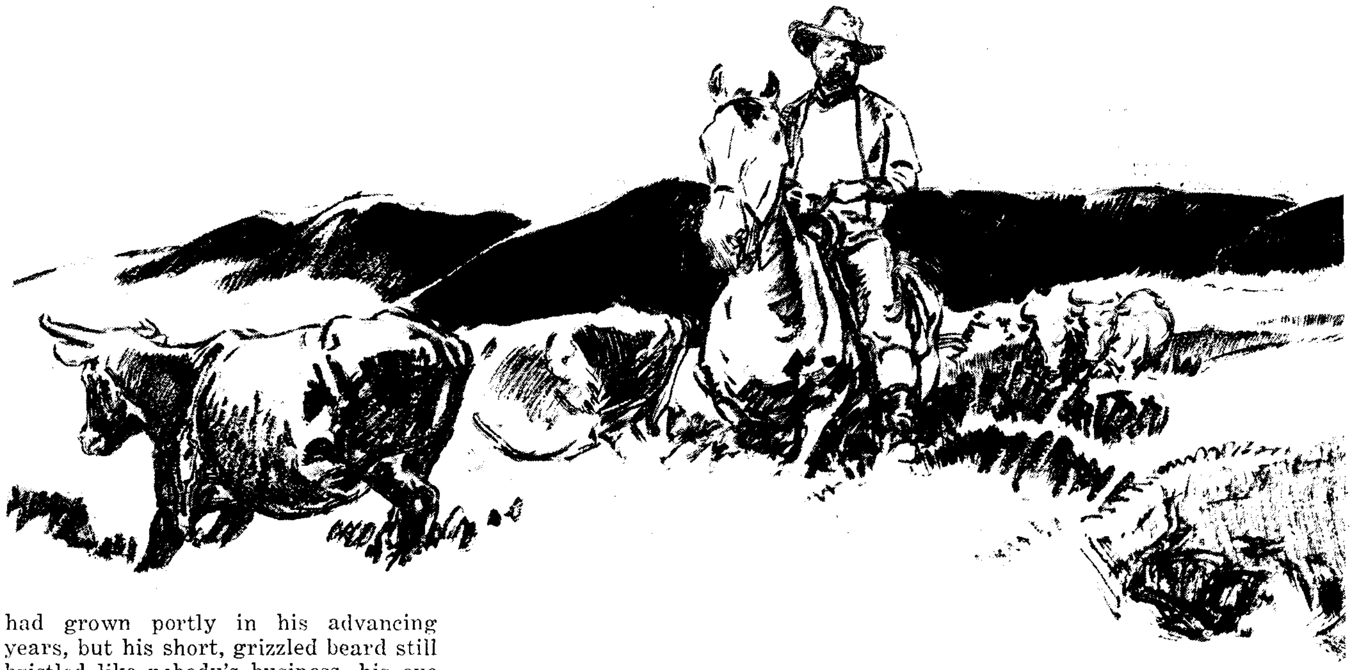
"Hmm!" he commented. "We'll certainly have to look into that."

"No, we won't," answered the adjuster. "And that's the queerest part of the whole thing: Mrs. Morrell absolutely refuses to enter any claim for insurance."

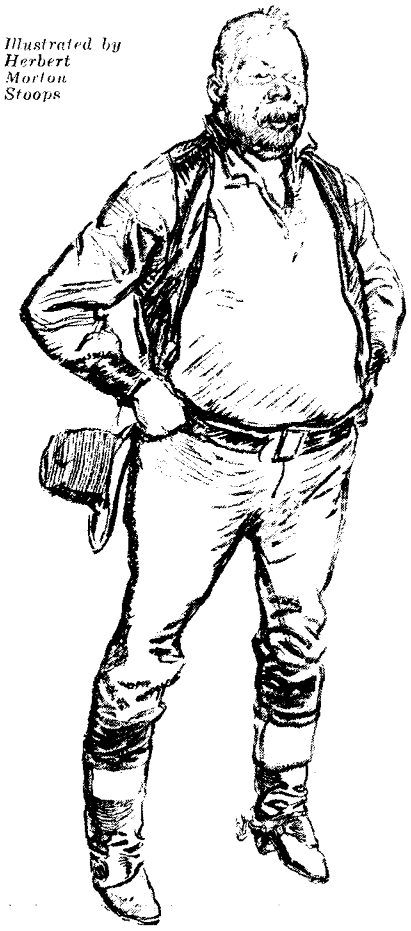
Just a Horse of Mine

What a man is, is all that counts—especially with the girl who loves him

By Alan LeMay



High Wind was with them every minute, but there was a certain companionship about it that permitted them to get used to each other



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

SO THIS, thought Tip Roddy, swinging down from his saddle without being invited, is High Wind MacDowell—himself.

About all Roddy knew about MacDowell, except that his cattle were the best range stock in the Southwest, consisted of a rumor picked up in Redregon to the effect that old High Wind was going to have a concrete statue made of himself, and set up at the Dog Wolf water hole that he had fought over for so long.

Redregon was wasting its time debating what the statue was going to look like, and whether it would be in natural colors, gold leaf, or just plain, buckwheat-batter cement.

The town was split, some thinking the effigy would resemble a white-face steer looking through a Joshua bush, and others expecting it to look more like a balloon. But all agreed that it would not stand out there in the cactus very long before taking on a likeness to the Spirit of Smallpox, so many Redregon riders were going to throw lead at it—men that had always wanted to jump High Wind MacDowell in person, but never worked up to it.

Of course, the concrete business had nothing to do with Tip Roddy; except that Roddy, now that he was meeting old High Wind for the first time, thought he saw new light on several aspects of the statue rumor. MacDowell had grown portly in his advancing years, but his short, grizzled beard still bristled like nobody's business, his eye could kindle faster than the powder in a gun, and he had a voice like thunder-up-the-gulch.

"What horse is that?" demanded High Wind bluntly.

"Just a horse of mine. My name is Roddy, and I'm from—"

"So you want to see me, do you?" High Wind blared with no marked cordiality. "Oh, you do? Hold on now! Don't get talkative yet. Answer me this, young man. How many cows can a calf have in a year?"

"HOW many cows can a calf—I don't get you, mister," said Roddy.

"I said," roared MacDowell, "how many calves can a cow—"

"Oh," said Roddy. "That's different. Looks like you had your feet tangled up in your rope, for a minute there, Mr. MacDowell. Well, they tell me that on some ranges, and providing they have the right brand, a cow is liable to come in with two or three calves—and maybe a couple of colts," he answered.

"Just fresher than a steam laundry in hell, aren't you?" rumbled MacDowell. "You had a peach of a nerve, riding the front half of your horse right up onto the step of my verandy. Still, riders is scarce this fall, and you seem to have the right basic idee." He ran a slow eye over Tip Roddy, from Stetson hat and smooth-shaved jaw to worn chaps and time-polished rowels. "Yeah, I can use you, I guess."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Tip Roddy. "And what for?"

"Ain't you looking for a job with me?"

"Not by a long spit," Roddy told him. "I'm looking around to buy fifty-sixty head of two-year-old bulls, for a spread I've got over in Moon Pan Basin. And now, my short friend, since you never asked me to step down, I'll step right back up again. I'm right sorry my horse set foot on your porch step—he must of mistook this for a ranch house, such as he's always been welcome at before. Thank you kindly, good-by, and go to the devil," said Roddy, and prepared to mount.

For a moment High Wind's jaw slacked, but immediately his short beard spread in an unaccustomed grin, and he chuckled.

"Wait a minute," he said more genially. "I mis-assumed you for one of these darned student-cowboys, at first, but I see plain where I got my saddle on wrong end to. The drinks are on me, Mr.—Rocky, was it?—and I'll take it as a kindness if you'll step down and have something to eat."

Tip Roddy was unsurprised. He had learned by this time that it is only secretly uncertain men who like to do business with crawlers. Still, High Wind's apology sounded overdone to Roddy, so that he suspected sarcasm; and he would have replied that he wouldn't choose anything, thank you just the same, if Kit MacDowell had not come to the door just then.

Roddy took off his hat, dropped it, picked it up, and stood pulling the brim round and round through his fingers. Even from his first sight of the girl, Tip knew that he was done for. It came on him in a sort of dazed, sinking sensation, as if he knew he was up against his manifest destiny, and that any minute it might find him short of powder.

A friendly, understanding sort of girl, Kit MacDowell was, with a merry mouth, and sober, comprehending gray eyes. She was golden tanned, and her soft chestnut hair was sunburned where it curled about her ears; and you knew by the general look of her that she could ride any old horse, any old time. And at the same time she was so beautifully clear-cut, and all, like a racing filly, or a flower. . . .

"It just does seem like I've seen that horse before," High Wind mused. "Would you mind saying where you got him, Mr. Rocky?"

"Gave an Indian five bucks for him, three-four years back. He's old, but I like him."

It was kind of awkward, Roddy felt, that High Wind MacDowell did not introduce him to the girl. Roddy turned on her a sort of confused look, and she smiled at him, as if she understood, and felt the same way about it, and at that Tip dropped his hat again.

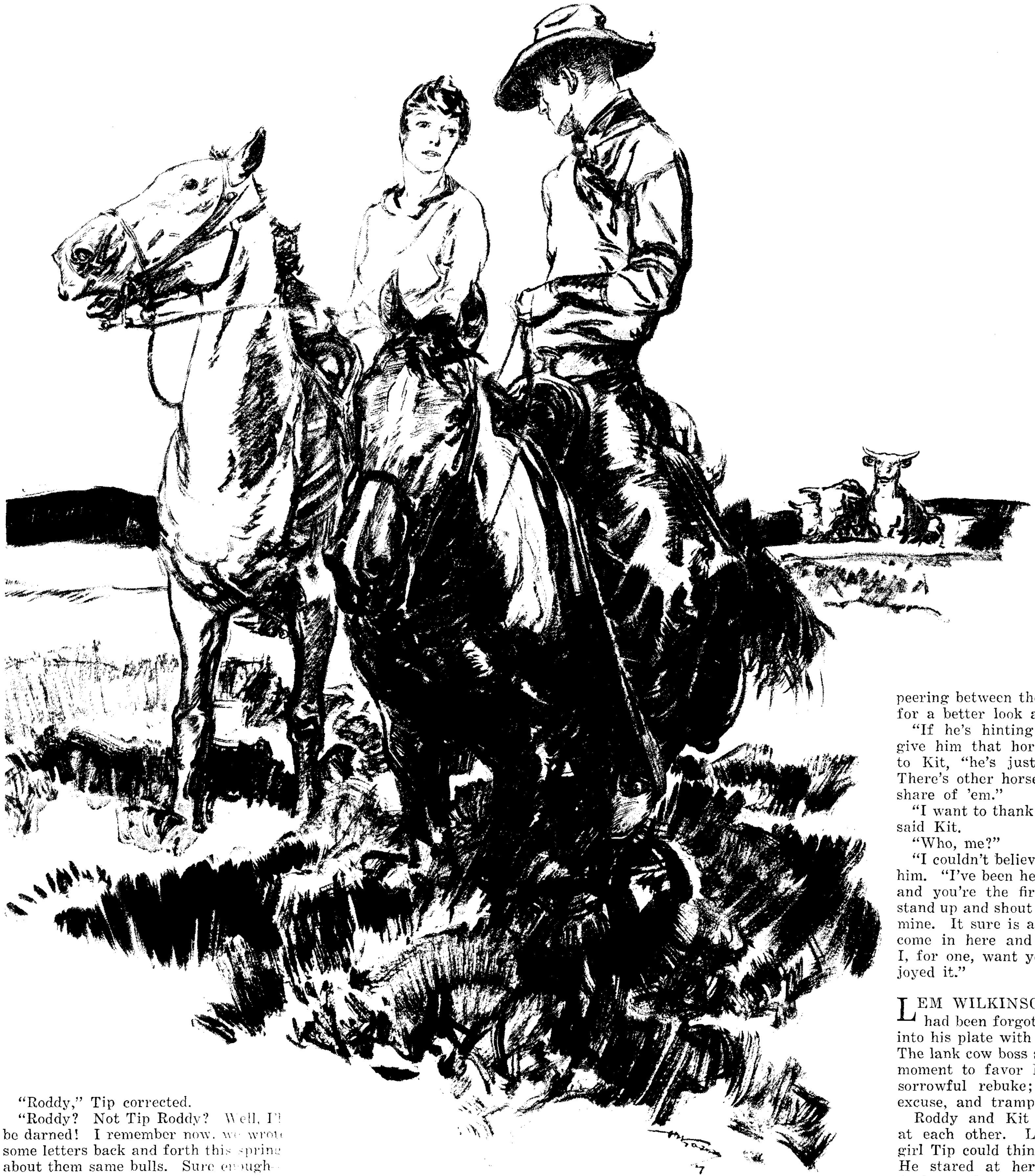
"May I hold that for you?" said she.

"Ma'am?"

"You've dropped your hat twice."

JUST so almighty competent, and cool, thought Roddy. And so almighty sweet too. His knees went watery on him, and he turned red as he mumbled some fool answer. At that, all this confusion was something new to Roddy, who had always been considered to have a free-handed way with girls.

"This here is my niece Kit," High Wind came to earth. "She's from Montana. Her paw and maw died on her—that makes her my niece. Kit, this here is Mr. Rocky. He—"



"Roddy," Tip corrected.

"Roddy? Not Tip Roddy? Well, I'll be darned! I remember now, we wrote some letters back and forth this spring about them same bulls. Sure enough— I remember hearing you'd set up a right nice little lay, over in the Moon Pan. Kit, Mr. Roddy. He's stopping by with us a few days—he's got one of the prettiest little spreads over in the Moon Pan—"

"Pleased to meet you," mumbled Roddy, looking it.

"Mr. Roddy is liable to succeed," said High Wind expansively. "He tells me he guesses a cow can be got to bring in three-four calves a year, with right handlin'."

"I said, I've heard they do on some ranges," Roddy corrected him, looking MacDowell over as cool as be-damned. "In the Moon Pan we think an eighty per cent calving is mighty good, and a credit to the brand."

"Are you criticizing my beginnings?" bristled MacDowell.

"I don't criticize anybody."

"Well," growled High Wind. "See that you don't. And in reference to me just remember this, young man: from the Sierras to the Pecos, they've never pried a settlement off me yet!"

It seemed to Tip Roddy that High Wind MacDowell, king of the Redregon, cattle baron, former gunfighter, long known as the toughest man to buck in the Southwest, was running a good deal to windiness in his old age. The old border-raider—if such he had been—was sliding into the reminiscent stage without pulling in his horns by so much as an inch.

AS THE supper gong rang they were joined by a lank mourner who was introduced as one Lem Wilkinson, High Wind's top foreman. This man shook hands with sorrowful suspicion, opined that it didn't look much like no rain, and relapsed into silence. Throughout the meal he divided a tragic gaze between Kit MacDowell and his plate, confining his conversational efforts to low affirmative moans upon being offered second and third helpings.

Tip Roddy sat through supper in an increasing daze. He could not look at Kit MacDowell without strangely stirring, upsetting sensations, and he could not keep from looking at her. She invariably caught him at it, which seemed to amuse her. Indeed, her eyes were no longer sober; her amusement had turned them sultry, and illuminated her glances with a new but not unfriendly light. Roddy was distinctly afoot in the sandhills by this time, with no common sense in sight.

Toward the end of the meal High Wind abandoned his stewed apricots long enough to go stumping out. Through the window Roddy saw High Wind out by the feed rack in the dusk, peering between the poles of the corral for a better look at Roddy's horse.

"If he's hinting around for me to give him that horse," Roddy confided to Kit, "he's just wasting his time. There's other horses—and he's got his share of 'em."

"I want to thank you for something," said Kit.

"Who, me?"

"I couldn't believe my eyes," Kit told him. "I've been here nearly two years, and you're the first man I ever saw stand up and shout back at this uncle of mine. It sure is a relief to see a man come in here and talk like one—and I, for one, want you to know I've enjoyed it."

LEM WILKINSON, whose existence had been forgotten, threw his spoon into his plate with a protesting clatter. The lank cow boss sat up straight for a moment to favor Kit with a stare of sorrowful rebuke; then rose without excuse, and tramped expressively out.

Roddy and Kit MacDowell grinned at each other. Left alone with this girl Tip could think of nothing to say. He stared at her dazedly, until she flushed. "Do you like living here with your uncle?" he got out at last.

"It would be all right if he didn't keep trying to marry me off."

"Try to! Who, him? Why, that old —Say, I'll jump right down his throat."

"If he tries it on you?"

"Wait, now—that isn't what I meant. Say, is he trying to palm off this Wilkinson grief as a—"

"Oh, no. Lem Wilkinson is a volunteer. The other thing I don't like is seeing everybody back up for him. 'Yes, Mr. MacDowell,' and 'Kindly kick me again, please, sir,' until it's fair sickening."

"I betcha."

"Have some more apricots, Mr. Roddy."

"Thank you kindly. Wait, though— I thought you said aypricots. Them's the potatoes."

A silence fell—a silence that somehow became slowly palpitant. It was embarrassing, in a way. Yet Tip Roddy was sorry when High Wind MacDowell returned.

MacDowell dragged Roddy off to a smoky little cubbyhole of his own, the walls of which were racked with past-model rifles and feathered with an accumulation of trophies that ran from mountain lion hides to coupsticks, and back again. Here an effort was made to pursue business across vast arid plains of reminiscence having to do with the Life and Times of King MacDowell—His Exploits and His Deeds.

It was after midnight when Tip Roddy escaped from the pipe smoke—but Kit was there, to say goodnight at the door.

"You didn't need to wait up," said MacDowell. "You should have been in the soogans hours back."

"No trouble," said Kit.

The brief pressure of her hand was almost too much for Roddy, and he dropped his hat—but this time caught it again—as he took his leave.

"That's better," said Kit. "You're learning the ins and outs of that hat."

Tip Roddy rode off that night in exalted mood. . . .

THE next day Kit rode all day long with Tip Roddy and High Wind as they made a general pick and survey of the stock that Roddy wanted. High Wind was with them every minute, but there was a certain companionship about it that permitted them to get used to each other—better, in a way, than if they had needed to talk.

While High Wind was washing up, that evening, Kit and Tip Roddy walked out to the corral to take a look at Tip's horse. He had ridden one of MacDowell's, that day, to save his own for the long cattle drive ahead.

Two minutes after the feed rack had screened them from the house, Roddy swept Kit into his arms.

Kit brought a small fist up to his jaw with stinging accuracy, and took advantage of his surprise to fling free of him. "You're just like all the rest," she stormed, her voice low and intense. "I've got no earthly use for you."

He caught her wrist.

"That isn't so."

"Let me go!"

"I'm damned if I will," said Roddy. "Not now, nor ever. I'll tell you this flat—I'm not going back to the Moon Pan without you."

"Do you mean that?"

"I take that to be just a sort of form question," said Roddy. "Honey, come here."

This time she came into his arms as naturally as a pony puts its muzzle to fresh water.

Twice more in the course of the evening High Wind MacDowell excused himself to go out to the corral and take long stares at Roddy's horse. As Roddy saddled by the light of a lantern MacDowell had brought out, the old man struck his conclusion at last.

"I know him now! I knew I'd remember him!"

"Yes?"

"That's Slade Tucker's horse!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so! I never forgot an animal yet, and I'm right on this one now! You never bought that horse from no Indian! You're the man killed Slade Tucker!"

"Yes?" said Roddy.

"It's no use denying it!"

"I deny nothing."

"You killed Slade Tucker! I always wondered who done that. And you collected the reward, I suppose? No? But anyways stole his horse!"

"Stole, MacDowell?"

"Yes. And I say this, and I say it plain: when you shot Slade Tucker, you killed a better man than you are!"

"You knew this Slade Tucker?"

"No one," said High Wind, "knew him better than me. A fine, upstanding, straight-shooting, clean-living young squirt, Slade was, and the reward should never have been slapped on his head!"

"Now just a minute, MacDowell—"

"Don't try to lie out of it with me! You killed Slade Tucker and took his horse, and I know that as sure as steers can't spit!"

Distinctly, High Wind's tone called for a smash in the nose. For a long moment Tip Roddy hesitated, trying to tell himself that this was an old man, and Kit's uncle at that. Then he mounted his horse. "Well, and what if I did?" he said from the saddle.

It sounded like cool insolence to MacDowell. Anger gagged in his throat, and before he could find proper words of denunciation Tip Roddy was gone.

High Wind had no intention of swallowing his wrath, however. He went stamping and breathing hoarsely into the house, and there poured himself a five-finger jolt of forty rod. When this was drowned, his whisky-laden bellow resounded through the house.

"Kit! Kit! Come here!"

"WHAT on earth's the matter with you?" demanded Kit, presently appearing in nightgown and slippers.

"You know who we've been feeding in this house?"

"One mighty sweet young man," said Kit levelly.

"Oh, so that's the color of the wind?" High Wind was rocked back a little on his heels, and for a moment he hesitated; but he lashed himself and went on. "Well, if you don't know, I'll tell you: that's the man who killed Slade Tucker!"

"I don't believe it," said Kit, automatically defensive. "And who in the world is Slade Tucker?"

"Slade Tucker," roared High Wind, "was the best, straightest, squarest, whitest two-gun waddie that ever stood on his rights!"

"You're just trying to get yourself worked up," Kit told him. "I don't believe Tip Roddy shot anybody."

"Oh, I am, am I? And he didn't, did he? Well, he admitted it himself!"

"Tip did?"

"I put it straight up to him: 'You killed Slade Tucker,' says I. 'And what if I did?' says he, as cool as to-hell!"

Kit hesitated. It set her back for a moment, hearing that the man she loved had admitted killing somebody; but she rallied loyally.

"If Tip shot somebody," said she, "I guess he good and well needed shooting."

"He shot him for the reward," steamed High Wind, "and to get hold of Slade's horse!"

"I don't believe it! But I guess if there was a reward out—"

"Well, there shouldn't have been! That was just one of the fool things this country has done since it went sissy! Tucker was jumped four to one by a bunch that was poison mean, and he gunned 'em down, as any right-minded citizen would do; and then—"

"—and then he ran into Tip Roddy," Kit improvised. "And that was something else again. I think more of this boy every minute, so I do!"

"And Roddy shot him in the back," said High Wind malignantly.

"That was whose story?"

"Don't you suppose there's such a thing as common knowledge—"

"I suppose Tip did no such a thing, that's what I suppose. And I'm going to ask him straight out, and let him say himself how it was."

"You'll not speak to him again," thundered High Wind. "No, and he'll not set foot on this place!"

"Who says he won't?"

"I told him to get off and stay off—and the same has stuck with more and better men than him!"

"You told him that?" blazed Kit.

"Well—I was about to tell him, but when I turned around he was gone."

"He'll be back," said Kit.

THE next day was a long one for Kit. High Wind rose very late, red-eyed and ominous. Kit was somewhat puffy-eyed herself. Roddy, as she knew he had intended, was in another quarter of the range, looking over the offerings of a different brand; but he had promised to stop by the MacDowells' during the evening.

"Women folks bust up a man's business," High Wind grouched. "If he hadn't been rolling calf eyes at my niece, I wouldn't of had to run him off, and I could have sold him them stag bulls."

"You can sell him tonight," said Kit without interest.

"I won't have him on the place! I'll run no chances."

"Not much danger," said Kit, who had been doing a think-over of her own.

"You give him up, do you?"

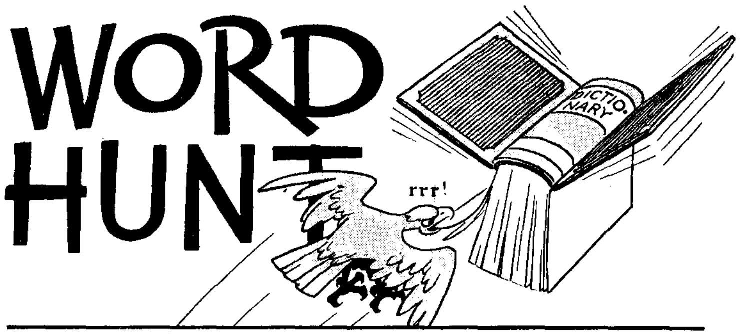
"What does it look like?"

"It looks like you're going to bawl. Women make me sick! Well, I can't sell him tonight, because he won't show."

The long day dragged away; and at last, as Kit had predicted, Tip Roddy came riding through the twilight. He was whistling "The Roving Gambler." He evidently, Kit thought, had set aside High Wind's objections to killers as a cranky whim, not to be taken seriously. High Wind was out in the stables,

(*Continued on page 30*)

WORD HUNT



In the English language there are just twelve words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters M·E·T. One of them is METAD. You supply the others.

"Sic 'em, falcon!"

1	M	E	T	A	D	A mouse of India.
2	M	E	T			An elementary substance, usually hard and malleable.
3	M	E	T			(One of two forms) An instrument for measuring fluids, gases, etc. Also, a rhythmical arrangement of syllables or words in verse. Also, a measure of length.
4	M	E	T			Measured; allotted.
5	M	E	T			A thorn apple.
6	M	E	T			(Local, United States) The burbot Lota maculosa.
7	M	E	T			(French) A male of mixed blood.
8	M	E	T			A person of mixed blood; a half breed.
9	M	E	T			Variant of METER.
10	M	E	T			(Greek antiquity) A settler; an immigrant; specifically, at Athens, an alien resident in Attica, who had some privileges of a citizen.
11	M	E	T			A whitish soluble powder used as a developer in photography.
12	M	E	T			A Greek measure.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

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Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Mesal
2. Meson
3. Mesne
4. Mesen
5. Meshy
6. Mesua
7. Messy

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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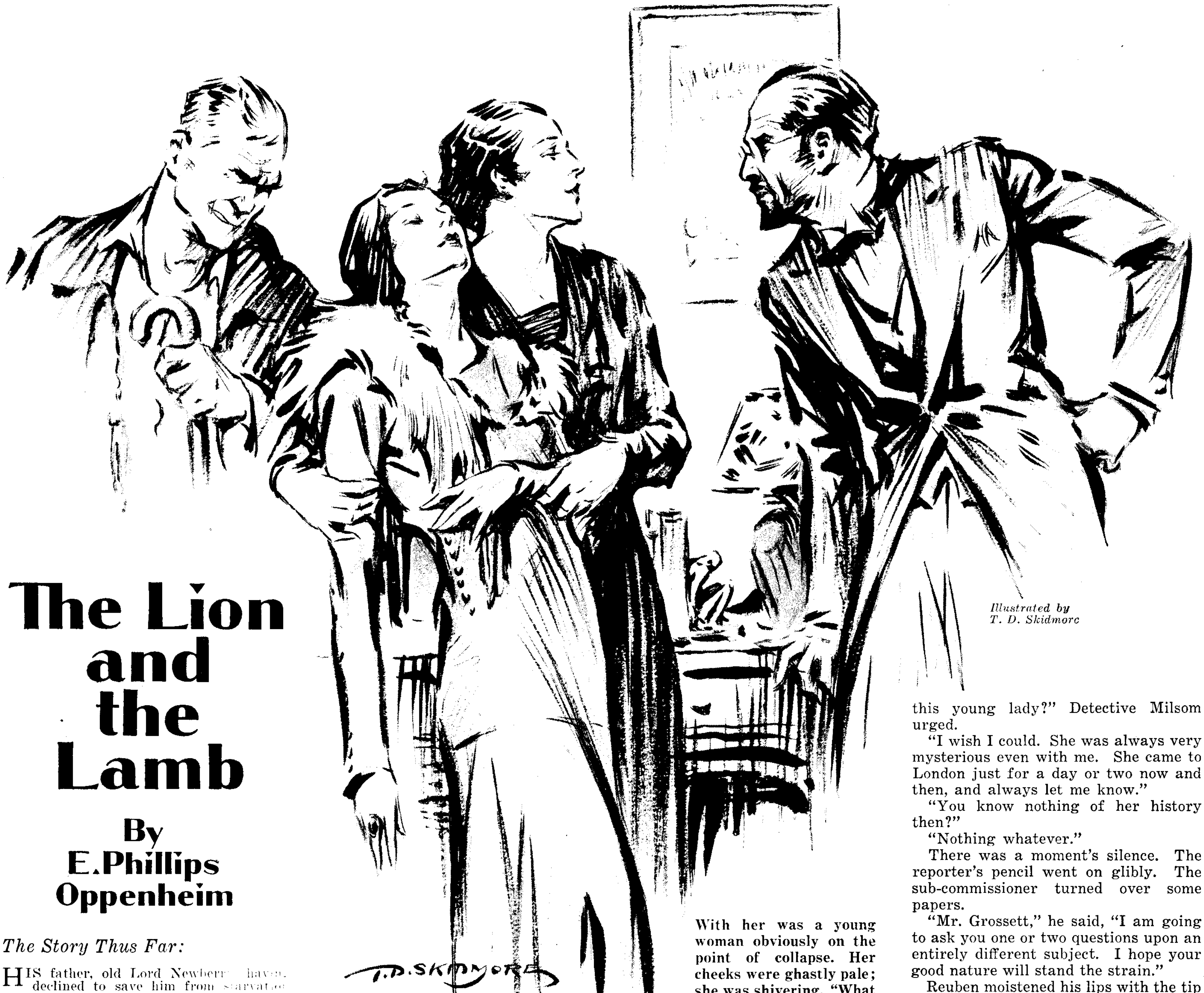


Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

With her was a young woman obviously on the point of collapse. Her cheeks were ghastly pale; she was shivering. "What is this, Miss Mason?" Doctor Nadol inquired

The Story Thus Far:

HIS father, old Lord Newberry, having declined to save him from starvation in London, David Newberry, in desperate straits, joins a band of criminals. While trying to steal Lady Frankley's priceless Blue Diamond, sometimes known as the "Virgin's Tear," he is betrayed by his two accomplices—Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem—caught, and sent to prison.

On his release David finds himself, due to his father's death, a lord—and very wealthy. He resolves to devote his energies to wiping out the gang; and presently, having organized a band of jiujitsu experts, he is at war with his enemies.

Meanwhile the Blue Diamond has disappeared. Tottie Green, leader of the criminals, feels sure that David knows where it is secreted; Belle, his beautiful protegee, volunteers to extract the secret.

Belle visits the young lord, and surprises him by letting him know she loves him. From her, however, David learns that Tottie's cutthroats are planning to raid some street stalls—in Widows' Row—Saturday night.

David is in love with Sophy, Lady Andersley's charming daughter. As soon as possible, he makes his will, naming her as the principal beneficiary, and prepares to attack his foes in Widows' Row.

Reuben Grossett is madly in love with Belle. He is jealous of the young lord, whom he wishes to kill. He is, however, overruled by Tottie Green, who plans to capture Newberry, carry him to the Nursing Home and there force him to reveal the whereabouts of the diamond. . . . Belle telephones David. She is ill, in a room at a hotel, where Reuben has attempted, with partial success, to poison her. She warns David not to go to Widows' Row, where, she says, he is sure to be killed. Then she screams—and stops talking.

David rushes to the hotel. Belle has been murdered!

Scotland Yard goes into action. Not, however, until David and his men have fought a sanguinary battle in Widows' Row, following which David has disappeared.

XII

ONCE more the attendant policeman threw open the door.

"Mr. Reuben Grossett, by appointment, sir," he announced.

Reuben, very carefully dressed, carrying his hat in his hand, a grave but ingratiating smile upon his lips, was ushered in. The sub-commissioner acknowledged his greeting a little curtly. Milsom waved him to a chair.

"Very good of you to come, Mr. Grossett," he said. "Very kind of you indeed, I am sure."

"Glad to do anything I can to oblige," Reuben remarked, as he sat down, pulled up his trousers a little, and crossed his legs. "At the same time, I really don't see what use I can be to you."

"There were just one or two questions," the sub-commissioner explained, "which you would have been asked, Mr. Grossett, at the inquest upon that unfortunate young woman, but Mr. Milsom here was very anxious that they should not be put in court. He thought if you could be induced to pay us a short visit it would be more satisfactory."

"I thought they asked me a good many questions in court," Reuben said suspiciously.

"Not vital ones," the sub-commissioner pointed out, "not vital ones, Mr. Grossett. For instance, they didn't ask you, I think, why you wished to give a sleeping draught to that unfortunate young lady, Miss Belle Morgan. You will probably prefer to tell us. It might have been an embarrassing question to put in court."

"My reason was simple enough," was the prompt reply. "I knew that she was very much attracted by David Newberry. She was my fiancée, and I preferred keeping her to myself. If I had not dropped that little tabloid into her glass in the Milan, she'd have danced with him all night, and God knows what else afterwards, and I should have been left alone."

"I see," the sub-commissioner murmured. "That sounds reasonable enough. Now, there is another thing I wanted to ask you, Mr. Grossett. Remember, you needn't answer these questions unless you like. This is all a friendly examination to find out if you can help us to get at the truth—but what we should like to know is, what were your movements after you left the Milan?"

"I went straight back to my rooms," Reuben confided, "near Cannon Street. I was there before two o'clock. Both my landlady and her husband saw me come in, and locked up after me."

"Can't you tell us a little more about this young lady?" Detective Milsom urged.

"I wish I could. She was always very mysterious even with me. She came to London just for a day or two now and then, and always let me know."

"You know nothing of her history then?"

"Nothing whatever."

There was a moment's silence. The reporter's pencil went on glibly. The sub-commissioner turned over some papers.

"Mr. Grossett," he said, "I am going to ask you one or two questions upon an entirely different subject. I hope your good nature will stand the strain."

Reuben moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"I don't see why it shouldn't," he answered. "There's nothing I know I'm ashamed to tell."

"Well, then, what do you know about a gang of criminals called the Lambs?"

The young man seemed to freeze up. He stared hard across at his questioner.

"Nothing at all," he replied. "Why should I?"

"Thought you might have heard of them," Milsom observed. "A good many people have. David Newberry was a member of the gang once."

"I KNOW nothing of David Newberry," Reuben declared coldly.

"You were shocked to hear of his accident or disappearance, I am sure," the sub-commissioner suggested.

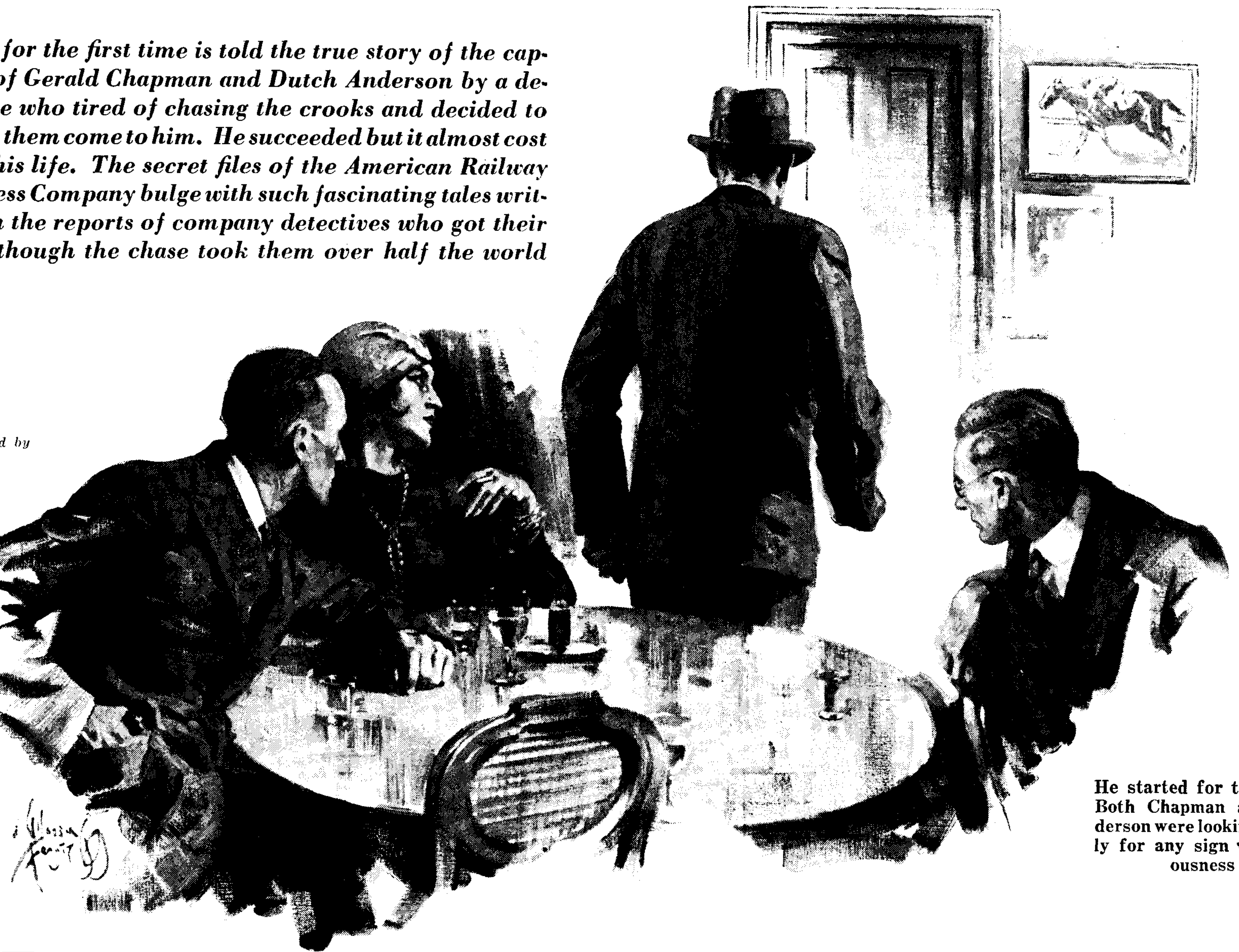
"I was shocked as everyone else was," was the curt rejoinder. "I had no reason to feel differently from other people. He may be wandering about somewhere even now. Loss of memory often follows this sort of affair."

"Loss of memory!" Milsom speculated. "Yes, of course that might occur. Unlikely, though, with such a well-balanced young man. . . . I am disappointed you can't tell us anything about the Lambs, Mr. Grossett."

"I wish I could," the young man replied suavely. "I simply don't know anything about them. They don't come into my scheme of life. My friends, I

(*Continued on page 61*)

Here for the first time is told the true story of the capture of Gerald Chapman and Dutch Anderson by a detective who tired of chasing the crooks and decided to make them come to him. He succeeded but it almost cost him his life. The secret files of the American Railway Express Company bulge with such fascinating tales written in the reports of company detectives who got their men though the chase took them over half the world



Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

He started for the door. Both Chapman and Anderson were looking closely for any sign of nervousness

Baited with Nerve

By John Knox

I GOT the story of what really happened from a genial rough-faced gentleman who sits behind a wide desk in an office that looks out over lower Broadway, New York. He doesn't look like a detective, he doesn't use psychoanalysis or cigar ashes or cocaine, but eighty-five per cent of the arrests he orders result in convictions—and if you think that isn't an achievement, find out what the percentage of your own police force works out to. He doesn't confine his efforts to a narrow territory, either—his beat is the world.

This man isn't what one would call the romantic type of detective. His work is just routine to him, as selling soap or writing stories is routine to other people who do those things all the time. He comes in to New York every day from his suburban home, shows a new bunch of crooks somewhere that they can't monkey with him and get away with it, picks up a man he wants by wire or radio in Newark or Shanghai or Warsaw or Peru, smooths the feelings of excited citizens who have been robbed in one way or another and then runs to get a seat on the 5:15 with the rest of the suburban crowd.

I am going to call him Fred Holloway for several reasons, the most important of which is that that is not his right name.

I have always felt that Fred ought to use some of the scientific methods of the modern detective; one day I told him so. He grinned at me.

"The fellow who writes about imaginary detectives and their imaginary work has a cinch," he said. "All he has to do is imagine a crime and then write his story backward to the solution. When something breaks on us we haven't any advance information and we haven't been declared in on the plot.

The Way It Happens

"The thing has happened and that's that; usually we don't know any more about it at the start than the perfectly innocent citizen who reads the story in his newspaper. Sometimes we get a hunch early in the game but generally we just have to keep on digging until we get enough evidence for a conviction in court.

"Seasoned criminals don't do much confessing unless we can show them that the case we have built up is too strong to beat. We'd rather go to trial and convict them publicly.

"I remember a case in which the man we had on the job didn't get his evidence until he decided to stop looking for the criminals and make them look for him. All he had was a suspicion and his nerve. I'll tell you about it."

Fred eased himself down into his chair, ignited a forty-minute cigar and unfolded the story I have set down below.

We'll drop the quotation marks and let him do the talking from this point:

The year 1921 had been a great year for big stick-ups. The Leonard Street mail-wagon job, where somebody got away with $2,500,000, had come in October and there had been a lot of bank and pay-roll stick-ups all through the year. I remember that some of the sob-sisters were saying that the boys who had come back from the war hadn't been treated right and that they shouldn't be blamed if they got impatient and started out to collect their bonuses with guns—which was a pretty dirty slander on a fine bunch of boys who did a good job. Those stick-ups weren't amateur performances. They were the work of experienced criminals—and those boys just back from France were not criminals.

Early in the evening of December 1, 1921, three of our men were shoving a hand-truck across Second Street in Niagara Falls, New York. On the truck were two portable safes with about $40,000 in money, travelers' checks and securities in them. Our men were getting them over to a train which was about to leave for Buffalo. Everything looked all right when they started across the street, but just as they reached the opposite curb four men with guns closed in on them and told them to put their hands up. Our men didn't have a chance; so they did what they were told to do. The four men slung the two safes into an automobile which came up and beat it down the street. The whole thing didn't take two minutes.

The stick-ups made a clean get-away in the dark without stopping to leave any finger-prints or drop any envelopes with their names on them. I have heard the theory that a criminal always leaves some trace of his crime—but these birds apparently didn't believe in that theory.

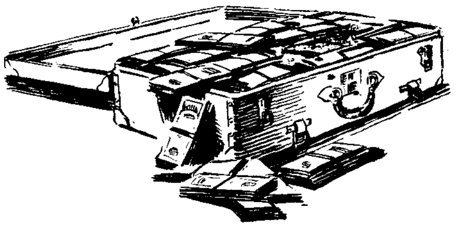
There wasn't a thing for a detective to work on except that the company had lost $40,000 and they wanted to get it back. It wasn't so much the $40,000 itself as it was the idea of letting crooks think they could take it away from us; our people knew that if they let it be put over on us in one place, we would have to stand for it in others.

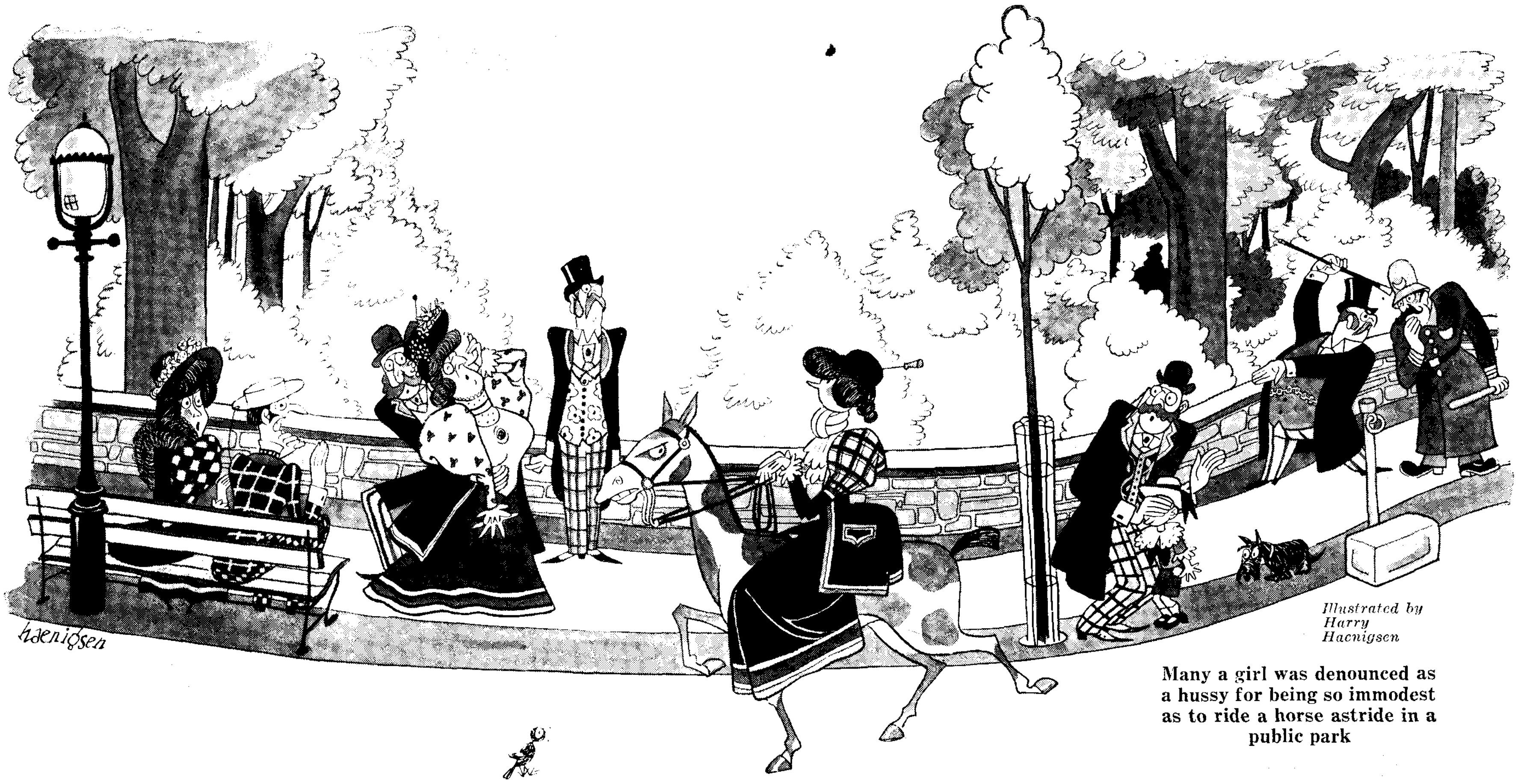
Theories That Didn't Jell

It wasn't half an hour before the scene of the stick-up was swarming with police, state troopers, detectives and reward hunters. Everybody who had been anywhere around when it happened had to tell all about himself and be investigated and have his neighbors asked questions about him until he was such an object of public suspicion that his kids had to stay home from school. The American Railway Express Company offered a big reward and all the hopeful nuts in western New York State came out of the bushes with theories that didn't jell and information that didn't inform.

That's a funny thing about rewards. Offer one and a lot of people will start working on half-witted schemes to

(*Continued on page 38*)





Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Many a girl was denounced as a hussy for being so immodest as to ride a horse astride in a public park

Swaddling Clothes

By H. I. Phillips

Eschewing, for the time being, the problem of the relative priority of the chicken and the egg, Dr. Phillips has concentrated his powers in an attempt to determine how far is down. The question, needless to say, is of vital and immediate importance

IS THE long skirt a much-needed garment artistically and morally, or should our hotel lobbies continue to look like cover designs for La Vie Parisienne?

Is the real test of womanly attire whether she can run to fires, jump over a fence, change an automobile tire or get out of a rumble seat without ripping anything?

These, and "How far is down?" are major questions now dividing America as has no question since slavery. If you think the gals are giving in meekly in the fight to put American women back into outer garments that will revive tender memories of high-wheeled bicycles, fudge-making parties, magic lanterns, crayon portraits, red plush albums, and delightful evenings at the piano with "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" from Floradora, you are crazy.

You couldn't cause a more wide-open rebellion this season if you ordered them to wear woolen stockings, sleep under buffalo robes, hand-paint a mustache cup for their boy friends, read only the works of E. P. Roe, and swap the Sealyham terrier for a pug dog.

Our wives, mothers and daughters are all hot and bothered over the short skirts versus long skirts issue. Some are for the retention of knee-length skirts on the ground they are the most comfortable ever designed, some are for the extremely long skirt on the ground it is smarter and more refined, and others are for a compromise—something neither short enough to make men stare at them nor long enough to make men ignore them.

The girls who are strong for the long skirts say they are tired of waiting two or three minutes after an introduction for the boy friend to look up and remark, "What big eyes you have!"

I have thought the good ones not at all unpleasant

The sweet creatures who are for short skirts hold that they look better in them and that the only excuse for a long skirt is to cover an ugly knee, a bad case of varicose veins, a wooden leg or other anatomical defects.

Those who are for a compromise contend the short skirt makes a pathetic subject of any woman who doesn't watch her calories, and that the extremely long skirt makes her look like a tintype study dug up from a long-lost trunk.

There may be fighting in the streets at any moment. Hot arguments are now raging wherever two or more women are gathered together and there is more fighting going on in the Great American Home than has been seen or heard since Mother first talked of bobbing her hair and the dreadful news reached the family that one of the girls had actually smoked a cigarette.

One of the first big guns in the war to keep Paris couturiers from stampeding American women into long skirts, and making "It's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding" the theme song of the dress-making industry, was fired a short time ago when a group of New York society women met at the St. Regis (most of them in medium-length skirts) and organized the Fashion League, the purpose of which will be to resist style slavery.

Similar organizations of women seem to be popping up throughout the land in the effort to let the garment industry know that the women of America regard the long skirt, except for evening wear, as the street cleaner's best friend and severest critic.

Already there are signs of a strategic retreat by the dress designers, a group of whom rushed through an advance spring style show fixing the proper skirt length for street wear at six inches below the knee. But will the girls yield even to that extent? Give a dress designer an inch and he takes a mile. As Dean Inge might put it:

Half an inch, half an inch, half an
inch lower,
With her knees hidden how will a
boy know 'er?

Women have been known to threaten to kick over the traces before, but this time they talk as if they mean business. You can't open the doors to a women's club meeting these days without uncovering enough threats of war to make General Sheridan turn over in his grave, horse and all. I went to a meeting a few weeks ago, at the suggestion of Collier's short skirts department editor, and came away with the fixed notion that President Hoover was betraying his country in sending marines to Haiti, when they might be needed any minute to preserve order at native style shows, fashion exhibits and skirt length debates.

The meeting in the Grand Central Palace was fought under the auspices of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, representing 400,000 women in the Empire State, but there were moments when it seemed that it should have been waged in Madison Square Garden under the auspices of the New York State Boxing Commission.

Foolish Question!

When the chairlady threw the session open with the inquiry, "Would any ladies not on the platform like to be heard?" there was such a clamor for recognition that traffic policemen in the streets below sent up complaints on the ground they couldn't get any sleep.

The debate itself was between Miss Gertrude Lawrence, famous English actress, and Miss Rita Weiman, dramatist. Miss Weiman, a brunette who would be easy to look at whether wrapped in a Navajo blanket or partially attired in the scanty raiment of a Tiller dancing girl, took the affirmative side of the subject "Resolved, That the best place for a long skirt is in a revival of Hearts of Oak," or words to that effect. The negative side was taken—and how!—by Miss Lawrence, who is so beautiful and charming that you would look at her face first anyhow.

(Continued on page 50)

The Burden of the Blonde

Considerable excitement, plenty of complications, and a very satisfactory amount of heart trouble, on a big Atlantic liner

By
Stephen Morehouse Avery

"WHEN I get so senile, Miss Sand," said old George Burr, trying to light his Havana panetela with a French match, "—when I'm so far gone that a little taffy blonde with go-to-sleep-my-baby big brown eyes can give me advice, I'll *gracefully retire*. You *think* that head of hair gives you the Indian sign on men, don't you? You're just the blondest—the damnedest, I mean—secretary I ever had. Don't sit there grinning like a precocious kitten! What's wrong with my scheme?"

Miss Antonia Sand kissed the end of her pencil speculatively. She wondered why her boss looked at her that way, why nearly all the men she met looked at her that way, as if the very sight of her suggested love nests without orange blossoms, as if just because she'd been born blond she'd been born bad.

"Your scheme," she murmured, "like most schemes to combat love, is both clumsy and costly. You're a genius with labor contracts, sir, but with love you're lost, and your peculiar son, Freddie, and this Galloway lady will get around you as though you weren't there. Love is like fire in more ways than one, sir. You've got to fight love with—love."

That last "love" faded from her lips with a breathless reverence which almost fooled the old man. "You've got little hidden wings on your shoulder blades, my dear, or you're the devil's 1930 great-granddaughter. One of the two, and I wish I knew. You've never seen my offspring, Freddie, have you? Well, you wouldn't like him but I wish you'd marry him. You might be more useful as a daughter-in-law than you are as a secretary."

Antonia knew she was not much of a secretary. She neither looked, felt, nor thought like one. Her rôle was intuition and intelligent love. "I'm afraid, sir," she said, "that all love and thought of marriage are over for me. It's just a memory. Once when I was seventeen—well, anyway, I content myself with hats and dresses now, and with doing wild things in the wind like standing *on cliffs, jumping my pony, or*—have you ever come down with a parachute, sir?" No, there was only one Burr, in a sweet daughter-like way, she could love. She adored her generous, helpless, violent old boss.

OLD George Burr loved the good things of life too. He loved the faint quaint tooting of the taxicabs down below darting about the Place Vendôme. He loved his suite at the Ritz, his headquarters when in Paris, and where in dressing gown and slippers he'd been dictating to his pretty twenty-two-springtimes-old little secretary. He loved his little secretary, and his panetela. He thought not too badly of himself.

"But this absurd affair has nothing to do with love," he declared, returning to the point. "It's straight dollars and cents, and not many cents. Read back the last part of that letter to Jellif."

"Beginning where you say Freddie is an ass as usual?" She read old George's rough phrases in a soft, musical voice, like a dove's call just over the hill. "'Freddie, my dear Jellif, is as usual a jackass, refuses to believe the woman is eight years older than he is or that she approached me in London for fifty thousand bucks. She's sailing for New York on the S. S. Columbia from Southampton. Freddie plans to catch the boat at Cherbourg. She threatened if I didn't crash through she'd marry the poor—the poor boy at sea. There's no legal way to stop it and we've got to use influence. See the steamship line at once. Then go on board when the Columbia arrives at Quarantine and offer her a twenty-thousand compromise—'"

"Why the irony, Miss Sand?" cut in old George. "I suppose you've got a better plan."

"Much better," admitted Antonia. "Much better, sir, and much cheaper."

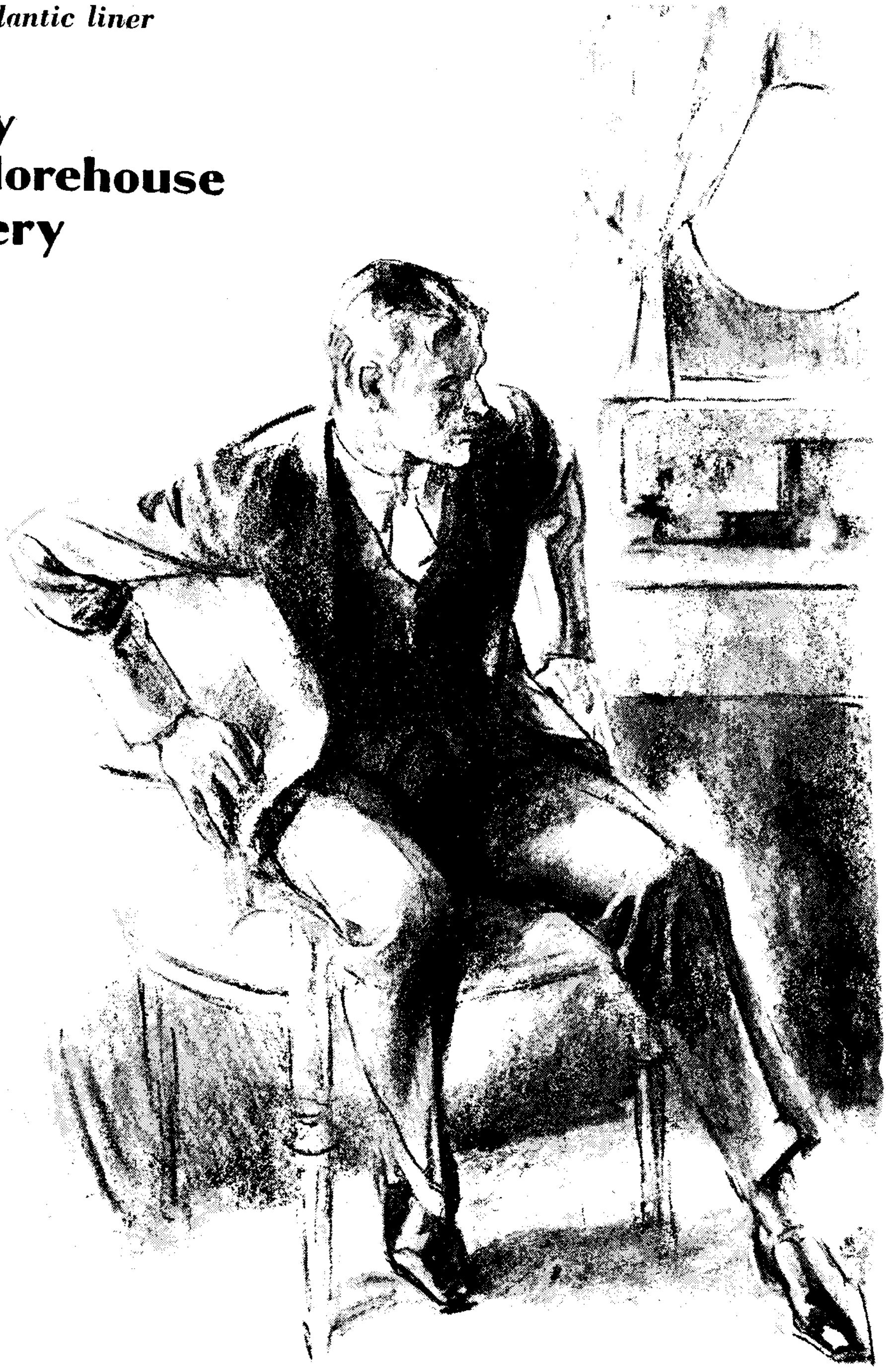
THE laughter, sometimes real; the tears, frequently true; the gayety of a seeing-off crowd still lingered in the Gare St. Lazare as the S. S. Columbia boat train snaked out into the gray morning light. In Car B Antonia sat snugly in her compartment, or, rather, in the compartment she'd decided was hers the minute she'd seen a dark, a brown-hatted, a properly turned out young gentleman whom she'd marked as Mr. Freddie Burr go into it. "Would you mind helping me get this bag in the rack? I'm not tall enough."

Later, facing straight into the young man's steely but perfectly gray eyes she began to wonder if her mission might not be a pleasure as well as an act of mercy. He was only vaguely like the fifteen-year-old boy's picture which old George always had in his office; just enough like it to let her know, and yet to make her marvel, that another fifteen years could so harden and mark its pudgy contours into the rather exciting visage which now scowled at her with such cynical disapproval. As fathers can, old George had evidently seriously underestimated his son.

"I detest boat trains," she chattered hopefully. "Really. Don't you? There's nothing to do but make the best of them, though." *In the silence which followed* she watched his bony fingers grip his book with annoyance and then she added faintly: "Is there?"

"Do you mind if I read?"

Antonia almost jumped for the door. *Little blondes* are not accustomed to such treatment. But she was a very special example of the species and she was not to be downed by any mere male severity. "Oh, please do read," she said sweetly. "You might perhaps be more interested in a small volume I have in my bag, called the Book of Etiquette."



Antonia had shrunk back against the wall in terror and Freddie Burr had recovered his tongue before she even recognized who it was: "I'll have you put in irons for this. You can't drag a man around a ship like this. I'll—"

HIS smile came slowly. Something happened at the edges of his eyes and they were no longer cold. "Excuse me," he said. "I was rude. You know there's a theory about pretty girls, the prettier the dumber, and you, you see, are very pretty indeed. So I naturally—"

"Oh, naturally," said Antonia. She was a *trifle severe herself*. "Pretty girls' dumbness is usually an accomplished art—but you couldn't expect men, who are generally fifty before they let go of their cradles, to know it."

"All right," he laughed. "I brought that on myself, didn't I? Your book of etiquette is more probably called How to Behave on Shipboard—a subject you need never ponder. You'll be the ship's vamp. There's always one and with that hair you're doomed to be it. Here! —don't lean out of that window. I can imagine how you look in the wind without your getting killed to show me."

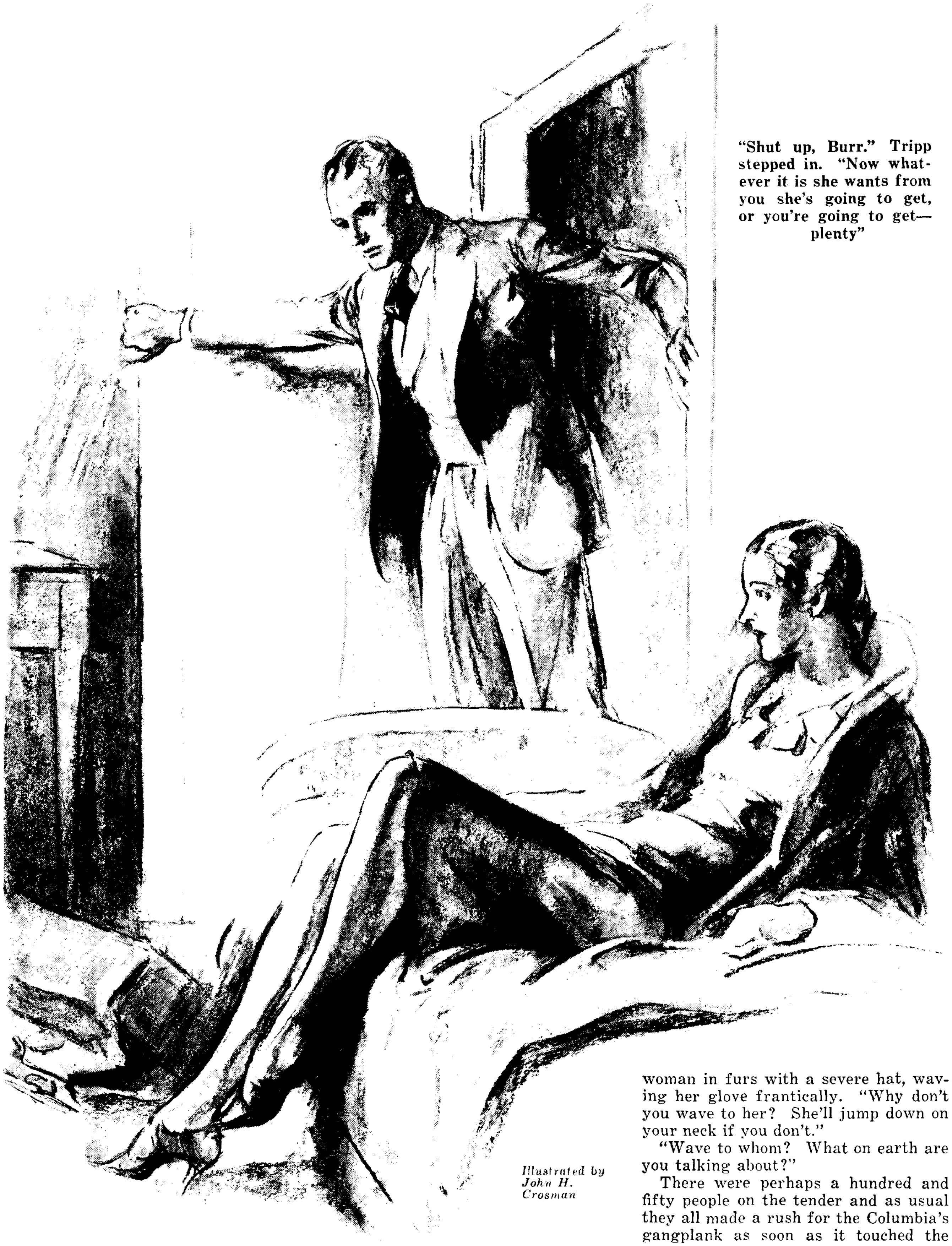
Antonia smoothed her flagrant tresses into their customary small coif. "There was, as a matter of fact," she said, "a good-looking man leaning from the window of the next compartment."

As they went forward into the dining car for luncheon her companion said: "It's not important, but my name is Tripp Guthrie. I'm like most men, a matter of good intentions and bad habits."

She was angry. Why was he afraid to give her his right name? What did he take her for? "Thank you," she said ironically; "the name I shall use on this trip is Antonia Sand." All the way from hors d'œuvre to Camembert she had to listen to his cock-and-bull story, with amazing supporting detail, about his engineering feat of putting a railroad spur through a pass in the Urals which nature had intended only for mountain goats. "This is going to be great," he said. "Who could have guessed you'd be interested in engineering!"

Antonia laughed. "Who would have guessed *you* would?" She wondered why old George had never mentioned his son's rather admirable profession. That night in Cherbourg, just before they went aboard the tender, she sent her boss a reassuring wire, saying: "Freddie safe in my hands—Sand."

Had she waited two hours that wire would not have been sent. Or, it would have read very differently. They spent the two hours on the cold decks of the tender in the harbor of Cherbourg waiting for a string of lights far out in



"Shut up, Burr." Tripp stepped in. "Now whatever it is she wants from you she's going to get, or you're going to get—plenty"

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

the wind-swept, night-bound Channel, which was the S. S. Columbia heading in from Southampton, to gain the shelter of the breakwater.

They stood together at the rail, he to windward holding the edge of his topcoat around her shoulder against the chill. The breakwater beacon flared periodically. Searchlights made gilded paths across the black water. Overhead the dark flying clouds broke open and a cold star fell into the hole. The top of her hat touched his shoulder and in that strangely vivid, expectant moment he said, "There comes our ship. I wonder what she's bringing us."

It was nothing. The remark had no significance. But Antonia felt a warmth flowing all through her body. She knew she was flushed and held herself rigid lest there be a tremor; for so inexplicably may a girl know that a man is her sort of man, that his fiber is her fiber and their inner language the same. Now she would have changed her telegram to: "Safe within Freddie's arm—Sand;" and for the first time since she'd known old George Burr she thought him a fool, a fool who did not deserve a son who had hard hands and cold eyes and a spark of poetry in his soul.

She answered unwisely before she thought, "You ought to know what she's bringing you."

He didn't understand. "What I mean is that ship trips make little complete lives sometimes and one may be renewed or destroyed between one gangplank and another. Doesn't it make you wonder?"

"Or hope," she said. "Or perhaps fear. There's the whistle now. She seems huge, doesn't she?" Then Antonia put herself to examining the passengers along the liner's deck rail as the tender approached. She spotted her, a dark woman in furs with a severe hat, waving her glove frantically. "Why don't you wave to her? She'll jump down on your neck if you don't."

"Wave to whom? What on earth are you talking about?"

There were perhaps a hundred and fifty people on the tender and as usual they all made a rush for the Columbia's gangplank as soon as it touched the deck. For a moment Antonia lost her Freddie Burr in the confusion. In fact she lost him forever. People pushed her this way and that, stumbling over baggage, searching out the ship's officers with questions and demands.

A YOUNG man, heavy-cheeked, vaguely familiar, like a small polar bear in his camel's-hair topcoat, shouldered her into the D-deck corridor as he searched for his own luggage. "No, sir, they haven't got it," he fumed. "Here! Look here, steward—send somebody back on that tender. A sole-leather trunk marked Burr—B-u-r-r. See? It's for cabin ninety-two."

Even collapsed on a trunk in the corridor she was not free of him. "Would you mind getting up so that I can see the name on that trunk."

"Yes," she said, "I would." It was disappointment. It was anger at herself for having made such a fool mistake. It was shame at her flinging herself for no purpose at a strange man on a boat train, a man who might have counted. "So you're the real—well, don't cry, little boy, they'll find his sole-leather trunk for him."

"Is that so?" Freddie Burr, old George's son, with all of his bluster and none of his force. "Good Lord!" he blew out, "there would be a blonde on board. That'll put Dolly in a swell grouch." From something in his appraising glance Antonia could almost have described the very love nest he had in mind. "It's too bad, baby," he said sadly, "but you'll have to lay off me. I'm taken."

"Don't worry. You just go ahead and play with your Dolly and your sole-leather trunk, little boy."

"Is that so?" (Apparently Freddie Burr met all attacks with "Is that so?") "All right, baby, I'll meet you at midnight in the bar. Are you on?"

SO THAT was her job, to save this unicellular creature from the wiles of Mrs. Galloway. She wondered what made her willing, what loyalty, what possible gain, or was it only the pain she used to observe in the eyes of old George Burr whenever he glanced at that boy's picture on his desk? Anyway, the cost was not great. She sat on the bed in her cabin telling herself how unimportant the cost was, only a young engineer by the name of Guthrie who, although she'd given him some excuse, had spared her the pretty blonde's burden of proving she was neither so "dizzy" nor so devilish as she possibly looked.

Freddie Burr being what he was, the job was not so difficult. She smiled the chief steward into seating her with Freddie in the dining-room—next to Captain Wardman's table where by unlucky chance sat Tripp Guthrie. Freddie was not so bad, just obvious, commonplace, still a sophomore at thirty with too much weight in his face and not enough in his arm—or his head.

"Now get me right, baby. I'm a one-girl man and there's no use of your turning those big brown searchlights on me. If Dolly Galloway wasn't seasick she'd have your scalp already. She can feel the presence of blondes just as rheumatics can tell it's going to rain, and when she sees you here there'll be fireworks. I'll tell you a secret about Dolly and me later on. Well, we might as well go back and have a brandy."

"Aren't you afraid? Maybe you'd better go ask Dolly if she'll let you."

"Is that so?"

THREE days the Columbia shouldered through heavy November seas, low gray days, close black nights, up the Irish Channel to Queenstown and then away on the long Atlantic stretch. Gradually, one by one as they gained sea legs, the company of Tripp Guthrie's "little life" appeared in the corridors, on the spray-wet, wind-swept decks, in the music-room, the smoking-room, the bar, until their faces were known and their small groups were formed.

Sometimes, on the high boat deck, in a little corner where the gale screamed around the bridge, she found Guthrie with his hat jammed low and his face twisted with cold. He had little to say to her. "Here—let me button your coat. You're a wild youngster, aren't you? What do you come up here for? You'll be climbing the mizzen mast next."

"Where is the mizzen mast?"

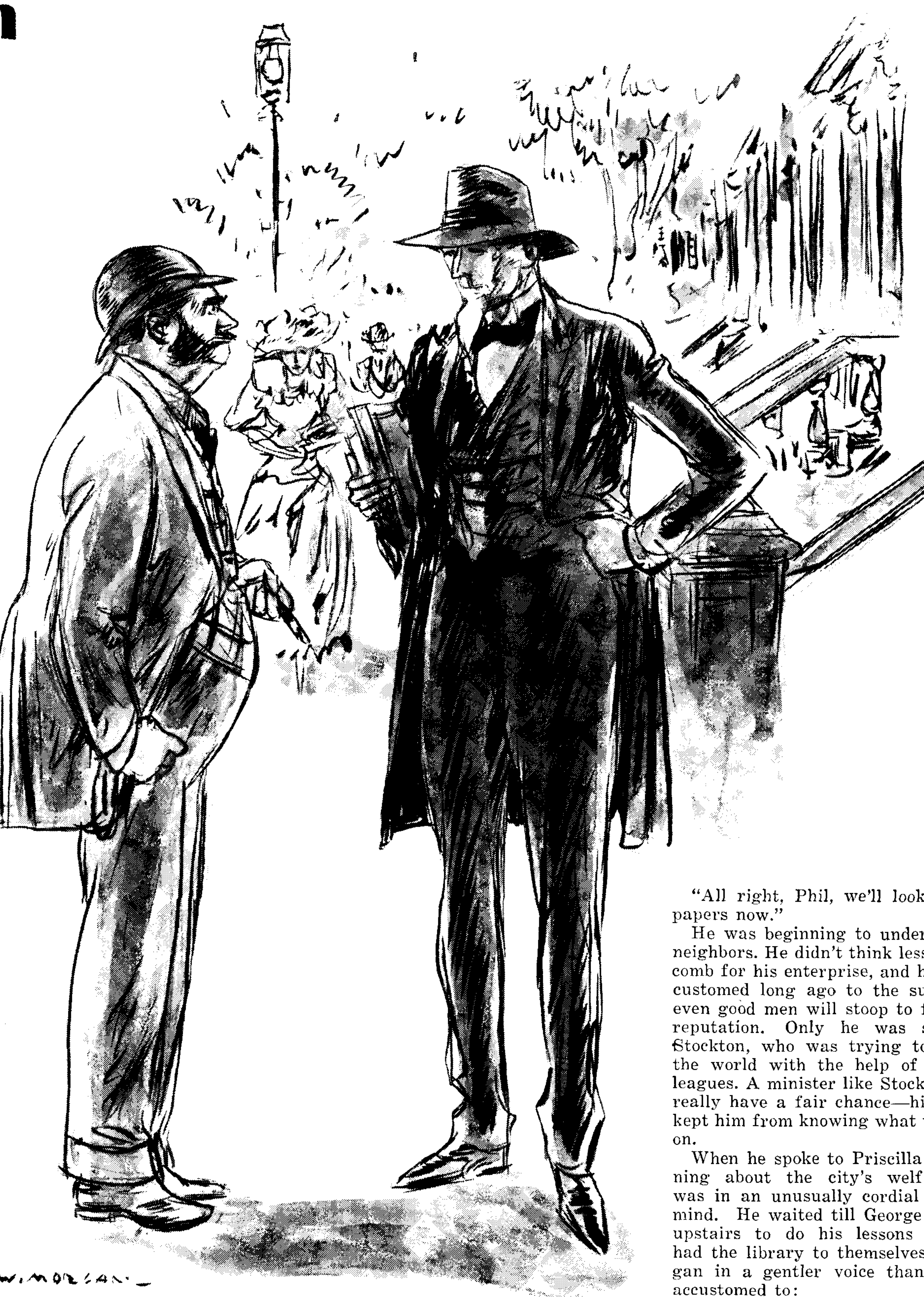
They walked aft and watched it swaying dizzily as the ship fell into sea valleys and was heaved up again, like a long pencil drawing gigantic arcs across the gray sky. "I could climb it," she decided audibly. "Why don't you ever talk to me or dance with me, Guthrie?"

"I can never see you," he said. "The tubby lad you're with is always in the

(*Continued on page 43*)

Uncle Sam

By John Erskine



"Jim, what's wrong in owning a roadhouse? Why are you ashamed of it?"

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN he is an idealistic, gangling youth, Sam—who later comes to be known as "Uncle Sam"—marries Priscilla, with whom he had gone to a country school, and becomes a farmer near the little town of Bellevue.

Having no children, the young couple plan to adopt little Irene, a lovely child, whom they have found in the local foundling asylum. In order to discuss the matter with the girl's mother (who, it is known, is not married, although she is known as "Mrs. Gordon," and who has resolutely refused to reveal the child's paternity) Sam meets her. To his amazement she is Mary Stewart, an old sweetheart!

After exacting a promise from Sam not to tell Priscilla anything regarding her identity Mary confesses that Irene's father is the recently married Orlando, one of Sam's older brothers!

Irene is not adopted, but she comes to live in Sam's home. Soon comes the inevitable: Priscilla learns the truth concerning "Mrs. Gordon's" identity; she is sure that Sam is Irene's father. Remembering his promise, however, Sam refuses to reveal the truth.

Ten years pass. Oil has been struck on Sam's property, making him wealthy. He has sold the farm and moved into town. A bank, which he has started, has done well. Other ventures—including a taxi service—follow. All are successful. No longer is Sam just a dreamer; he is now a strong man of affairs. Few love him. Many fear him. A few hate him. Only three persons really understand him: his adoring sister, Antoinette, Irene—and Mary Stewart, who loves him deeply and sincerely. . . . Irene, no longer a little girl, wishes to become a professional dancer. Priscilla is shocked by the idea. Sam is not. Disregarding his wife's feelings, he sends Irene East, where presently she is meeting with success on the stage.

And now Sam's troubles begin. Inspired by Mr. Whitcomb, one of Sam's enemies, Mr. Stockton, the minister, preaches a series of sermons, in which he denounces the automobile as a corrupter of youth and attacks the town administration. Mr. French, the mayor, and Sam discuss the situation; and presently Sam learns that Whitcomb is trying to ruin him—by spreading scandalous stories.

VII

SAM and French looked at each other. Sam began to smile.

"I get the point. If it were true, I'd take it as a compliment. Ever heard the same thing from anyone else?"

French turned a little red.

"Never!"

He knew the fib wasn't a success, but Sam asked no more questions. He got up.

"You think I'd better call that committee at once?"

"Yes."

"Will you serve on it?"

"I'm not what you'd call one of the leading moral lights."

"But it's your idea, and you're here in the bank, and—and that sort of thing."

"Very well—as you like."

When French had gone, Sam called in Phil Berton, his discreet and tactful secretary. In spite of the years since he had come to Bellevue he still seemed in Sam's eyes a representative of youth, and a sort of ambassador from the larger world. He dressed with a smartness he had brought from the far-away metropolis, and he lived much to himself.

Sam knew little of his history, but he liked his quiet manner, and envied a little the orderly appearance which he himself had never mastered. Phil brought some papers in his hand.

"We'll leave those for a minute," said Sam. He got up and walked to the office window, his favorite maneuver when he had something on his mind. Berton laid the papers on the desk and waited.

"What do the youngsters here do with their time?"

"They dance—whenever they get a chance."

"Where do they go?"

"They make up parties and go to Norwood or some other place."

"Where there's a club?"

"No—roadhouses."

"I see—that's where the automobile helps. I wonder why Stockton didn't mention roadhouses."

BERTON hesitated, as though he were about to speak.

"What were you going to say?"

"There's a roadhouse halfway to Norwood—rather popular. It's better run than most of them."

"Why do you mention that one?"

"I think it's owned by Mr. Whitcomb and Mr. Marlet."

Sam was plainly startled.

"By Jove! You're sure of it?"

"Since you put Mr. Whitcomb in the factory he's been doing pretty well. I heard by accident that he has an account in the Norwood bank."

Sam drew a long whistle.

"But he hadn't any money to invest. He just broke even."

Berton stood at attention, offering no further explanation.

"Have you any idea where the money came from?"

"I couldn't say, sir, but there's a rumor in Norwood that he kept something back, in Marlet's name."

"That's interesting!" He thought for a moment. "After all, why not? He turned over enough to pay his debts. If he wants to run a roadhouse on the side, why shouldn't he?"

"If Mr. Stockton knew, I don't suppose he'd like it."

Once more Sam looked out of the window and meditated.

"All right, Phil, we'll look at those papers now."

He was beginning to understand his neighbors. He didn't think less of Whitcomb for his enterprise, and he was accustomed long ago to the subterfuges even good men will stoop to for a safe reputation. Only he was sorry for Stockton, who was trying to improve the world with the help of such colleagues. A minister like Stockton didn't really have a fair chance—his position kept him from knowing what was going on.

When he spoke to Priscilla that evening about the city's welfare, Sam was in an unusually cordial frame of mind. He waited till George had gone upstairs to do his lessons and they had the library to themselves. He began in a gentler voice than she was accustomed to:

"I've been thinking about Stockton's remarks, and I guess we ought to do something."

She was surprised, and suddenly happy.

"Oh, Sam, I'm so glad! It's like your old self!"

He didn't relish the implied verdict on his more recent self, but it wasn't the moment to be critical.

"I dare say the town will look after the disciplinary side of it—what Stockton spoke of—but that's not enough. What we need, as I see it, is more opportunity for the children to play without getting into trouble. You and I might work at that end."

A slight shadow came over Priscilla's face.

"I'D LOVE to, Sam—but of course the disciplinary side, as you call it, is important, and you wouldn't want our boys and girls to think that play is everything."

"I was using the word in a broad sense, to cover everything besides earning a living. Sometimes I take a good look at myself, and I'd rather the young people did not grow up like me. After you are rich you ought to have ways of enjoying life, besides making more money."

The shadow deepened.

"Enjoying life isn't everything, Sam."

"I should say it was. We're here to develop our talents, aren't we? That's enjoying life."

She tried to keep some of her disapproval out of her voice.

"They ought to learn we are all here to make others happy."

Sam laughed, a little impolitely, but immediately recovered himself.

"Well, if everyone is to make everyone else happy, then it's right for everyone to be happy, isn't it? You don't have to be wretched yourself in order to cheer your neighbor."

Since she didn't answer he could guess she thought him frivolous.

"Aside from the theory of it, Priscilla, you'll admit there's much to do for the young people. I was hoping we might plan some of it together."

AGAIN she waited for him to go on.

"I've been trying to find out what amusements they go in for, when they follow their own tastes. Dancing, chiefly, I understand. Do you know they have to go to roadhouses for that?"

She was anything but sympathetic.

"They don't have to, Sam. The kind that go would go anyway."

"I was thinking we might use their fondness for dancing to keep them at home, where their folks would know where they are, and where their amusements wouldn't be underhand. Suppose I gave a sort of club to the town—would you and Emily Wiggins and some of the other women manage it?"

"A club? They have that at the church."

"Not what I mean—a place where they could dance, with a bowling alley and perhaps a swimming pool, and tennis courts for summer."

"Me to manage that and keep them out of mischief? The angel Gabriel couldn't!"

"It's done elsewhere, without angels. It can be done here. The question is only whether you care to help me."

"Of course I'd like to help you, Sam." She thought a minute. "I'm glad you asked me—you don't know how I grieve that our lives are so separate, somehow. Perhaps it's having too much money. But we haven't the same point of view. I'm afraid I couldn't help you. You've changed, and it's useless to shut our eyes to it. There was a time when you thought you could find a good life on a piece of land in the forest, and I think you were right then—I should have been happy if we had stayed, though there was no club there, nor automobiles."

"No—nor a church, nor a hospital, nor a doctor, nor a post office, nor a newspaper. I guess I loved the forest as much as you did, and I might have stayed there content if I hadn't wanted a few decent comforts for you, and if I hadn't noticed the people there—what that hard life did to them. Those children in the school wouldn't have been harmed by a little dancing of the right sort—nor old Martin himself."

He rose and looked down at her—she wouldn't meet his gaze.

"Priscilla, don't imagine I'm blind to what's come between us, nor that I'm not sad. I doubt if it's my fault, and I'm sure it isn't yours. What you just said is true—but if I had stayed on the farm, it would have been because I didn't use my wits. There's no excuse now for anyone's standing still. This quick development just about suits me. Since we have the chance to advance the world and improve everything that needs it, I like to see how far we can go. If you felt you could come along with me, I'd be happy, but since that isn't your nature, I don't blame you. I'll go alone."

A few days later French appointed his committee on public morals, and summoned them to his office. Sam gave his wife no inkling of what was coming; he thought it would be interesting to see who told her first, and what form the rumor would take. She brought home the news from Cora, who felt that her husband's sermon had had a tonic effect, and that the mayor was frightened into doing the proper thing.

PRISCILLA had too fair a notion of the mayor to believe he was frightened, but the committee evidently pleased her, as a practical step. She told Sam, who had been appointed—Mr. Stockton, of course, and Father Hugh, and Jim Whitcomb, and Douglas Hill. There were some others, but Cora hadn't caught their names.

When the committee reached the town hall, Saturday morning, they found French a bit nervous, but fairly clear as to what he wanted. Sam and he had rehearsed the meeting. As soon as he had got them into seats around his desk he went at once to the point. Mr. Stockton, he said, his own pastor, had felt obliged to refer publicly to certain weaknesses in the local government, and had suggested remedies, with which the community might or might not be in accord.

Therefore, before he brought the matter to the attention of the proper authorities, he thought it his duty to ask the advice of certain fellow-citizens whose independence and whose high ideals were beyond question—the two pastors; Sam and Whitcomb, distinguished men of affairs; Mr. Abbot, principal of the high school, who knew the younger generation; and Mr. Hill—this latter friend and neighbor, he would say frankly, because his recent experience with his own son qualified him better than anyone else to criticize the present safeguards provided for youth.

Would this committee, after investigation and discussion, suggest what disciplinary or other measures the town should inaugurate?

The committee nodded their heads, and waited for someone to speak. Stockton cleared his throat:

"I hope no one misunderstands the spirit in which I brought this matter to the public attention. I've the greatest regard for the mayor, my old friend and parishioner, but it didn't seem that personal considerations should stand in the way of duty."

"Oh, that's all right," said French. "If my taxis are a public nuisance, I shan't hold it against this committee for saying so."

There was another silence. Whitcomb turned to the mayor:

"I suppose you're chairman of this committee?"

"That wasn't my idea," said French. "I'd like to sit in at the meetings but you can organize any way you like."

"Then oughtn't we to begin by electing the chairman and the secretary?"

"So far as I'm concerned," said Sam, "that can wait a while. My notion, Mr. Mayor, is that we might discuss this whole question informally this morning, and get some idea what we want to do. Perhaps we'll need several meetings, perhaps this will be enough. I'd like to hear what you have on your mind, Hill. It's generally understood that you're not satisfied."

Douglas Hill raised his white face in surprise at this sudden invitation. When he spoke, he made measured gestures with his white, well-kept hands:

"I'm sorry my boy's unlucky escapade has inconvenienced so many of my neighbors. In my exasperation when I first learned of it I said some things which I now regret. I criticized the ease with which mere children, like these two, could command a car to take them out of town. But I rather think they would have done something foolish, even if there had been no taxis."

Father Hugh brightened up:

"That's it! They'd have got married somehow! They always do—they've done it since the beginning of time."

IT LOOKED as though the committee's functions might come to an abrupt end. Ralph Stockton was annoyed.

"Of course they get married—that isn't the point! If there weren't all these automobiles, there wouldn't be so much freedom, and it's the freedom which causes the trouble."

"You're right, Stockton," said Whitcomb. "Since we've had cars in common use the young people are changed for the worse."

"Ah, they're not!" said Father Hugh. "They're not changed at all."

"I suppose," said Sam, "Whitcomb means the car makes it easy for them to reach temptation."

"That's it," said Whitcomb.

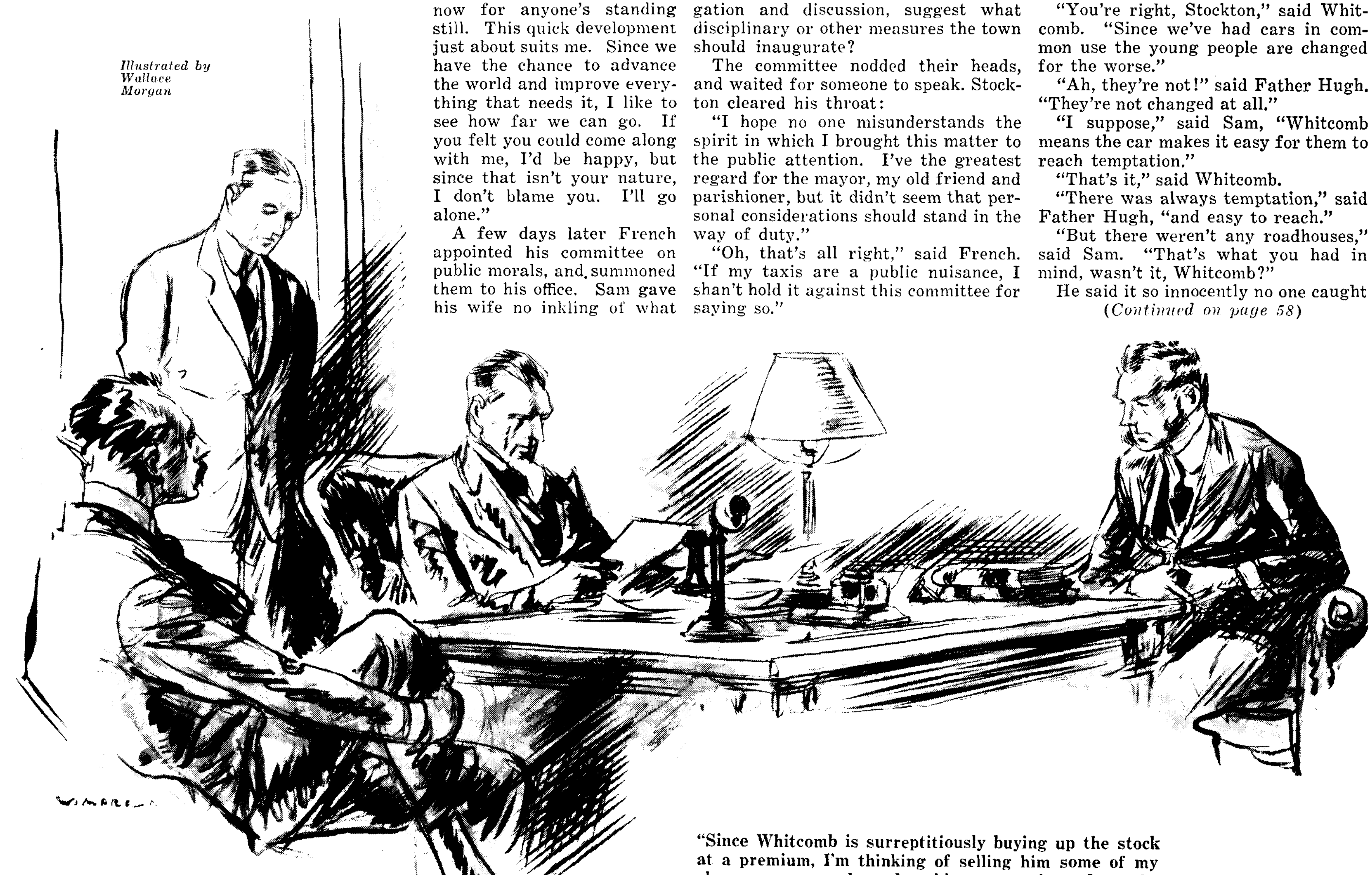
"There was always temptation," said Father Hugh, "and easy to reach."

"But there weren't any roadhouses," said Sam. "That's what you had in mind, wasn't it, Whitcomb?"

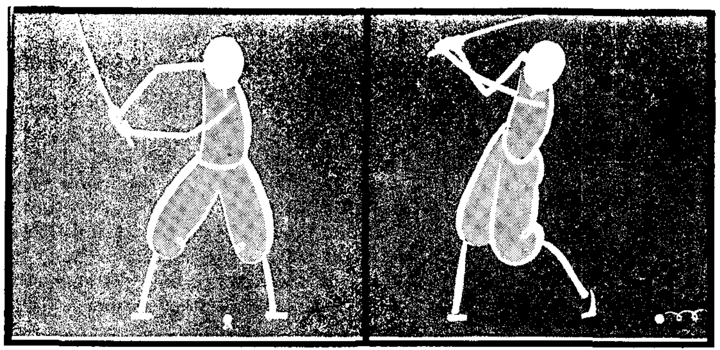
He said it so innocently no one caught

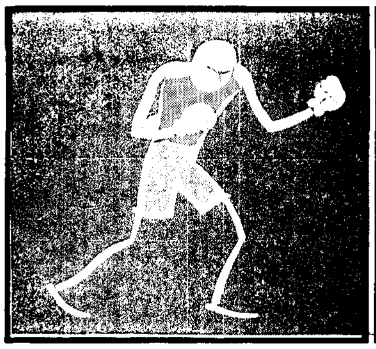
(*Continued on page 58*)

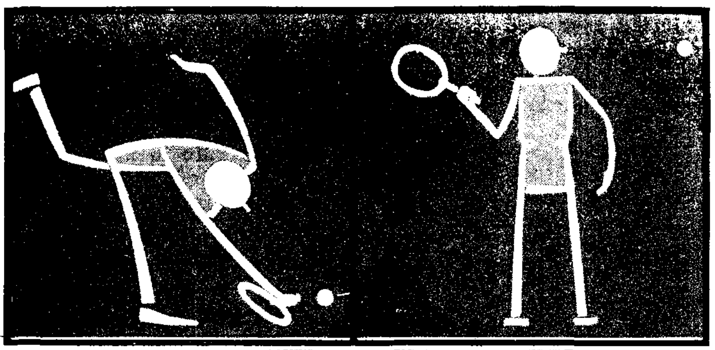
Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

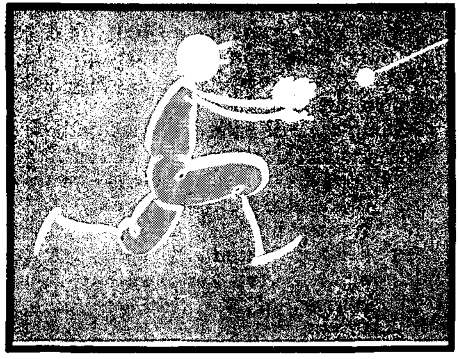


"Since Whitcomb is surreptitiously buying up the stock at a premium, I'm thinking of selling him some of my shares anonymously and making as much profit as he wishes to give me." The men on each side of him looked puzzled. Only Berton understood





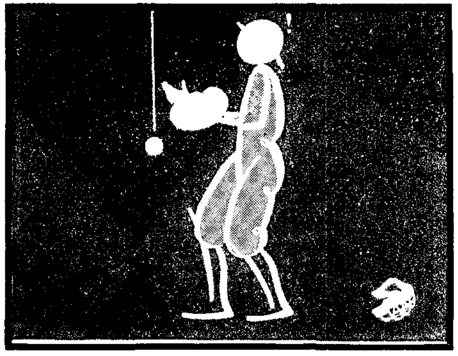


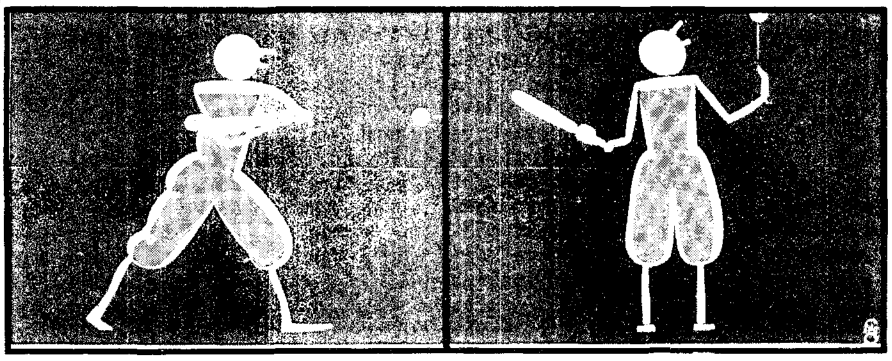


The Trick of Time

By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper





Maybe you think it's harder to connect with a tennis ball flying through space than to hit a nicely teed golf pill—but is it? Mr. Rice and a correspondent present here their individual views on timing and tension

DEAR GRANTLAND RICE:

In my opinion you are dead wrong about comparative difficulty of timing in tennis and in golf, in games of action and games of non-action, and for the following reasons:

A tennis player who stands still and bounces a ball upon the ground can execute his stroke with better timing and rhythm than if he must dash rapidly to his right or left and stroke a hard-hit ball while traveling at full speed. The need for more accurate timing in the latter case is too obvious for discussion.

A baseball batter who may remain within the confines of the batter's box to swing at the pitcher's delivery can hit with better timing than the same batter, *forced to hit at the same curving delivery* while on the dead run off to his right. That seems obvious too.

The same ball player can hit fungoes better than he can hit sharp inshoots. He can catch a pop foul more easily than a high drifting fly. And all because the timing is easier when he need not rush madly to meet a rapidly moving ball.

So in golf. A ball teed up for a drive is surely easier to time than the same ball in motion. A duffer who had to swing at a rapidly rolling golf ball while he himself was in full gallop would leave the golf courses to the pros and the caddies. Timing under such circumstances would be so much more difficult that the present golf swing would be impossible. Indeed to hit the ball at all would be a real feat.

Ten-to-One Odds

If we grant the perfection of the mechanics of a swing in any sport we may properly believe that, though tension is an enemy of proper performance of that swing, motion and fast motion, and particularly fast motion of both player and object, call for a refinement of timing that is necessarily rare, and far more inherently difficult than the relief of tension. Thus there is no rule to prevent a golfer from relieving his taut muscles by socking the ball off the tee at the conclusion of a snappy ten-yard dash. It isn't done because the motion is worse than the tension.

Timing in tennis is more difficult than in golf. The need of proper footwork, the difficulty of balance in fast motion, and the speed of the game make that plain. But there is the added fact that ten men play golf and enjoy it, where only one or two may sock a tennis ball with any appreciable results. And lots more I haven't time to write.

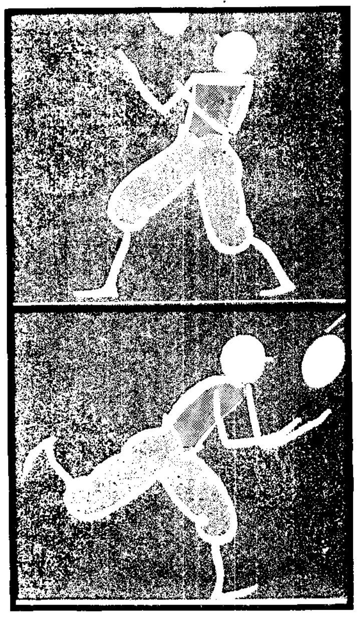
Sincerely yours,
FRANK A. SIEVERMAN,
Bayside, Long Island.

Mr. Sieverman opens an argument that has extremely interesting possibilities and he makes out a strong case for his side. Timing is one of the most widely discussed elements of all sport because it is the main foundation of success in most games—golf, tennis, baseball, football, boxing, rowing and several others.

For example, timing is a big factor in any football attack, not only in the running game but in kicking and passing. Many running attacks break down because some player's timing is out of kilter and the play blows up.

Offhand it would seem that almost any form of timing would be simpler for one standing still than it would be for one in motion. But this doesn't always follow. It would also seem that a hitter in baseball could time a slow ball better than a fast ball, but this also doesn't always follow. The Yankees, for example, could murder speed, whereas many slow-ball pitchers stood them on their ears.

In polo one has to hit a rolling ball from the back of a galloping pony, often from an awkward position, possibly from under the pony's neck. Yet Devereux Milburn, one of the greatest of all polo players and a first-class golfer on the side, has said that he believes it is harder to time a golf ball accurately and consistently than it is to time a stroke in polo.



Mr. Sieverman says—"A ball teed up for a drive is surely easier to time than the same ball in motion." Is it? Not long ago I happened to watch Alex Morrison giving a golf lesson at an indoor school. Placing the ball on the mat he had a hard time getting his pupil to follow certain instructions for the simple reason that the pupil, standing rigidly over the ball and trying to remember several things, was about as loose as a stone post.

Then Morrison started his pupil swinging the club back and forth, and in the midst of these swings he began to roll the balls along the mat, one ball after another. From that point on it was *smack—smack—smack*—with all tension removed and the club head catching the ball cleanly.

One can get into certain positions in tennis and other games of motion where accurate timing may be extremely difficult, but this rarely happens unless the player throws himself off balance, which is something that Tilden, for one, seldom does. "The trouble with most, or many, tennis players," Tilden once said, "is that they wait too long in getting to the right spot and so strike in too great a hurry."

Tension is the greatest enemy of proper performance. For tension can come from fear, anger, lack of confidence, overeagerness and many other causes which belong to competition. The instant one gets in motion a big part of his tension is relieved.

Golf is not a game that permits any motion beyond the slight effort that comes in waggling the club, shifting the feet and loosening up the body muscles. There the ball lies, fixed as if it were painted upon the tee or upon the turf. There the golfer stands, planted like a post, addressing the ball. And before his swing starts practically every nerve and muscle in his wrists, arms and body is in a knot. Over ninety-five per cent of all golfers have no chance to get proper timing because they are off balance.

Who can forget the marvelous timing of Dempsey's punching? Yet Dempsey was at his best when he came in weaving and shifting, in full motion, shooting his punches with either hand—almost never from a standing start or a planted position.

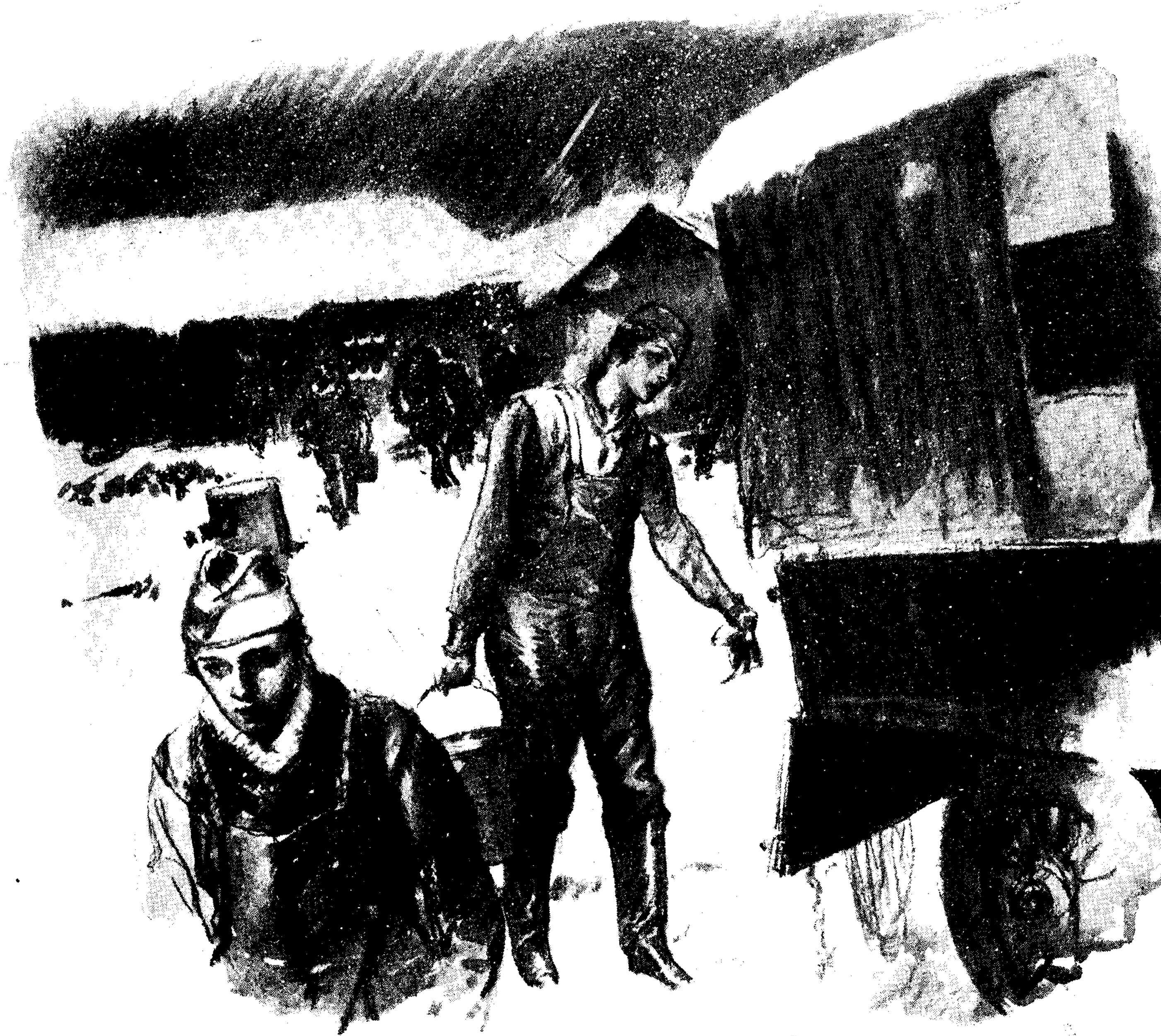
If You're Lazy, Walk!

Take up the argument presented about a ball player preferring to catch a high pop foul rather than pull one down on the run. Many ball players would rather take a fly on the run than camp under it. World series have been lost by muffed fly balls where the outfielders had to stand and wait and develop tension as the ball came down. Many good infielders are weak on pop flies for which they barely have to move.

Here is another point to consider—it is much easier to keep your eye on a moving target than it is upon a stationary target. It is much easier to have the eye follow the flight of a tennis ball or a baseball than it is to have the eye remain fixed upon a golf ball where one is usually thinking of the bunker, trap, pond, lake, ditch or some other form of trouble ahead. And it is an established fact that no one can hit a golf ball accurately with his or her chin drifting with the swing in the direction of the ball's flight. Nine golfers out of ten have their heads and necks and spines locked so that it is almost impossible to keep the head anchored without breaking a bone in the neck or at least dislocating a ligament.

The point we originally tried to bring out is that it is easier to blend timing and motion than it is to blend timing and a fixed position. And while this may not always be true, it is true in a majority of cases where the motion isn't violent enough to throw one off balance.

It might be remembered that there is less effort in walking than there is in standing still, because it is easier to time a walking motion than it is to time balance from a set position.



Ten-forty-five. Five precious minutes wasted. With clenched teeth I set to work, swilling, scrubbing, disinfecting

Stepdaughters of War

By Helen Z. Smith

Continuing the frank, vivid story of an ambulance driver behind the front lines

II

"ROLL-CALL. Wake up!" Tosh's voice—but I was already awake. That whistle would rouse the dead—no chance of further sleep while it shrills forth the triumphant news that sleep is at an end. I spring from bed. How I envy Tosh her short hair. My own is full of knots. Our hot breath pants from us in little jets of steam. It is colder than ever. The snow is falling outside, but it has not warmed the atmosphere one degree. What is the time? Seven-twenty-six. Four minutes to go.

"Where the hell is that cigarette?" Tosh mutters—I pretend not to hear. Seven-twenty-seven. Three minutes.

We are dressed. Fully. We give each other a short survey. Skinny has a wrinkled stocking and Tosh's tie is hanging out. My neck is dirty, but it is too late to remedy that. Etta Potato pulls my collar higher. That camouflages it excellently.

Commandant insists that we be carefully and neatly dressed for seven-thirty roll-call, white shirts, ties, smoothly dressed hair, brushed, uncrumpled uniforms, even though we may have been driving until five A. M. In that case we may return after roll-call and sleep until nine, but as this means missing breakfast altogether we can only do it when our private provisions permit. Woe betide a kind friend caught sneaking a cup of tea from the messroom for a driver who has a headache and feels too ill to stay up for eight-o'clock breakfast.

We have tried not dressing fully for roll-call. For a whole glorious week our room roll-called in pajamas tucked cleverly beneath our uniforms, after which we returned to our flea-bags till nine and breakfasted comfortably on tea and potted meat, but we were discovered and made an example of. Commandant delights in making examples. Now we are severely inspected during roll-call to ensure that our morning toilet is complete.

"All ready!"

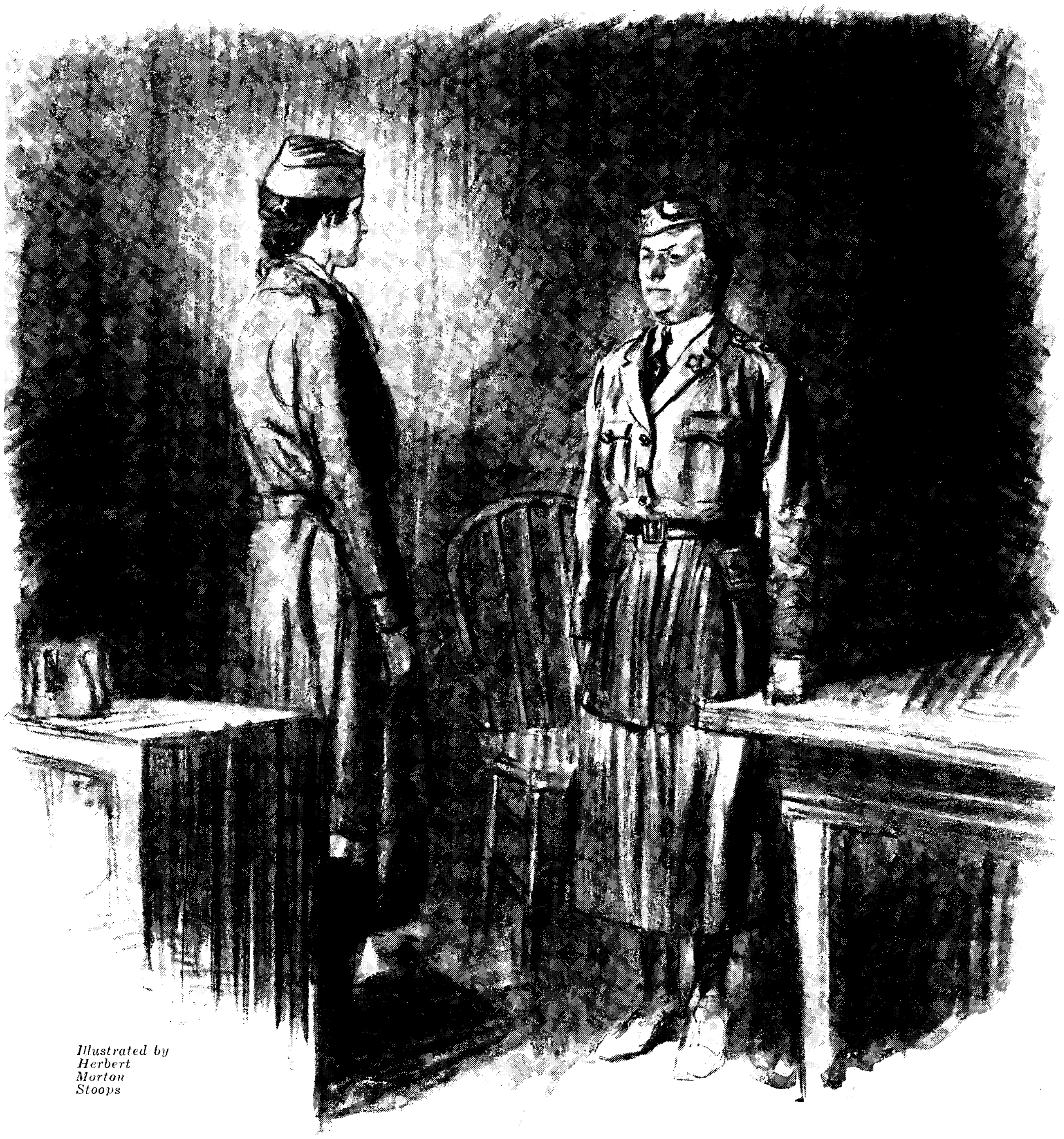
We arrive just in time. Commandant has been up since dawn, by all appearances. The room is packed with heavy-eyed, pasty-faced girls with weary, drooping mouths and dejected expressions. They are ill for want of sleep. Some of them look on the verge of collapse. A girl who arrived three days ago is coughing badly. She caught a chill on the boat, but Commandant will work her till she drops. I cast an experienced glance over her. Within three weeks she will be back in Blighty, marked unfit. Lucky devil. I envy her. I wish I weren't constitutionally strong. But although I get an occasional dose of food poisoning, my health is good, even being wet to the skin doesn't seem to harm me, and when the roof leaks and my canvas bag is soaked through, I wake up without anything worse than a sniffy nose.

The girl coughs so badly that Commandant has to wait till the paroxysm is over, but she is merely annoyed, not concerned, at the interruption. Like all efficient machines she has no humanity. There are no such things as coughs, colds, chills, headaches, or stomach-aches in this convoy. Commandant regards any illness not requiring actual hospital treatment as mere feminine affectation. Should one acquire a temp. the doctor is called in—it may be something infectious. Should he order you to bed Commandant obeys him—to the letter. The Bug was ordered to bed with a chill last week. "Stay in bed for the afternoon," said the doctor. And The Bug stayed. But Commandant turned her out immediately the afternoon passed—the doctor had said nothing about the evening. So The Bug drove for five hours in the pouring rain and the next day went into hospital with a temp. of 103. She was there till last Monday. If she could have wangled it, she would still be there.

Roll-call is over. Having been in bed before five A. M. there is no going back till nine. We crowd round the fire. It is my day to do cook's room. There are many fatigues I detest, but cleaning cook's room gets my back up more than anything. Why should I clean it? Why cannot she clean her own as we all do? She has about a quarter the work we have. She is fat, common, lazy, impertinent and leaves little dusty rings of hair littered about for us to collect. She fills the chamber to overflowing with dirty slops, bits of torn letters, and any other rubbish she can find. Her room reeks, for she sleeps with the window hermetically sealed.

Hand-Picked Scullery Maids

It astounds me why the powers-that-be at the London headquarters stipulate that refined women of decent education are essential for this ambulance work. Why should they want this class to do the work of strong navvies on the cars, in addition to the work of scullery maids



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

"What do you expect me to say? *Thank you so much?*" She has been egging me on to answer back

under conditions no professional scullery maid would tolerate for a day? Possibly it is because this is the only class that suffers in silence, that scorns to carry tales. We are such cowards. We dare not face being called "cowards" and "slackers," which we certainly shall be if we complain. Poor fools, we deserve all we get.

The Canteen

We would, perhaps, feel less badly about cook if she were a good cook. But she is not. She is the worst cook it is possible to imagine in one's worst nightmare moments. Not only is the food badly cooked but it is actually dirty. One is liable to find hair-combings in the greasy gravy, bits of plate-leavings from the day before, and an odd hairpin. The principal dinner dish is a sort of disgusting soup-stew made of meat that hangs over a drain until it is cut up—sinister-looking joints of some strange animal—what, we cannot decide. It is certainly not beef or mutton.

No wonder we have all had food poisoning. No wonder we have so many dysentery cases. No wonder our smallest cuts fester and have to be treated in hospital. I grazed my thumb cleaning the fireplace the other day and went septic immediately. The hospital orderlies say they would never stand our rations; they have army rations, of course.

The canteen is, like the rest of the quarters, a bare-boarded room with no floor covering. It is the duty of the drivers to keep the fire going all day. The drivers clean the messroom; in fact, they do the housework of the whole headquarters, in addition to driving doctors and sisters to and from the station, doing "evacuations," funerals and convoys. The ambulance drivers have no fixed hours. They can be called out any one of the twenty-four. As each driver comes in she writes her name on a list on the notice-board and when the names preceding hers have been crossed out her turn for duty comes again. This is during the day, of course. At night we all turn out *en masse* for convoy work. We have no fixed rest times after driving all night, and consider ourselves lucky to get two consecutive hours' sleep during the afternoon. We are supposed to have an afternoon off weekly—I have never had mine once. For, apart from our set duties, there are Commandant's punishment duties.

"If only I could go back to bed!"

Tosh stirs the fire with her toe and watches the kitchen door gloomily. Breakfast is a minute late.

"You got Thirteen last night, didn't you?"

"And spotted fever *twice*," I add firmly, not to be cheated of my full share of woe.

There is a concerted murmur of sympathy and I immediately feel better. It is amazing what a little sympathy can effect. The story of Mrs. B——'s bullying draws forth another murmur. "Poor old Smithy. What a rotten shame—" Really, life isn't so bad. I feel almost human by the time breakfast arrives.

Everything's Wrong with That Picture

We gather round the canteen table, chattering, our tongues loosened by the hot tea. The table is a long, American-cloth-covered affair supported on trestles. One can buy postcards of the canteen in which smiling, white-capped V. A. D.'s stand by waiting on the drivers, but we think they must have been photographers' models hired for the occasion. We have never seen them in our time. Also, the bowl of flowers that graces the center—that must have been hired, too. There have been no flowers in the memory of the "oldest habitant"—a driver called "Chutney." Against the wall stands a piano, which we each get soaked "one-shilling-weekly-for-the-use-of," and which we have never yet seen opened, much less heard played. A lot of time we have for playing pianos.

Breakfast is worse than ever. The bread is hard—what there is of it—and the margarine smells of—I hesitate for a comparison, and Tosh supplies it unhesitatingly. It is carried unanimously. Still, the tea is wet and hot and, for a wonder, plentiful. It will run to a cup and a quarter each. We cheer up. After all, we are young and easily cheered up.

And there may be a mail today. We tell one another there is sure to be. We have all written home for supplies. Tosh for Bovril and short bread and potted meat. I for Bovril and ginger biscuits.

Edwards is engaged. We give her a cheer for giving us a thrill. We implore details. Is it the Aussie? The one who sends her those chocolate biscuits every mail? It is. We approve. We like the Aussie's chocolate biscuits. After the war they will live in Sydney. The Aussie doesn't know he is engaged yet. He proposed last mail, but Edwards only wrote yesterday and accepted him. He has lost a leg in the war, but Edwards is glad because the trenches won't get him again.

"No man of mine will ever go to any war again," says Edwards. "I know too much. Let the people who make the wars fight them. I would rather see a child of mine dead than see it a soldier."

"I don't think that's very patriotic, dear," says The B. F.

"You wouldn't," replied Edwards. "You're the type that loses her son in the war and erects a tablet in the village church—'A mother's proud memory.' Proud? Because her son has been murdered after murdering some other mothers' sons?"

"It isn't murder to kill your enemies in war time, darling," protests The B. F. complacently.

"Enemies? Our enemies aren't the Germans. Our enemies are the politicians we pay to keep us out of war, and who are too damned inefficient to do their jobs properly.

"War is dirty. There's no glory in it. Vomit and blood. Look at us. We came out here puffed out with patriotism—there isn't one of us who wouldn't go back tomorrow. The glory of the war—my God!"

Punishments

At ten A. M. I report to Commandant for punishment. I listen to her harangue in silence. Once I used to argue with her, but it only means more punishment. I am to take tea-orderly today and clean Commandant's car in addition to my own.

I wonder what she would do if I suddenly sprang at her and dug my fingers into her throat, her strong, red, thick throat that is never sore, that laughs scornfully at germs, that needs no wrapping up even when the snow is whirling, blinding and smothering—

I go without reply. She calls me back.

"Have you nothing to say, Smith?"

"I don't understand, Commandant. What do you expect me to say? *Thank you so much?*" I retort unguardedly. Fool, fool. I could kick myself. She has been egging me on to answer back. Fool. Fool.

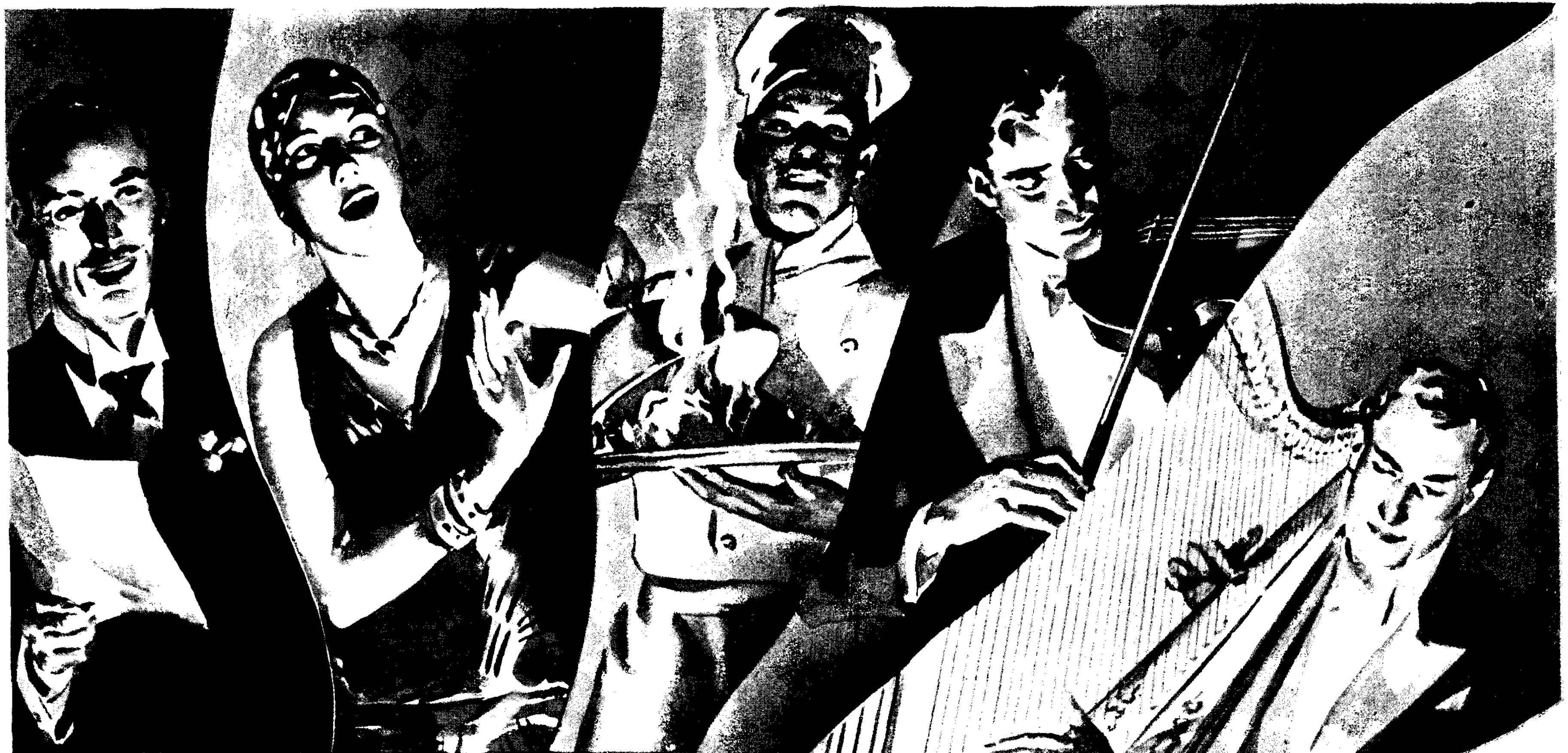
"Insolence?" Her cold gray eyes narrow. She compresses her thin lips—"You had better clean the W. C. as well. Perhaps that will teach you discipline. Stand to attention while I am addressing you, please."

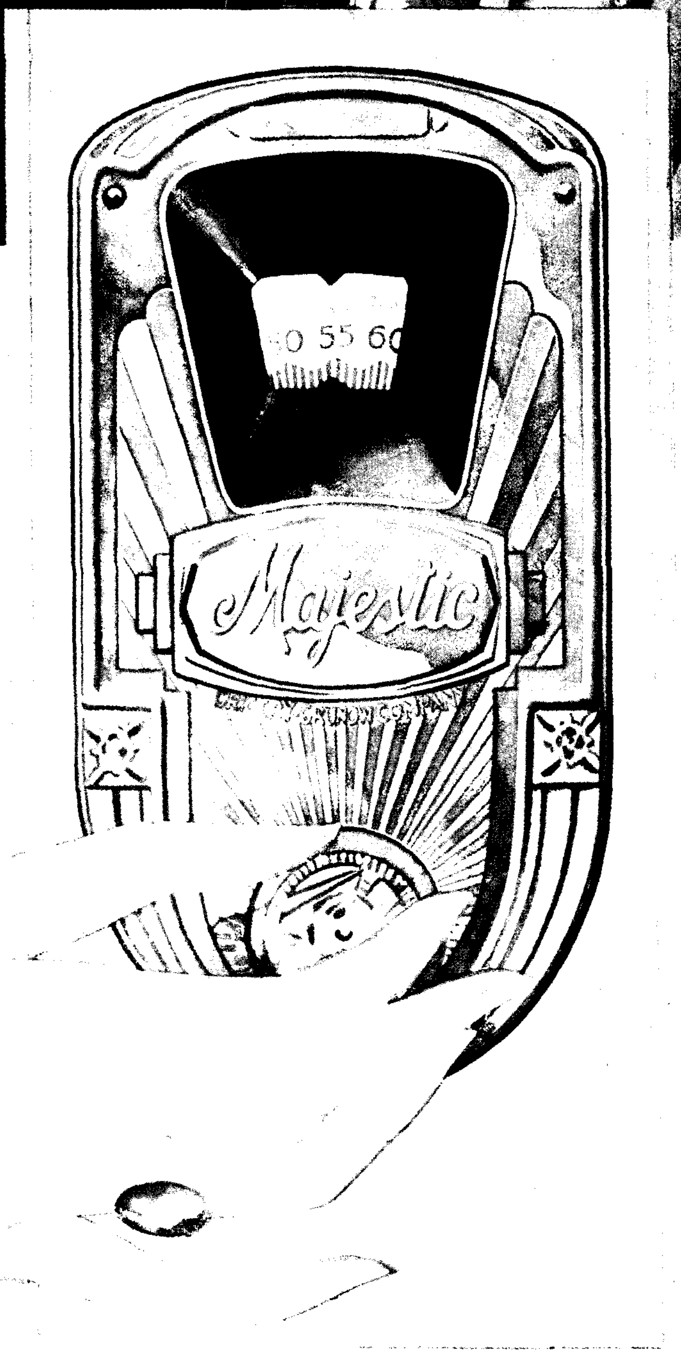
One of these days I shall lose control.

Cleaning an ambulance is the foulest and most disgusting job it is possible to imagine. We are unanimous on this point. Even yet we hardened old-timers cannot manage it without "catting" on exceptionally bad mornings. We do not mind cleaning the engines, doing repairs and keeping the outsides presentable—

(*Continued on page 53*)

End Dull Days filled with routine





Let Majestic's Colorful Tone bring you ... *new thrills* ... *new friends* ... *new interests*

A SIMPLE turn of the dial—and you're in the midst of what's happening everywhere.

Smart bits from the latest dramatic success on Broadway... clever dance numbers from musical shows and supper clubs ... brilliant reviews of the newest books ... Paris hints on fashion ... a concert at Carnegie Hall ... a dainty recipe ... a new touch in table decoration! All *yours* with a Majestic—each new day a new adventure into a *new and colorful world.*

Majestic's rich flood of brings rhythm to your feet, magic to your fingers, swiftness and ease to household tasks ... day-long, night-long companionship. You may prove it easily, without cost... by trial of a Majestic in your home. Your dealer is ready. Call him. Also ask about Majestic's convenient payment plan. GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A. *World's largest manufacturers of complete radio receivers.*

Majestic
RADIO

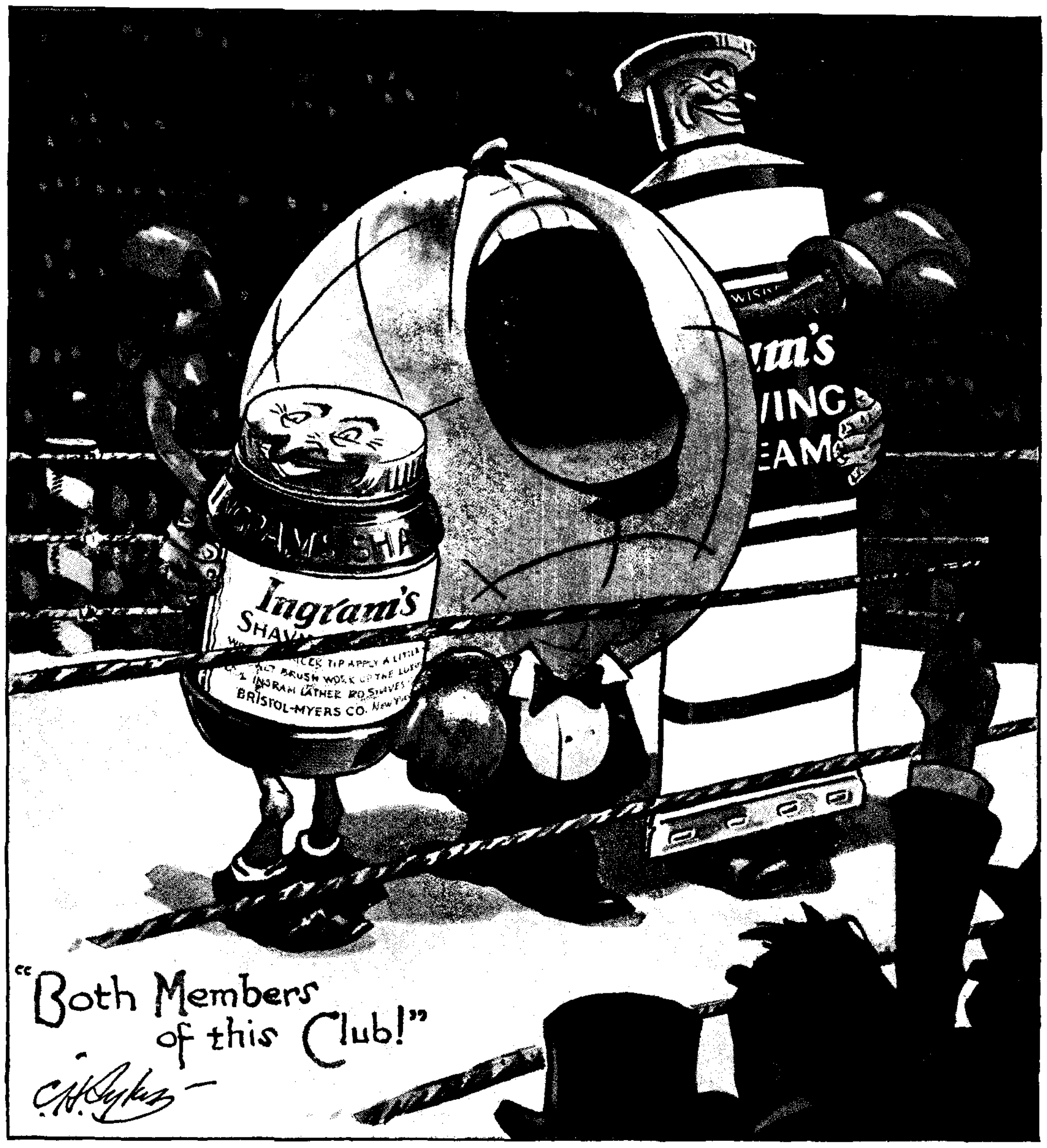
Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

It's a Contest now between the Ingram Jar *and* Tube!

"I warn you to bet on the jar," says Lee H. Bristol, Advertising Director

"The little jar that started Ingram's Shaving Cream on the road to fame and popularity may be no beauty, but the point is that a million grateful men are used to it. They associate it with the coolest shaves a man ever had! The jar has its advantages besides; I count on it to outsell the new tube by a good percentage!"

Lee H. Bristol



"My tip is that the tube is coming strong," says E. A. Means, General Sales Manager

"I've been working for a long time to see Ingram's presented in a modern tube! Even with the old blue jar, it climbed to fifth place among all shaving creams. That's a striking testimonial to a shaving cream so cool it's revolutionary! Don't underestimate the new tube—it's going over big!"

Earl A. Means

OUR contest is a sporting one. No tricks, no slogans, no red tape! It's as simple and easy to enter as A-B-C.

Yet it's a practical test of how well you can size up a business situation! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st Ingram's Shaving Cream made its appearance in a new tube. Of course it's the same cool shaving cream that was introduced, five years ago, in the famous blue jar. And the new tube sells for the same price.

We want your opinion of how well the new tube will sell this year. **If you make a prize-winning prediction, this contest will mean the easiest money you've ever earned!**

Here's the History of Ingram's to Date

For four years, with very little advertising, Ingram's has climbed steadily. It was the pioneer *cool* shaving cream. Originally placed on the market in the little blue jar, it was a success from the first!

For Ingram's is the silky, velvety cream that brings a new, stingless delight to the faces of shaving men everywhere. It has three special cooling and soothing ingredients that tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.*

The minute you lather up with Ingram's, you'll know it's unique. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin tonic all in one! With it you can shave closer. And above all, without those fiery little pin-pricks that most men bemoan!

Men like Ingram's so well that today it ranks as one of the largest-selling shaving creams in the world! Here are its sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929 (last quarter estimated)	2,141,964 Jars

INGRAM'S

$5,000.00 in Cash Prizes

Easy, Fascinating Contest! Test your Business Judgment! Open to Everybody! 328 Chances for you to Win!

IT'S the little blue jar that built the Ingram business. Some men like the jar. But others prefer a tube. So to offer Ingram's in a form attractive to all men, we've brought out the new tube as well.

Prior to this year, Ingram's Shaving Cream was packed only in jars! But now, Ingram users have their choice of tube or jar. The difference is only in the package—the cream and the price are the same.

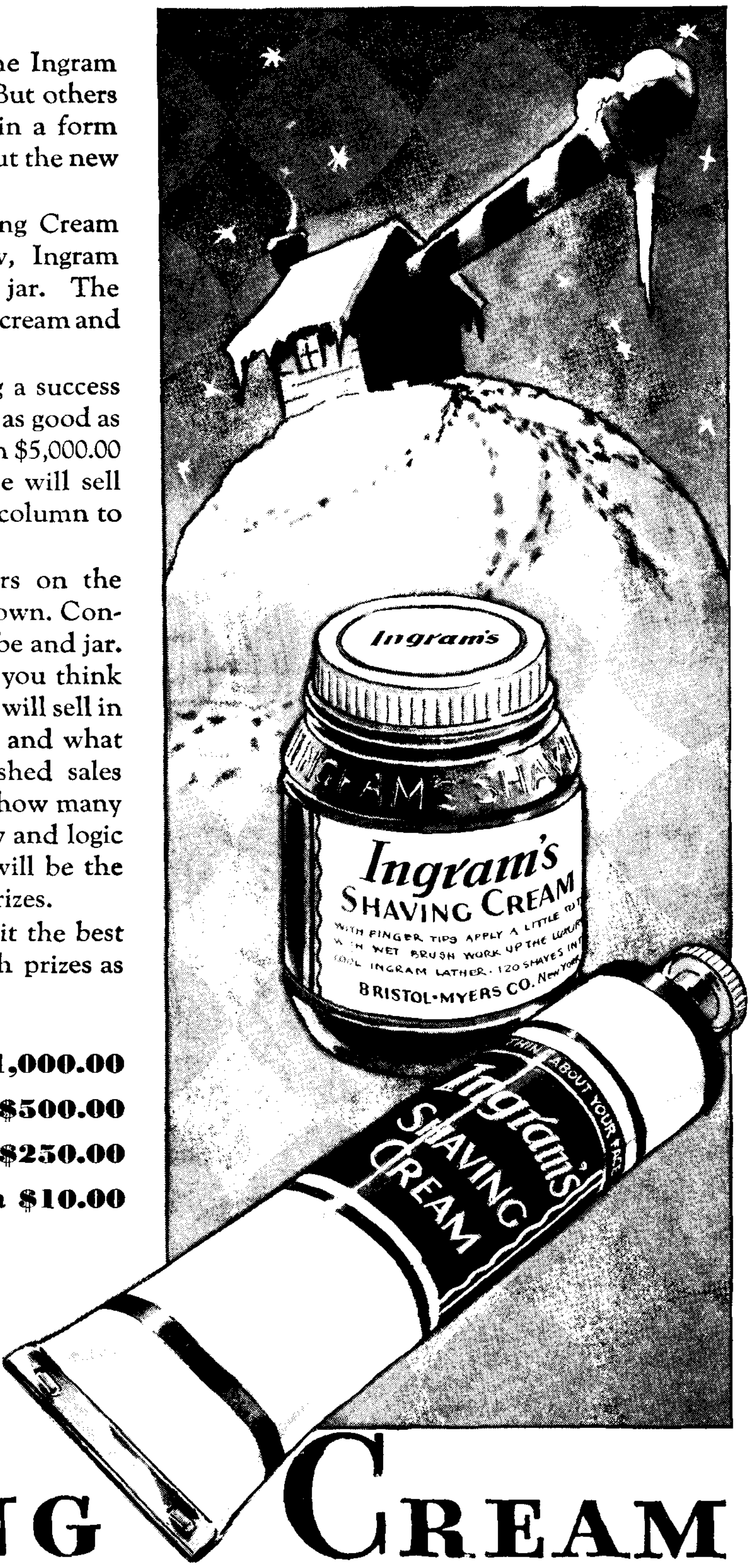
We don't know, ourselves, how big a success the tube will make. Your opinion is as good as ours! So here's your chance to share in $5,000.00 by predicting how well the new tube will sell its first year on the market! See the column to the right for details of the contest!

Note the sales of Ingram's in jars on the opposite page. See how they have grown. Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	**$1,000.00**
Second prize	**$500.00**
Third prize	**$250.00**
Next 325 prizes	*each* **$10.00**

Clip the coupon in the column on the right. It will bring you a week's supply of the most cooling and bracing shaves your face has ever felt.


Ingram's
Ingram's Shaving Cream
With finger tips apply a little to ... with wet brush work up the lather ... Ingram lather. 120 shaves in
Bristol-Myers Co. New York
Ingram's Shaving Cream
Think about your face

SHAVING CREAM

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

If you'd like to try Ingram's, you can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of COOL Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon below.

But whether you use Ingram's or not, the important point is for you to enter the contest! Don't delay! Submit your answer today!

* * *

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*______________ *State*________

Coupon has nothing to do with the contest. Use it only if you want a free sample of Ingram's.

Just a Horse of Mine

Continued from page 16

and Kit had to receive Roddy, in some fashion. She kept the screen door hooked between herself and Tip, until he could get the idea that all was not as he thought.

"My uncle will see you in a few minutes," she told him frostily.

"You're joking me," he grinned.

"Am I?" she said bitterly.

His face went blank. "Why, Kit—what on earth—my name's Tip Roddy. You seem to have forgotten me; but last night—"

"I never knew you," she said. "I thought I did, for a little while; but it seems I was wrong."

"I don't know what this is about," said Tip, "but something seems to need talking over. Don't I get in any more, even?"

"Oh, come in if you want to."

When she had let him in they stood looking at each other in the lamplight.

"Now what's the matter, Kit?"

"I guess I took a lot for granted, Tip, that's all." Tears suddenly sprang to her eyes. "Oh, why couldn't you have told me yourself?"

"Told you what, honey?"

"Did you think I wasn't even interested in whom you killed, or where? Do you think it's just nothing—"

"I don't know what you mean. Unless—if you're talking about that Slade Tucker foolishness—"

"If you call killing a man—any man—just foolishness—"

He hesitated. For a moment Kit was swept by an impulse to tell him that it didn't matter, that whatever he had done was all right—he looked so lost, disillusioned and uncomprehending, standing there with his hat in his hands. But that was before his mouth hardened.

He said slowly, "I thought—I *would* have thought that you'd know if I did something out of the way, why, I had a reason for it."

"Then you admit—"

"No; I never killed Slade Tucker, if that's of any interest to you."

SHE studied his face for a long moment; and she knew that she was wavering.

"But what's the use of that," he said wearily, "or anything else we say, if you're going to start off by doubting me, right from the beginning?"

"Tip, that isn't fair."

"I guess maybe I don't know what's fair and what isn't. Thought—"

The rear door of the room crashed open, and High Wind stood, solid and malignant, surveying them both. He was wearing his heavy gun-belt, the holster sagging low on his right thigh.

High Wind looked Roddy up and down, deliberately. Then Kit cried out, "He never killed Slade Tucker—he says he didn't!"

"No; I reckon he never did," said High Wind. "And I reckon nobody else did, either. I got the dope on him now. I thought it was kind of funny, all along, nobody ever having collected the reward, and all. But I see through it, now. I've been talking to Lem Wilkinson. He recognizes him. Tip Roddy, huh? There's no such name, and never was!"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Kit, he didn't kill Slade Tucker, because he *is* Slade Tucker—Slade Tucker himself!"

THERE was a silence before Kit said, "But you told me you knew Slade Tucker, Uncle—that you were one of his best friends—"

High Wind's face darkened above the bristly beard, but he did not answer.

"That part's simple enough, Kit," said Roddy, without shifting his eyes from High Wind's; "you've maybe met folks before that claimed to know people that never heard of 'em. He thought it sounded big, I guess, since everybody bragged up Slade Tucker as being so bad. So Lem Wilkinson identified me, did he?"

"Lem Wilkinson doesn't have the truth in him," said Kit contemptuously.

"Maybe I was fooled for a little while," said High Wind, beginning to raise steam; "maybe it's so that I only saw Slade Tucker once, and that time at a distance, and didn't remember him exact. But, by cat, I don't forget the horse! And the description of Tucker fits in: tall, sorrel hair, hazel eyes, salty way of doing business—it's him all right!"

"Let him say for himself if he is," said Kit.

Tip Roddy smiled on one side of his face. "And what of it?" he said directly to High Wind, his voice hard.

"If you think," rumbled High Wind, "that a damned murdering outlaw with a price on his head can come here and make free with my niece—"

"Now just a minute," said Roddy. "Seems to me last night you had a whole lot to say about the name of Slade Tucker. He was a good man, according to you, then. Square-shooting, you said, and white as they come, and a lot more aypricot butter, right along the same lines, about this Slade Tucker that you knew so well. Seems to me you're kind of flighty, Mr. MacDowell."

"I'll take no slack in my house!" roared High Wind. "Now you clear out! Git, and stay git, or by the great almighty—"

"Yeah, I will," said Roddy, not moving. "But first I'll tell you this: you were a good man, once, to all accounts. But right now—"

"Shut your damned—"

"No, I won't. The waddies around here aren't men enough to tell you this, and maybe you'll never hear it again. But I'll tell you, and, by God, you'll remember it. You're an old bag of wind, and a nuisance to the range, and not even fit to be hung as a cattle thief any more. Now you've got it—and you know it for the truth."

High Wind's face was purple. His hand whipped to the holster, where it fumbled once, for it was long since he had gone for the rod; but in another second the gun came up.

What happened then was confusing to the eye, and Tip Roddy did not understand the significance of it until a moment later, when the exploding gun had followed its own bullet to the floor. Roddy had turned to go out; but as the crash of the gun arrested him he saw that High Wind was nursing his knuckles, and that Kit was holding a candlestick of Spanish brass.

That candlestick had come into Kit's hand as if of its own volition as High Wind went for his gun; and as the gun had whipped upward she had struck out blindly—but the blow had fallen true, and High Wind's broken hand let go.

Kit was weeping. "You might have killed him!"

"Why, Kit—" MacDowell's voice was queer, as if all the wind was out of him at last—"why, Kit—you turn on me, Kit—" It was the old tyrant of the Redregon that was the pathetic figure now, with all the iron tradition stripped off of him, leaving nothing but a humiliated old man.

"I'm ashamed of myself and ashamed of you," Kit stormed at him. "I don't care who he is, or what he did—he's the best man that ever stood up, and I had him, and I've lost him, and all on account of you—you old balloon!"

High Wind MacDowell rallied. His voice was low and gentle, as it had been once, when he had known how to clean out a tribe, or a range; but it was the gentleness of rattlers. "Get out," he said. "Both of you! Get out, and stay out, and if ever you set foot—"

Roddy laughed. "Come on, Kit. We understand each other, I guess."

THEY rode slowly, their horses close together. Ahead winked the lights of Redregon.

"But you should have told me," said Kit.

"Told you what, honey?"

"That your name was Slade."

"Child, it never occurred to me."

"Never occurred to you? But didn't you suppose—"

"Of course, I've *heard* of Slade Tucker; but seeing that I've never actually been in the same county with him, so far as I know—"

"But the horse—"

"I bought him from the Indian, just as I said."

"But you let poor old Uncle think—Tip Roddy, you might at least have told him the facts."

"What would have been the use, honey, when he had his mind set to something else?"

"Tip, that's no reason."

"Well—you see—Kit, I figure it doesn't matter what a man did, for that might mean anything. What he is, is all that counts. I couldn't bring myself to lift a finger to defend myself to anyone, in a case like that; not even to you."

"Just the same," said Kit—"not that it makes any difference; but it is kind of nice to know what's my new name. . . ."

THE rumor about High Wind's statue of himself has been spiked at the source. "The trouble with this county," High Wind told Hep Blades, the concrete man, "is they ain't got any appreciation of art."

"Art? Art who? I thought this was going to be a likeness of your—"

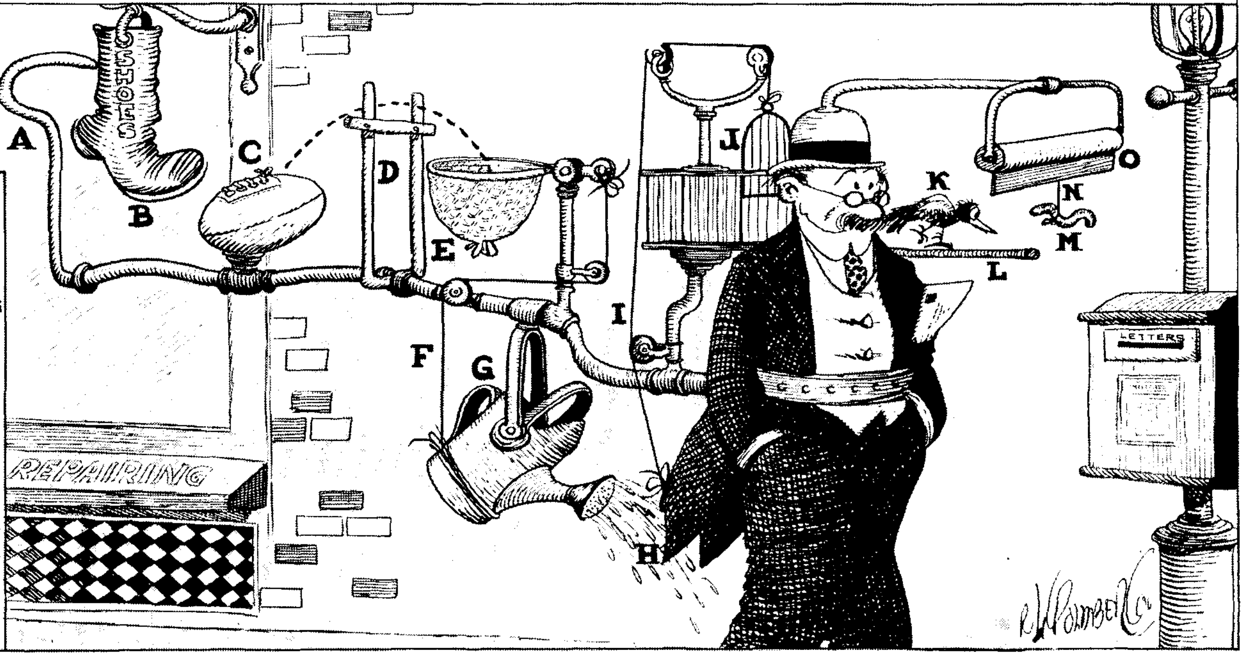
"Go to hell," said MacDowell. "Anyway, I can't afford it. Didn't I have to drive off a thousand head of blooded stock, as a wedding present for my darned niece?"

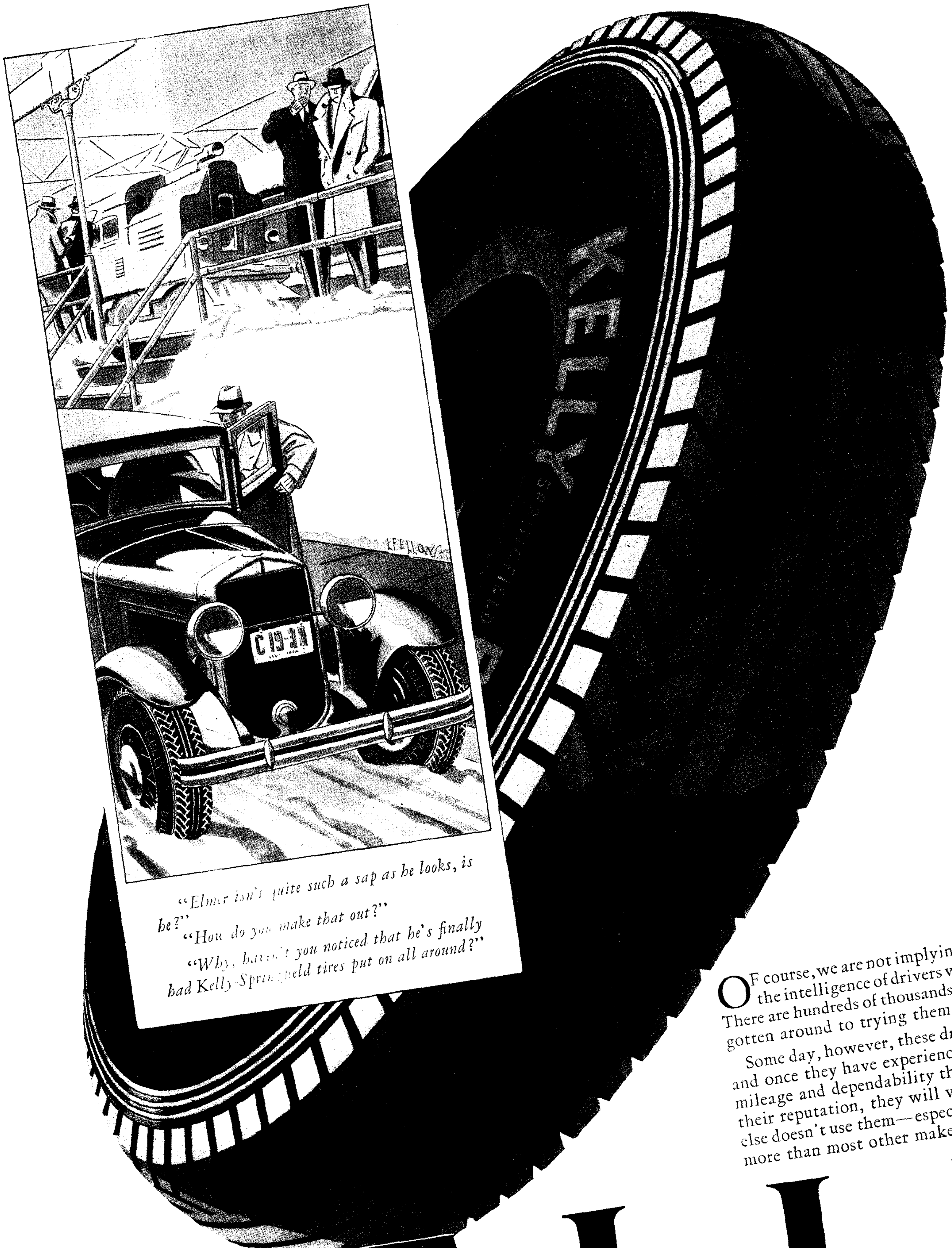
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS GETS CAUGHT IN A REVOLVING DOOR AND BECOMES DIZZY ENOUGH TO DOPE OUT AN IDEA TO KEEP YOU FROM FORGETTING TO MAIL YOUR WIFE'S LETTER.

AS YOU WALK PAST COBBLER SHOP, HOOK(A) STRIKES SUSPENDED BOOT(B) CAUSING IT TO KICK FOOT BALL(C) THROUGH GOAL POSTS(D). FOOTBALL DROPS INTO BASKET(E) AND STRING (F) TILTS SPRINKLING CAN(G) CAUSING WATER TO SOAK COAT TAILS(H). AS COAT SHRINKS CORD(I) OPENS DOOR(J) OF CAGE ALLOWING BIRD(K) TO WALK OUT ON PERCH(L) AND GRAB WORM(M) WHICH IS ATTACHED TO STRING(N). THIS PULLS DOWN WINDOW SHADE(O) ON WHICH IS WRITTEN, **"YOU SAP, MAIL THAT LETTER."** A SIMPLE WAY TO AVOID ALL THIS TROUBLE IS TO MARRY A WIFE WHO CAN'T WRITE.





"Elmer isn't quite such a sap as he looks, is he?"

"How do you make that out?"

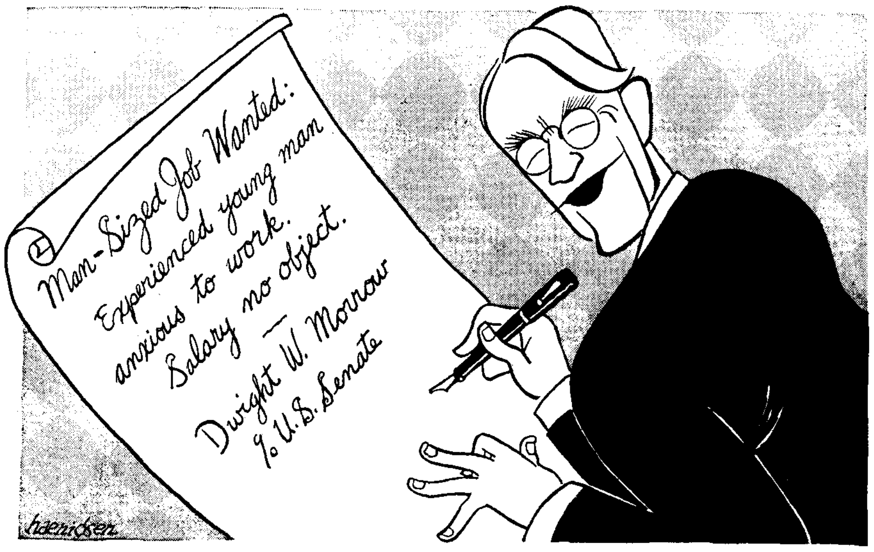
"Why, haven't you noticed that he's finally had Kelly-Springfield tires put on all around?"

Of course, we are not implying anything against the intelligence of drivers who *don't* use Kellys. There are hundreds of thousands who simply haven't gotten around to trying them.

Some day, however, these drivers *will* try Kellys, and once they have experienced the long, carefree mileage and dependability that have given Kellys their reputation, they will wonder why everyone else doesn't use them—especially as Kellys cost no more than most other makes.

KELLY

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, 1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Trusting to Morrow

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

AMBASSADOR DWIGHT W. MORROW recently left his post to accept appointment as United States senator from New Jersey, and later will seek a nomination and election to the place to which he has been appointed. It is an event to have a man of Mr. Morrow's distinction, experience of great affairs and capacity for public service decide to enter the Senate.

People have wondered for a long time, knowing Mr. Morrow's desire to be of service to his country, how he would enter public life. He has been mentioned at various times for appointment to the Cabinet, but he preferred his post in Mexico even to the Secretaryship of State. So in the end he chooses the Senate, not, perhaps, because it is the ideal place in which to use his remarkable talents, but because it is the best that offers.

His experience shows how difficult it is at ordinary times to use a man of first-class ability in the public life of this country. Probably the Senate, on the whole, and over a period of years, offers the best opportunity for public service. But its limitations, in the case of a man who wishes to accomplish results, are quite obvious. A man who enters the Senate is only one among ninety-six men. In the beginning, no matter how transcendent his qualities, he starts at the foot of the ladder.

Elihu Root, a great public man, after being Secretary of State entered the Senate only to be bored with it, and quit it after one term, tired, according to report, with the Senate's doing little things in a little way. It is not an immensely attractive opening for a man who is used to large opportunities, who cares nothing for office but only for the work that may be accomplished in office. And to get into the Senate on anything more than a temporary basis Mr. Morrow must face a struggle in the primaries and another in the election.

What Can We Offer?

But where are there any other great opportunities in public life? No one may shape his course definitely toward the Presidency. And, in general, that office goes to men on whom a lot of divergent elements may agree and therefore men of no decided opinions.

A Cabinet member, in spite of the glamour that attaches to his office, is, except on rare occasions, a man doing routine things in a routine way, the administrative agent of the President.

The President is often his own Secretary of State. The Treasury Department offers little opportunity for interesting work except in emergencies. The other departments are ordinarily dull. An ambassador is a man who wears good clothes, gives good dinner parties, makes pleasant speeches, and acts as the State Department's foreign messenger boy.

As ambassador to Mexico Mr. Morrow had one of those great opportunities for public service which only occasionally present themselves, and he met it in a way that indicated the possession of very rare gifts for public service. He was freer than officials usually are to make his own policy and he had a mind exceptionally unclouded by preconceptions.

A Triumph of Diplomacy

He went to Mexico feeling that there was good in Mexico if one kept one's eyes open for it and that any problem approached sympathetically could be solved. He developed friendly relations between Mexico and the United States and incidentally improved the feeling of all Latin America toward this country. He interposed himself between Mexico and its creditors, insisting that that country should have the right of the insolvent with potential assets to patient consideration and aid. No foreign ambassador ever did so much for the country to which he was accredited as he did for Mexico.

But opportunities like that are too infrequent to be the basis of a public career. So Mr. Morrow goes to the Senate.

In a way the Senate is a sort of Mexico. No one has yet proposed that we send the armed forces of the United States to lick the Senate into shape or even that a part of them be sent up on the hill on a punitive expedition against the sons of the "wild jackass." But everything short of these expedients has been suggested with regard to the unpopular upper house of Congress since it passed into the control of the coalition.

Perhaps Mr. Morrow's going to the Senate may be the turning point in the relations between the people of this country and their Senate, just as his going to Mexico was the turning point in the relations between the people of this country and Mexico. Of course the best terms ever offered to an institution were the Biblical offer to save a city of abominations for the presence of three good men in it. And there is only one Mr. Morrow. Perhaps his presence in the Senate will attract the necessary other two.

Look Out, the Hash is Sour!

Continued from page 11

in the humane treatment of lawbreakers. It took the place of maiming and killing. We ought to be proud of this new and better thing.

This business of imprisoning lawbreakers instead of killing them is, practically, so new to us that we haven't learned how to handle it any better than, for instance, we have learned how to control automobile traffic, or misuse of alcohol, or our ever-changing educational system.

And, right at this point, we come to the five amazing prison riots in 1929. In these riots several hundred prisoners, by their very acts, declared their willingness to be killed rather than to remain in prison.

In the world of penologists, you'll discover that these outbreaks, with their torturing of guards, the execution of a former executioner, and their vicious expression of bitter hatred, were like the hiss of steam from a safety valve: a warning that there was something wrong—not so much with the steam as with the boiler.

Dynasties of Guards

These outbreaks of "murderous despair," of the maniacal fury of men without hope, coming in quick succession, as they have, "are convincing public opinion," as Charles H. Tuttle, United States attorney in the city of New York, has said, "that America's system of penology is falling behind in our progress."

Overcrowding is one trouble already discussed.

Another is—prison guards. Why do men want to be prison guards? The National Crime Commission reports that prison guards receive as little as $750 a year and board. High wages run up to $1,500 a year. In towns where prisons are situated the job of "guard" runs in families. Investigation shows a certain type of individual, among the army of prison guards in America, who seek such jobs, though they are forced to move from prison to prison as they lose their jobs. Not long ago, when a new executioner was sought for an Eastern state, over one hundred men eager to kill their fellow human beings applied for the position, which yielded less than $3,000 a year.

So far as a certain small proportion of guards are concerned we are, it seems, still back in the days of something of the same sort of men who used to be hired to slit tongues or use hot branding irons. Guard jobs are not under civil service, as a general thing, though undoubtedly there are many sympathetic and intelligent guards within our prisons. But the jobs of guards are too often political jobs. In either case guards are able to hold onto their jobs too tightly, no matter how badly they do them.

Wardens of most penitentiaries in the United States who attempted arbitrary control over their guards' tenure of jobs would soon find themselves in a quarrel with politicians.

A politician, only too often a man without experience of any sort in the conduct of prisons, frequently sits in the warden's chair in our penitentiaries.

In the Canon City, Colorado, prison riot there were only a few desperate killers afoot in the prison yard and the corridors who butchered as well as killed.

At Dannemora prison and in the two riots at Auburn, which came only a few months apart, the men who got loose and turned their vengeance on the guards were long-termers and only a small proportion of the total number of inmates. Their barking revolvers told the whole world that they were desperately hopeless men.

If we must have a few desperately vicious men in our prisons, here and there, the thing to do is to have a separate prison for this sort of men or a separate department in each prison.

And right here, speaking of long-termers, we come to the question of prison terms. Who knows how long a prison sentence ought to be?

"Thirty-two years to forty-two years," sang out a judge in a Western court not long ago in sentencing a desperate criminal. Why the extra two years? The law didn't fix those odd two years. The judge did. He was guessing. How can a state legislator or a congressman or a senator know, when he writes a new law practically creating a new crime, that a man ought to go to jail for two years or three years or five years or ten years for committing the particular offense named in the new law?

"One of the most terrible puzzles of my task," said Judge Ewing S. Cockrell of Missouri, noted student of law and justice, "is to decide what is exactly the right term of sentence to give a prisoner who stands before me." There isn't a penitentiary in the land where the warden will not tell you that he has prisoners living side by side who have broken the same laws but are serving very unequal sentences, imposed perhaps by the same judge.

The day will come, surely, in the United States, for penologists, judges and lawyers are agreed in seeking it, when neither the lawmakers nor the judges will attempt to say how long an offender ought to remain in jail for any certain offense.

"To prison you go," the judge will say to the convicted prisoner. And there the duty of the judge will end; no more guessing for him.

Attached to the prison, as well-paid employees of the state or the local government, will be experts in psychology and human behavior who will study the prisoner as time passes and will say when the prisoner is ready to be released. This day, however, cannot come, of course, until our penitentiaries are real workshops, real schools and real institutions for human improvement.

Packing Them In

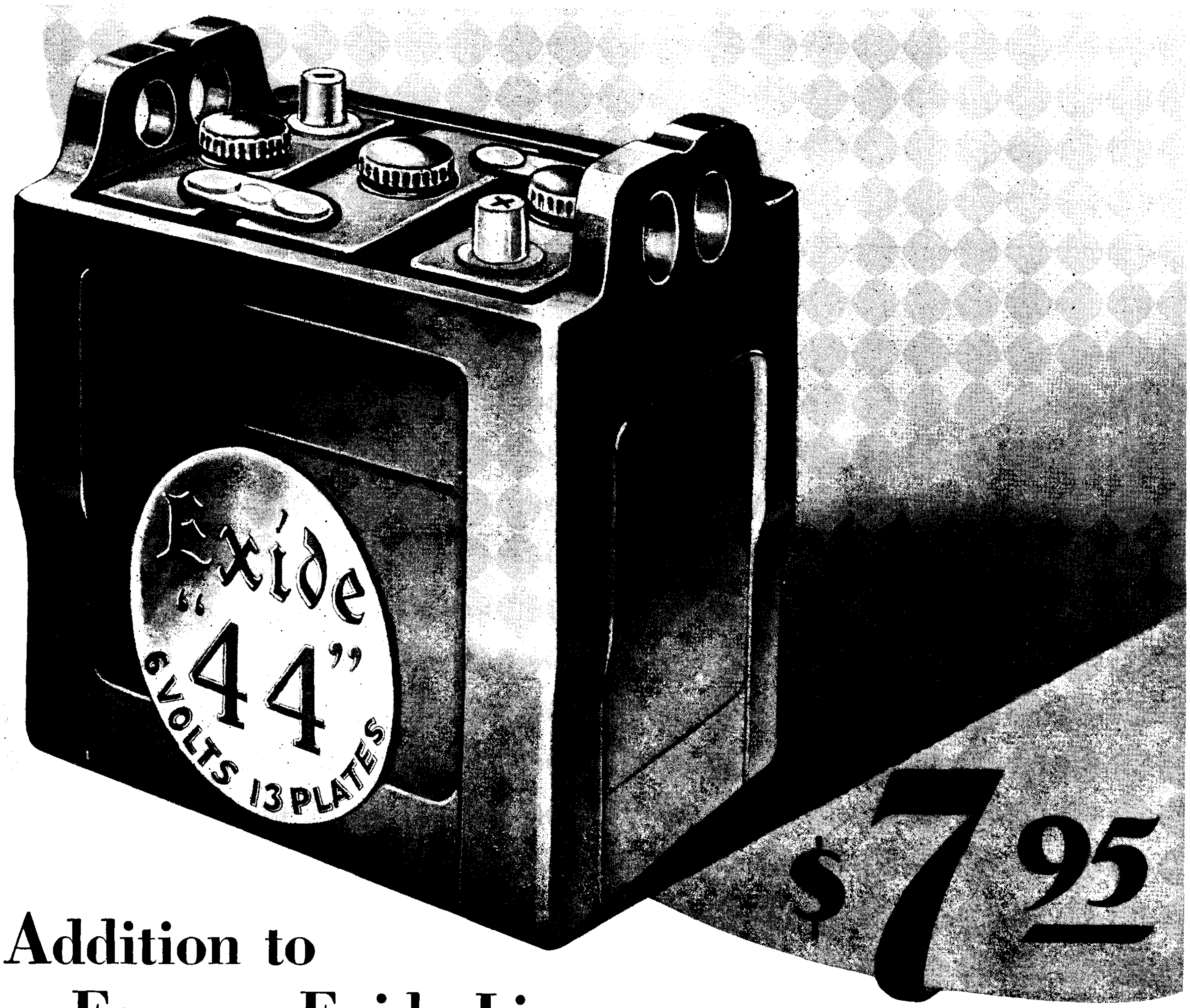
Not having plenty of good honest hard work for prisoners, with definite and fair wages, is another mistake which these riots show only too clearly that we have made.

An overcrowded prison, filled with idle men, is like a tight boiler, filled with steam and with no safety valve. The riot at the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, proved this point, though here the prisoners did not possess revolvers and fought only with clubs, sticks and stones.

Too many men for the size of the place were in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, at the time of the riot of last August. Its walls and cells were bursting with men. It was fairly well built and was equipped for 1,560 men. Instead, there were 3,700 men there. Single cells, supposed to hold 920 men, contained, instead, 1,694 men. Four-man cells, supposed to contain 480 men, contained 947. Everything was crowded in proportion. The

(Continued on page 36)

NEW EXIDE BATTERY



Addition to Famous Exide Line

WHAT car owner doesn't know Exide Battery quality? There are millions of Exides on the road today. And now Exide offers an addition to its line . . . the new Exide "44" for $7.95. If you want the finest battery that science can produce, buy an Exide. And if you want a low-priced battery, make it an Exide "44", 6 volts, 13 plates; or its companion, Exide "44", with 15 plates, for $10.65. They are constructed with quality materials and designed by engineers with 42 years' experience in battery building. Such value is made possible by the tremendous resources of Exide . . . the world's largest manufacturer of storage batteries for every purpose. See the Exide "44" at an Exide Battery station. There's one near you.

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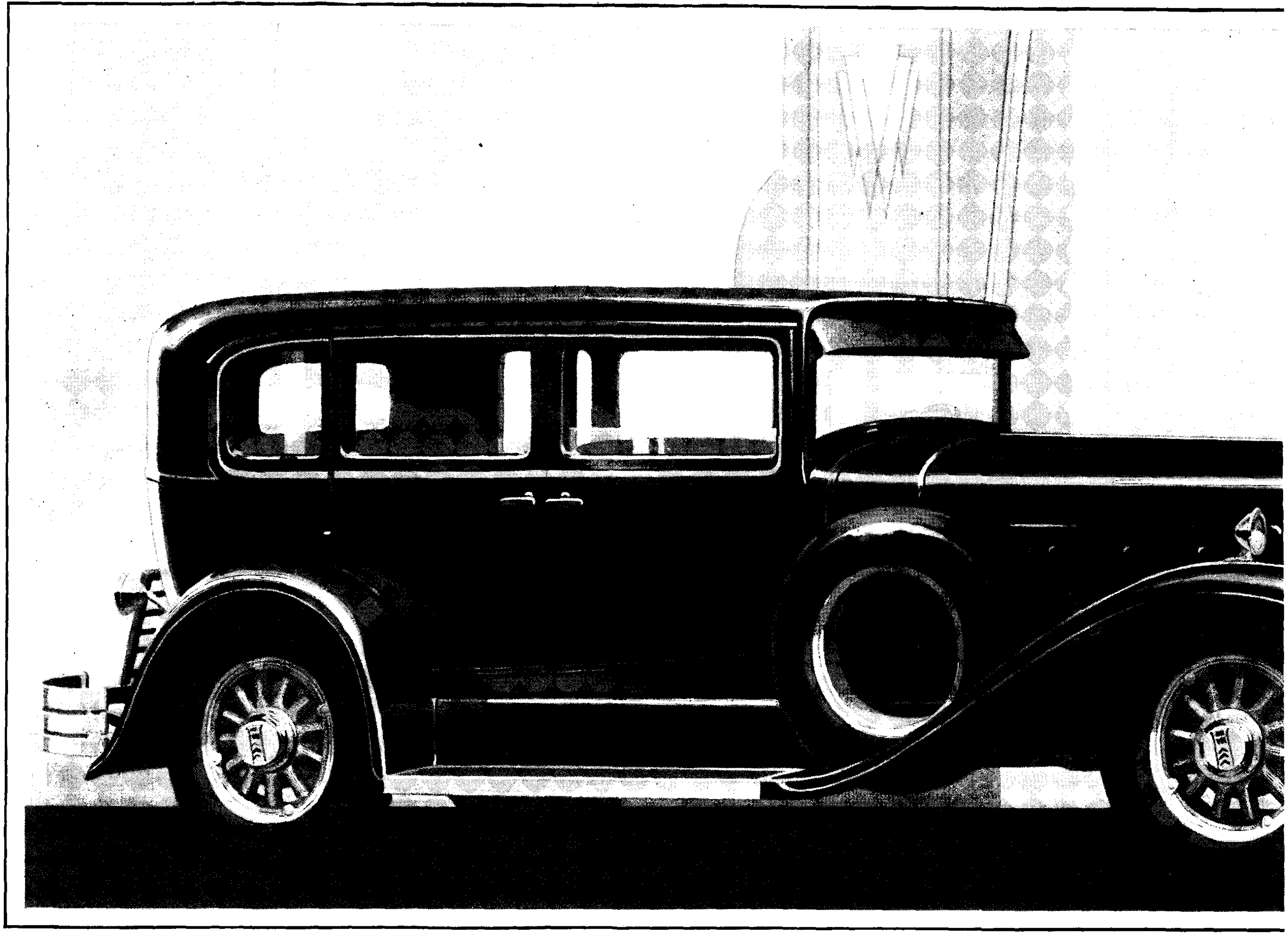
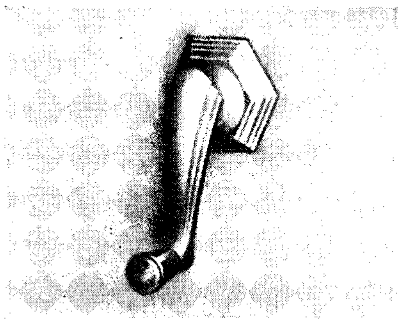
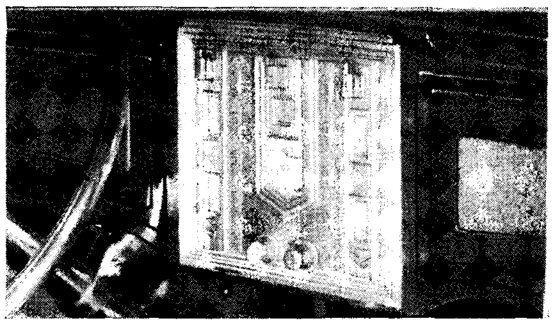


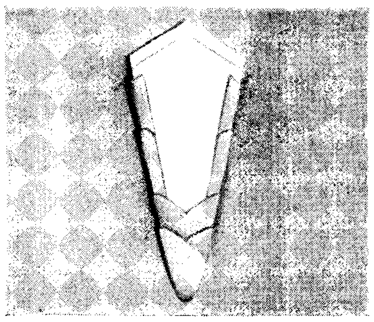
SOME OF THE DISTINCTIVE INTERIOR REFINEMENTS OF THE 1930 WILLYS-KNIGH



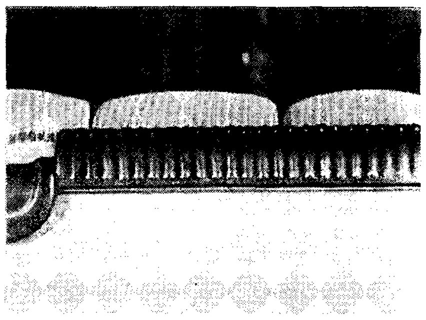
The interior door handle of the Willys-Knight Great Six closed models—an attractive yet serviceable design; rich bronze finish.



The artistically designed instrument panel, with instruments grouped in a setting of beauty and dignity.

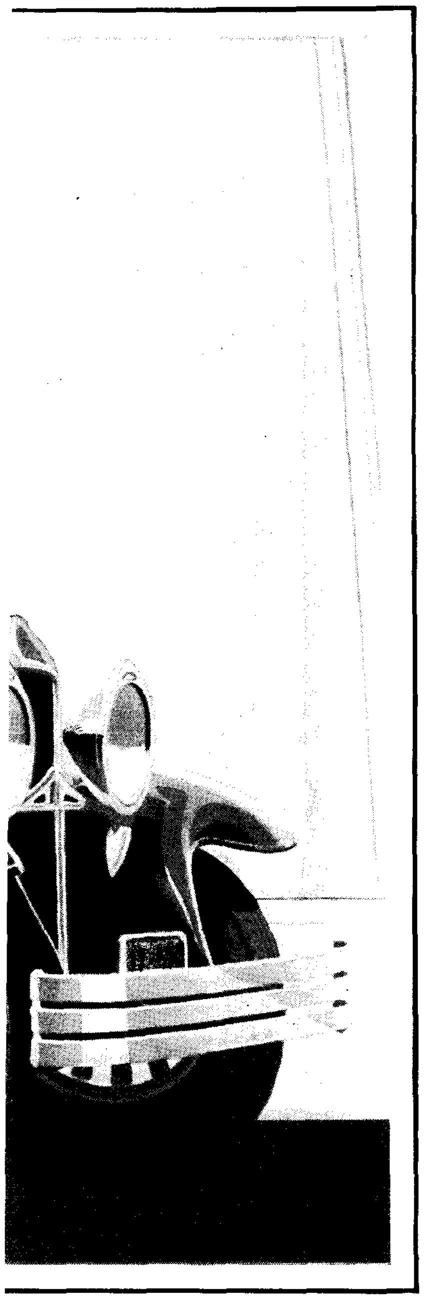


A delicately modernistic touch features the design of the corner lamps, whose colored ground glass gives a warmly diffused amber glow.

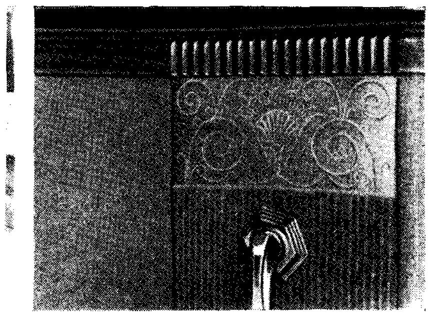


An attractive bronze-finished smoker's ca
into the back of the front seat of the Wi
Great Six Sedan.

)RSEPOWER
the 1930
S-KNIGHT



ΛT SIX



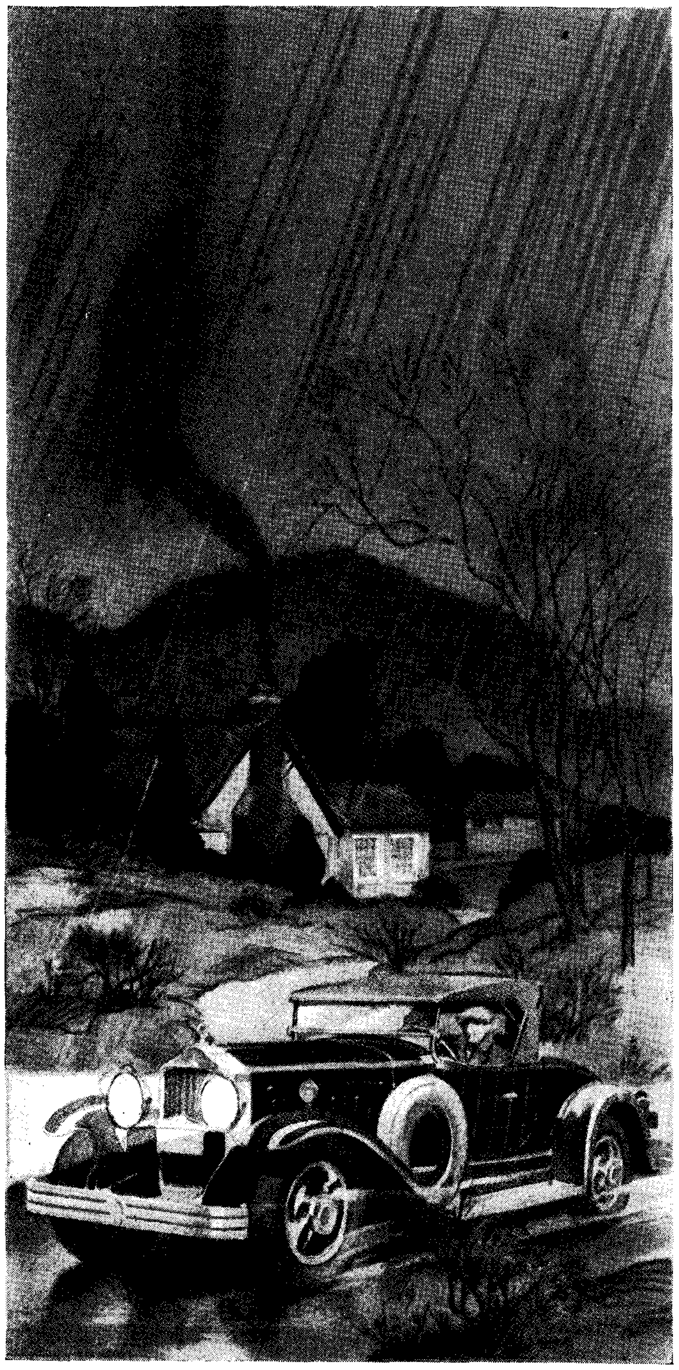
The door interiors are upholstered in broadcloth, with a center strip of Bedford Cord, topped by an artistic panel in needlepoint.

UNPRECEDENTED POWER AND TORQUE DEVELOPMENT ◆ DISTINCTIVELY INDIVIDUAL STYLE ◆ LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED INTERIORS

IN the new Willys-Knight Great Six, the patented double sleeve-valve engine sweeps to further heights of power, smoothness and efficiency. America has no record of any six-cylinder engine of comparable size which develops as much torque and power as the mighty engine of the 1930 Great Six—a car now even faster and livelier than ever before.

This powerful engine is clothed in a setting of regal beauty. Each model of the new Great Six is distinguished by ultra-modern body design—graceful lines of modish individuality admirably lending themselves to color combinations of richness and harmony.

Coachwork is of a most fastidious character, representative of the craftsmanship of Willys-Overland's accomplished body builders. Interiors are luxuriously upholstered in Bedford Cord and broadcloth. Many tasteful appointments include bronze-finished hardware, blending nicely with the rich walnut finish of the woodwork. A delicately modernistic touch features the design of the corner lamps, whose colored ground glass gives a warmly diffused amber glow.



In the 1930 Willys-Knight "70-B", the superiorities of the sleeve-valve engine and the beauties of modern design interpreted by Willys-Overland's master artists, are available at a record low price for so large and powerful a car.

Rugged endurance, dependable performance, low operating costs, simplicity of engine design and construction, make the 1930 Willys-Knight decidedly economical to own and drive.

A visit to your nearest Willys-Knight dealer is the first step toward a higher order of motoring enjoyment and true pride of ownership.

Great Six Sedan

$1795

Great Six Coupe, Roadster and 5-pass. Coupe at same price. Willys-Knight "70-B" models from $975 to $1195.
Equipment, other than standard, extra.
All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

Look Out, the Hash is Sour!

Continued from page 32

kitchen should have been two and a half times larger than it was. It may surprise a good many of my readers to know that most prison wardens *do* feel that prisoners are entitled to decent, warm food; but this small kitchen could not physically be made to yield such a supply to so many prisoners that, for lack of space, the dining-room must serve three tables for each meal.

I have seen the new shoe factory in Leavenworth. It is all that could be desired, but it could employ only 450 men. Indeed, over half the prisoners were idle or semi-idle. It was over the food in the mess hall that the riot began. No one can apologize for a prison riot, but a man in jail who sees himself losing weight and finds himself losing strength, even in idleness, for lack of proper food is likely to grow desperately wild.

The Last Straw

Improper food is *not* an unusual thing in any of our penitentiaries. Only too often bad food actually happens. There's "sour hash," for instance.

No matter what's wrong in a prison—overcrowding, idleness, crooked guards, too much politics or what not—the trouble, sooner or later, exhibits itself concretely in the form of "sour hash." Every prison man knows *that!*

Chop up potatoes, meat and some onions, add water and perhaps a little milk, and you have prison hash. Navy men, army men and the marines, as well as men in lumber camps and on ships, often have hash. Hash is the food of gangs, for some reason or other. Hungry men like it.

The making of hash and its storage in jars or half-casks is almost invariably an afternoon job in our penitentiaries, for, about three mornings a week, prisoners all over our land have hash for breakfast.

But any housewife can tell you that the potatoes in hash turn sour very quickly. The mixture requires watching. It won't stand long without spoiling. If a prison cook is not equipped with refrigeration, plenty of tools, plenty of receptacles and with a pride in his art, his hash will turn sour.

He begins about three o'clock in the morning to cook the dish for breakfast. Part of the mass may turn sour while he is cooking the other part.

But, sour or not sour, there'll be hash for breakfast, for the simple reason that nothing else has been prepared. It's a case of "eat that or nothing."

"Sour hash," as old-time prison men told me, "is always a sign of poor conditions in a prison. And plenty of sour hash may mean bloodshed—and a new warden."

Poor ventilation and lack of privacy, as well as poor food, causes desperation.

I know a New York banker who was sent last year for a long term to the crowded Atlanta Federal penitentiary. He was put, by force of overcrowding, into a great open cell containing seven other men. There was not a minute of privacy there throughout twenty-four hours a day. Nor was there any work for him to do. It was like living in a cage at the zoo. It would be hard to keep your appetite in a place like that. This man just naturally died within six weeks. I have seen these eight-bunk cells at Atlanta; the warden who showed them to me apologized and explained how it was imperative to put men there. The only other place for overflow was in a corridor in the basement, where scores of cots stood side by side. This corridor was occupied twenty-four hours a day by idle men.

Colorado penitentiary stopped its road work for prisoners. The riot there followed soon afterward. In one riot in Auburn penitentiary, last July, the workshops were burned down and the resulting few months of enforced idleness helped to produce another riot, even more desperate than the first. At Dannemora prison, scene of one of the riots, the average of real work for prisoners has been, until recently, about one hour a day; the rest of the time has been spent in semi-idleness or in mere gestures of toil.

But don't think the prison picture in the United States is a black one. It is a fact that over $100,000,000, according to estimate, will be appropriated or spent this year on physically improving our penal systems. How we'll be able to improve the quality of man-power that operates our prisons is a question that money alone cannot answer.

For some reason or other it takes a slap in the face, occasionally, to call our attention to our penal system. Last year's riots have had this effect. They shocked the entire nation.

The Federal government, in Washington, is planning to erect, in addition to a new prison, a new reformatory and a hospital for defective delinquents, two great farm prisons for drug addicts, so that they will no longer be thrown into the three Federal penitentiaries among other prisoners. On these farms, where they will be sentenced until cured and not for any stated length of time, they will receive the best possible medical treatment. To my mind one of the ghastly sights in all our penal system has been that sun-room hospital ward at Atlanta penitentiary where drug addicts are placed and are deprived immediately of drugs. This deprivation may be the right way to cure addicts, for all any layman can know, but the dumb animal suffering of these men, under prison guards, is one of the sights that no one can forget.

"—and then came the day when I realized I was just one of her playthings."

In New York State the slap in the face was a triple one. Therefore, one of the chief topics in the press has been the improvement of the prison system and experts in penology (who, in ordinary times, are only too often contemptuously referred to by the unknowing as prisoner-coddlers or "reformers") have been requested to give advice as to how the prison system may be improved.

It is likely that over $30,000,000 will shortly be appropriated or spent in New York State for improving prison conditions.

Slaps in the face *do* help, though nearly always they are tragic ones. Some years ago, in one of the prison camps of the state of Florida, a youth from North Dakota was beaten to death by a camp guard. It was a piece of medieval cruelty; or perhaps a hang-over of slavery days. The scandal which arose when the governor of North Dakota expressed his ire to the governor of Florida caused an upheaval in the entire prison camp system of the state. The lash was banned forever in those camps. Today, in Florida, a prisoner may be put on bread and water as punishment, but, at the end of the punishment, he is entitled to rest and recuperation for a period equal to half his bread-and-water sentence.

Alabama, whose contract labor prison camps were a nation-wide scandal ten years ago, has suddenly taken the lead among all Southern states in its prison camp system. Penologists from all over the world are going to that state to see how, under the guidance of Hastings H. Hart, celebrated scientific penologist, the people of Alabama—who elected a governor for that specific purpose—have modernized their prison system.

Michigan is building a vast structure at Jackson, as modern and effective as this year's newest motor cars. Good-by to famous old Eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia! This ancient institution was one of the two earliest state prisons in the country. At this very time it is being supplanted by a great new sunlit prison—as modern for these times as the old prison was for its day—built on an area of eighty acres.

The list of physical improvements under way is too long to give in this article, but it shows that we have struck the same sort of what might be called a "craze" for better prisons that moved us, fifteen yers ago, to build "better roads." We'll get the better prisons—big, light and airy—or the better prison camps just as surely as we get any other thing that our all-compelling American public opinion demands.

Dutch Treat

But physical improvements alone won't do the job.

Most of our prisons are great, free boarding houses, full of idle or half-idle men, who are loafers by force of events.

Is there any way of making men pay their own way in prison? California is showing the rest of us the way.

Several years ago Collier's presented a plan for a pay-your-own-way system for prisoners. It suggested, at that time, that our state prisons be turned into factories, or great farms, with work enough for every man to do, and with wages so high that organized labor could not complain that prison products were produced by underpaid labor. It demanded that prisoners pay their board in prison out of part of their earnings and that the remainder of each man's earnings go toward a fund for supporting the families of prisoners.

The nearest approach to this system exists at Stillwater, Minn., where prisoners working in the twine factory are credited with fair wages—though they do not actually receive the money—the total earnings forming a fund which is used by the state to care for prisoners' families. The penitentiary there is in fact a $2,000,000 business institution. *It is the boast of Minnesota that no boy or girl has ever within the past half-century been taken out of school or a family broken up because the bread-winner had been sentenced to prison.*

But California is heading toward a better system. It is this:

The highway department of the state pays three dollars a day to the prison department for the labor of a certain number of trustworthy prisoners, on the construction and maintenance of the wonderful California highways.

In turn the prison department says to the prisoner, who is established in a good road camp:

"You're earning three dollars a day for your road work. You'll have to chip in with the rest of the men in this camp to pay all the camp's expenses, buy your own clothes, food, tobacco and medicine, and pay the guards. And, if any of you escape, you'll have to chip in to pay all the costs of his recapture."

A Look Ahead

Many of these men, last year, had a net daily surplus of seventy-five cents above all camp expenses. All who had families sent some money home.

When this same plan, of forcing prisoners to pay for their own "board and lodging" out of fair wages earned in prison factories and having enough left to "send some money home," has been established in some penitentiary, the days of "sour hash" and of conditions that produce "sour hash" will be on the way out. Other states, at this moment, are considering following either the Minnesota or the California system.

"Bread-and-water" diets will be the prison right of any man under either system who wants to misbehave; but good food, bought with good, honest, hard-earned money, will be the rule.

Paid work gives hope. And imprisonment without hope is worse than death—as any man who has ever run amuck in a prison with a pistol is trying to tell you.

In olden days one of the terrors of the branded man, the earless man, or of the man with the slit tongue who must forever after incoherently mumble his words, was that there was no hope of ever getting back into a place of respect and trust among his fellow men. He was finished. A poor prison, like a hot iron, can make a hopelessly permanent brand. We won't be far ahead of the tongue-slitting days until our penitentiaries are good enough to turn out better men than they take in.

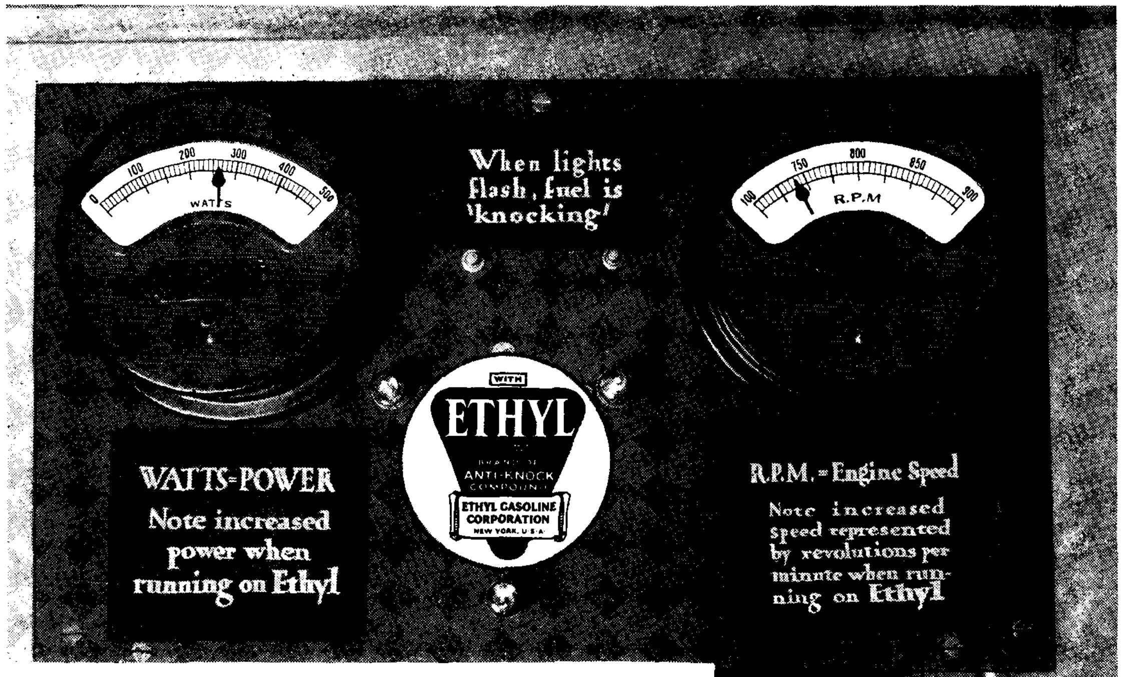
Not a gun has spoken in these prison riots that has not spoken for the prisoners, saying:

"You might better kill us than put us in prison without any hope of our ever seeing better days."

The *proof* that Ethyl develops more power

Right: This is the instrument board of a knock-demonstration machine. The wattmeter (at the left) registers power. The tachometer (at the right) records engine revolutions per minute. When this picture was made, the engine was running on ordinary fuel.

Below: When the lower picture was taken, Ethyl had been fed into the carburetor. The wattmeter shows that the power has risen to the maximum; the tachometer shows a corresponding increase in revolutions per minute.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WATTS
When lights flash, fuel is 'knocking'
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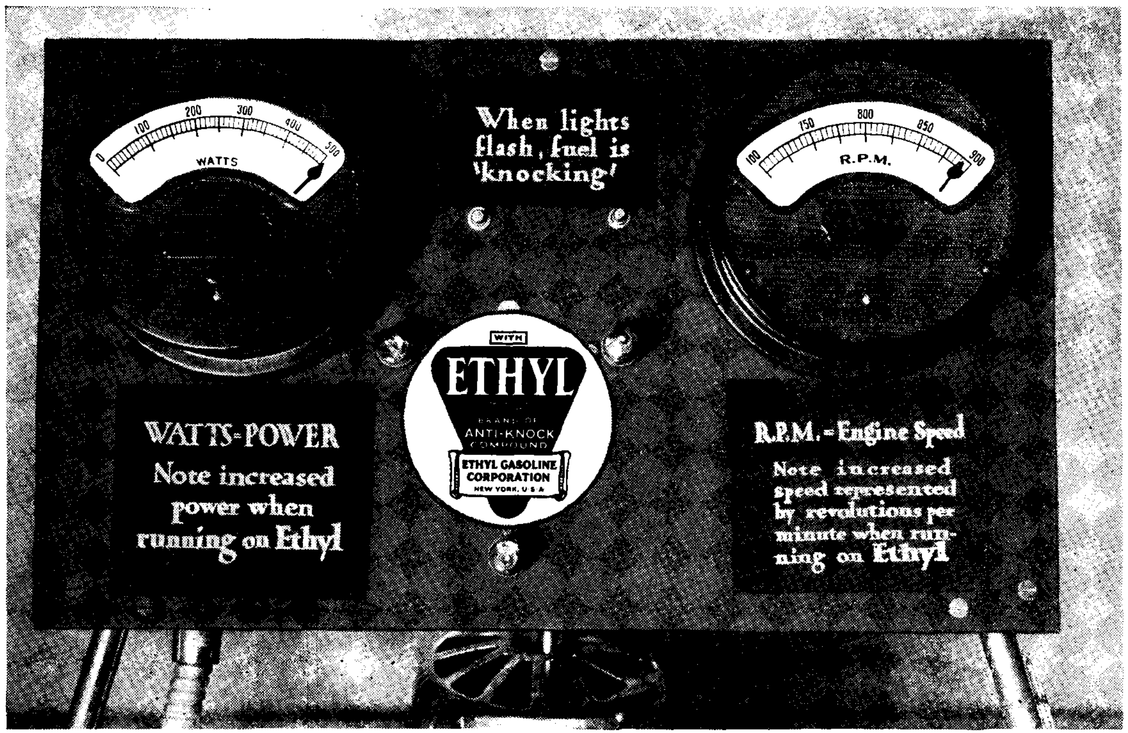
WITH
ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
WATTS=POWER
Note increased power when running on Ethyl
R.P.M.=Engine Speed
Note increased speed represented by revolutions per minute when running on Ethyl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GOOD GASOLINE *plus* ETHYL FLUID *equals* ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE

"SEEING is believing." These pictures of a knock-demonstration machine let you *see* how Ethyl Gasoline will increase the speed and power of your motor.

A simple valve switches the fuel from ordinary gasoline to Ethyl and back again. When Ethyl goes in, "knock" goes out, R.P.M.'s (engine revolutions per minute) increase, power goes up. That is how Ethyl improves motor car performance.

It is the Ethyl anti-knock compound in Ethyl Gasoline that makes the difference. This remarkable fluid was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after years of experiment to find an ingredient which would make gasoline a better fuel.

Make this convincing experiment in your own car. Use up the ordinary gasoline in the tank; then drive to a nearby Ethyl pump and fill your tank. You'll see and feel the difference.

* * *

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or the brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl **lead**.

GASTROGEN *stops*

Indigestion

...*it doesn't stop digestion*★

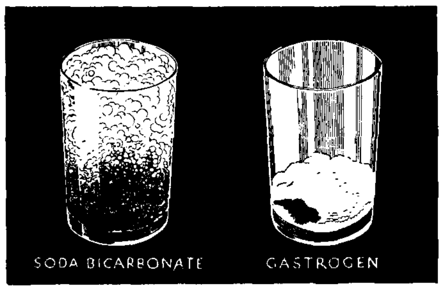
AT the very first sign of after-eating heaviness or discomfort, take 2 or 3 Gastrogen Tablets. Heartburn, acidity and indigestion are quickly relieved! And you'll never notice a trace of the uncomfortable after-effects of soda bicarbonate.

Unlike "bicarb", Gastrogen contains only insoluble antacids. It can't alkalize the stomach, hence it doesn't retard normal digestion. And it does bring relief from the embarrassing gas and hiccups that soda-users know so well.

Gastrogen is harmless, spicy, aromatic, delightful to the taste. It comes in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢. At your druggist's.

★ *Prove it yourself—make this simple test*

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*
2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*
3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly, comfortably and without retarding normal digestion.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-20
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name..................................
Street..................................
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Baited with Nerve

Continued from page 18

declare themselves in on it; no matter how wild their stuff is, we have to run it all down because you never can tell—Somebody may be telling the truth.

We went through that stage without turning up a thing. It was eleven long days before any real information came in; then a farmer who lived thirty miles from the Falls came forward. It seems that every afternoon he drove his cows down to water at the same spot on a little creek that ran by his farm. On the evening of December 12th he found the two missing safes in the creek; they hadn't been there the day before. They had been tossed off a bridge and there were fresh automobile tracks on the road that crossed the creek there. Of course, both safes had been broken open and cleaned out.

Converging Trails

This was pretty good evidence that the gang that pulled the job were still near by, and we all ran ourselves ragged on a new bunch of "clues." While we were chasing these down, one of the travelers' checks stolen in the robbery was cashed in Jacksonville, Florida, and then some more were cashed in Indianapolis and Chicago—looked as though the gang that pulled the job were scattering them to keep us guessing. We ran every check down without getting anything worth while for our work, but in this business of catching criminals you have to follow every lead out to the last twig on the branch in the hope that your man will slip up somewhere.

It made us a little mad here in the office when one of those checks turned up right under our noses in New York. We hopped right out on it and found that it had been given to a perfectly respectable landlord in payment for rent on one of his Gramercy Park apartments. He was glad to help us when we told him how things stood and we got hold of the fellow who had given it to him. We knew the fellow was a crook of some kind the minute we looked at him but he told a story that sounded reasonable and he had a bullet-proof alibi. He claimed that he had bought the checks in the usual way and that he was as much a victim of the crooks as we were. You can't arrest a man just because you don't like his looks.

Meanwhile, unknown to us, things were moving along other lines. Early in June, 1922, a young man registered at one of the better New York hotels and it got around through the underworld that he was "Jimmy the Safe-Blower," a crook from somewhere out West. He had been a safe-cracker, the story ran, but now he was a fence for stolen securities and he had a new system that got the money for them. We got the whole story about him later but at the start we didn't know he was on earth.

One day this Jimmy got a telephone call asking him to stay in his room the next morning. He did, but nothing happened. He stuck until late in the afternoon when another voice called him and told him to go to a certain corner on Second Avenue downtown and wait there until somebody came for him. A few minutes after he got there a car with drawn curtains picked him up and shot him through half the alleys and back streets of lower New York until he had no idea where he was when the car stopped. When he got out he found himself in a dark alley with three men looking him over under flashlights. He answered a lot of questions before he satisfied them but finally they took him into a building and left him with another fellow who asked him if he really could get money for securities which had changed hands "in a slightly irregular manner." Jimmy said that he could and the fellow said that maybe he could put some business in Jimmy's way in a few days. Then they took Jimmy out and lost him again before they let him out near where he had been picked up.

A few days later he was picked up again and he had another talk with the same fellow in which they both got a little more confidential. Jimmy told how he had worked out a way of marketing stolen paper in Toledo, which was then the biggest clearing house for crooks in the West. The other fellow went far enough with Jimmy to give his name as Edward Bryce; he said he lived in an apartment on Gramercy Park. This was near the place where the stolen travelers' check had been given to the landlord in payment for rent.

They had several more meetings and then they started to go around to cabarets and road houses together. Bryce was evidently studying out what kind of a guy Jimmy was and he took his time about it. At last he came out into the open one night and asked Jimmy what he could get for $21,000 worth of a certain issue of bonds. Jimmy did some busy figuring and then said that he could realize about seventy per cent of the face value for Bryce. That sounded good and Bryce turned the bonds over to Jimmy.

The next day a man came into the Grand Central Terminal office of Mr. Robert Cowie, then vice president for the New York district of the American Railway Express Company. He said that his name was Gordon T. McCarthy and that he was one of the company's "special agents" from Buffalo—that's our name for a detective. He produced his credentials and said that he needed some extra expense money. Naturally Mr. Cowie asked a few questions and he got a story that gave him one of the big jolts of his life: McCarthy was "Jimmy the Safe-Blower"! He said he had got tired of chasing the crooks and so he had worked out the "Jimmy" scheme to make them come to him! He produced the $21,000 worth of bonds that Bryce had given him—they were part of the bonds stolen in the Leonard Street mail-wagon robbery!

On the Spot

"You're playing around in mighty dangerous company, my boy," Cowie said to McCarthy. "An outfit like that would think nothing of killing you if they had any suspicion that you were not what you told them you were. Better let us close in and grab them now; don't take any more risk. You've done a wonderful job."

"Don't take them yet," begged McCarthy. "I still have to pin the Niagara Falls job on them, but I know they did it. Let me work along with them for a few days more and maybe I'll get them to give me some of our own stuff to sell—then we'll have them right."

That night Bryce asked why it took so long to turn the bonds into money (Jimmy had told him it would take a week or so) and Jimmy had to spin a long yarn about the details of how it was done and where the time went. Bryce seemed to be satisfied and they went on to another road house. Here Bryce began to talk about the bonds again. Pretty soon he changed the subject to stories about the jobs he had pulled and how hard he was. He told Jimmy what he would do to anyone who double-crossed him and how little he thought of "bumping off" people he didn't like. Jimmy had been telling some pretty tough reminiscences of his own and at last he got "hard" himself.

"Say, what the hell's eating you?" he asked Bryce. "If you think I'm going to double-cross you for a lousy twenty thousand dollars in paper I have to work my head off to move, say so—but quit your damn' hinting. I'm just as hard as you are or I wouldn't be in this racket. If you want to queer a good piece of business with your damn' suspicions, you're a lot less smart than I thought you were. I'll get your damn' bonds back from Toledo and you can take 'em and go to hell with 'em!"

This made a hit with Bryce and he tried to smooth Jimmy down. Jimmy kept on growling until Bryce slapped him on the shoulder and told him he was all right.

"I was just trying you out," Bryce explained. "I have to be damn' sure what I'm doing and who I'm doing it with. You're a square guy and, to prove I think so, tomorrow I'll show you something real in the way of paper."

A Million in Stolen Bonds

Next evening Bryce drove Jimmy out to an old house on Long Island which he had mentioned several times. They went in and Bryce told Jimmy to sit down in the living-room while he went and got something. The house was in a lonely place and Jimmy didn't feel any too easy in his mind but he was there and he had to stick; he loosened up his gun a bit and waited for Bryce to come back. In a few minutes the latter showed up with a suitcase which he slammed down on a table.

"There!" he said. "Take a look at that!" And he opened the suitcase.

It was so full of bonds that they spilled out when he raised the lid. Jimmy thought there must be a million dollars' worth there; it was all he could do to keep his jaw from dropping.

"You've been pulling a lot of jobs," he said to Bryce. "I don't know what all that stuff is, but some of it must be good. You've got a lot of dough there."

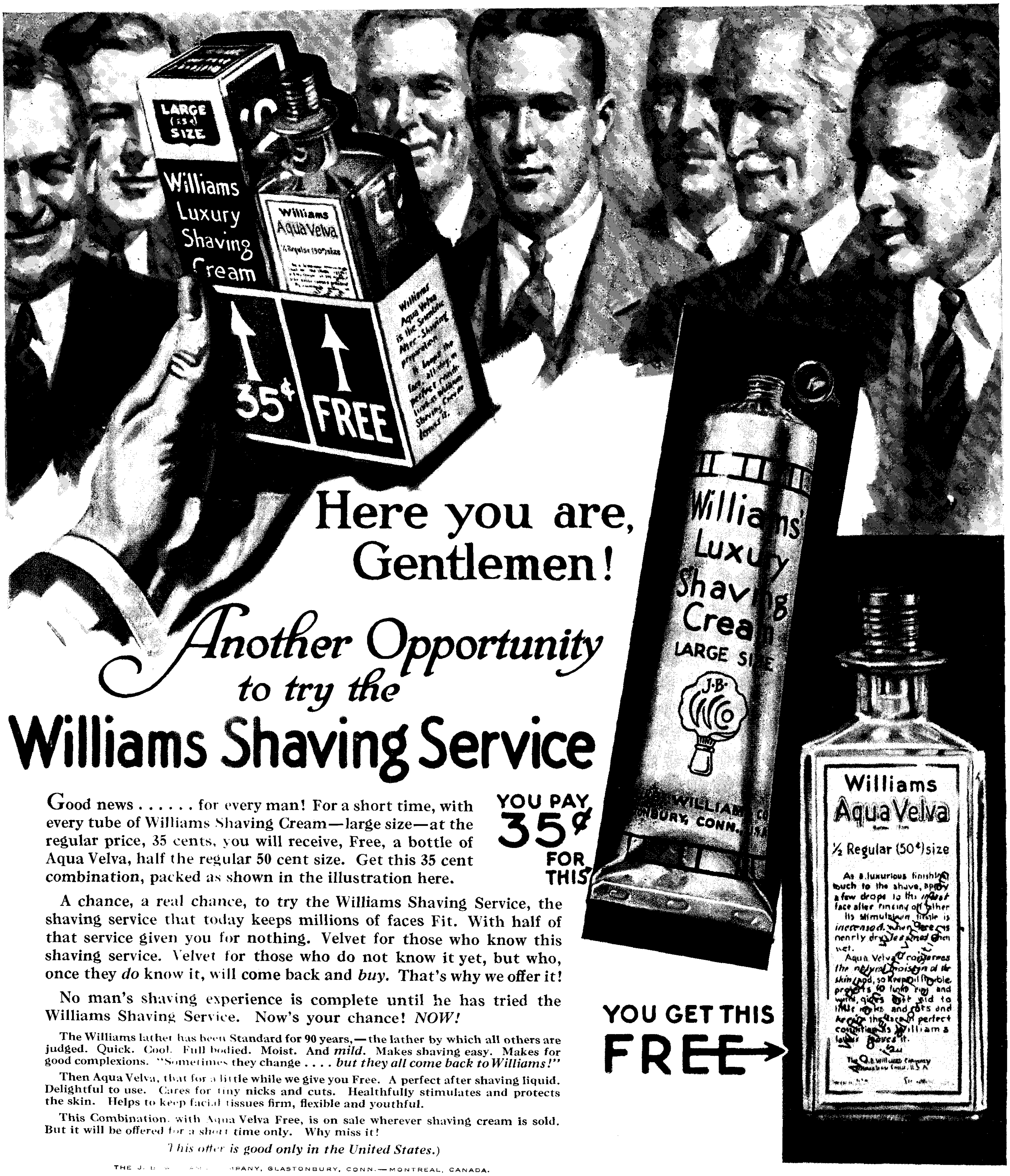
"You're damn' right I've got a lot of dough here," said Bryce. "I've pulled a lot of jobs but all this and some more came out of just one of them. Show me that you can produce on that little bunch I gave you the other day and I'll let you work on this. Think you can move it?"

There was Jimmy, sitting in front of a million dollars in stolen bonds. He knew that Bryce was so hard that he would think nothing of putting a bullet through a man on suspicion and he knew that there were other men in the house—he had heard them slipping around quietly. He knew he was in the tightest place he had ever been in, in his life, but he kept his nerve.

"Oh, I can move it all right," he said, "but it's going to take time and plenty of it. If I try to dump this much in a hurry it will clog up the market so I can't have the right cut on the stuff and it would be almost sure to get to the bulls. We can't figure that cops will stay dumb all the time. If you can give me the time, I'll get you your money out of the good part of this stuff. There's probably a lot of that isn't worth a nickel a pound."

That made Bryce sore.

(*Continued on page 40*)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Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
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Williams' Aqua Velva is the Scientific After-Shaving preparation. It keeps the face all day in perfect condition. Use it after Williams Shaving Cream.
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WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY, CONN. U.S.A.
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Here you are, Gentlemen!

Another Opportunity to try the

Williams Shaving Service

YOU PAY 35¢ FOR THIS

Good news . . . . . . for every man! For a short time, with every tube of Williams Shaving Cream—large size—at the regular price, 35 cents, you will receive, Free, a bottle of Aqua Velva, half the regular 50 cent size. Get this 35 cent combination, packed as shown in the illustration here.

A chance, a real chance, to try the Williams Shaving Service, the shaving service that today keeps millions of faces Fit. With half of that service given you for nothing. Velvet for those who know this shaving service. Velvet for those who do not know it yet, but who, once they *do* know it, will come back and *buy*. That's why we offer it!

No man's shaving experience is complete until he has tried the Williams Shaving Service. Now's your chance! *NOW!*

YOU GET THIS FREE →

The Williams lather has been Standard for 90 years,—the lather by which all others are judged. Quick. Cool. Full bodied. Moist. And *mild*. Makes shaving easy. Makes for good complexions. "Sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Then Aqua Velva, that for a little while we give you Free. A perfect after shaving liquid. Delightful to use. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Healthfully stimulates and protects the skin. Helps to keep facial tissues firm, flexible and youthful.

This Combination, with Aqua Velva Free, is on sale wherever shaving cream is sold. But it will be offered for a short time only. Why miss it!

This offer is good only in the United States.)

THE J. B. [illegible] MPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

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SHAVING CREAM——AQUA VELVA

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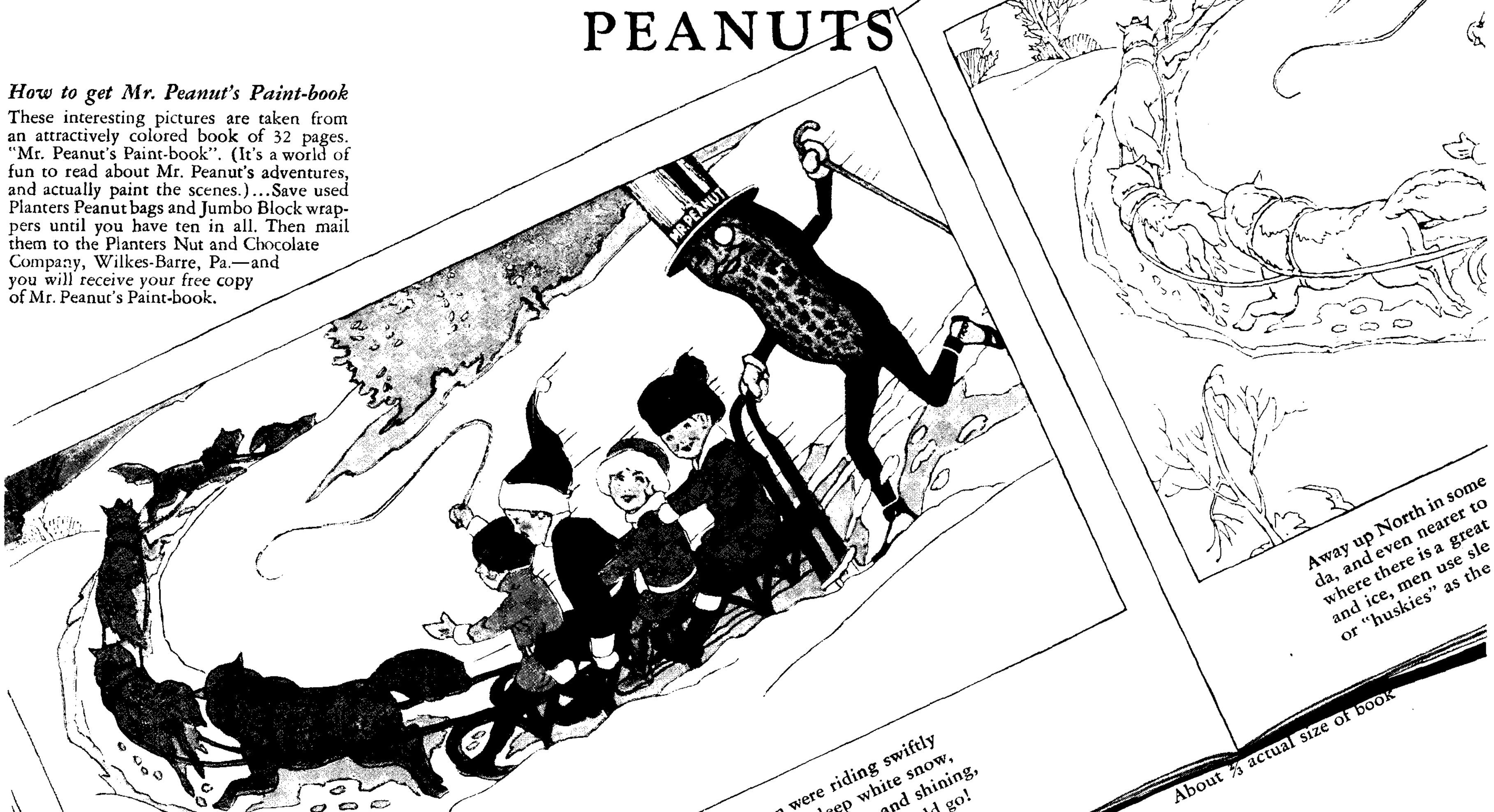
PEANUTS

How to get Mr. Peanut's Paint-book

These interesting pictures are taken from an attractively colored book of 32 pages. "Mr. Peanut's Paint-book". (It's a world of fun to read about Mr. Peanut's adventures, and actually paint the scenes.)...Save used Planters Peanut bags and Jumbo Block wrappers until you have ten in all. Then mail them to the Planters Nut and Chocolate Company, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—and you will receive your free copy of Mr. Peanut's Paint-book.



The next we find the children,
Up where it snows and snows,
And MR. PEANUT shows them
A tribe of Eskimos.

They soon were riding swiftly
Across the deep white snow,
The sled was bright and shining,
And how the dogs could go!

Away up North in some
da, and even nearer to
where there is a great
and ice, men use sle
or "huskies" as the

About ⅓ actual size of book

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PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS
THE NICKEL LUNCH
5¢
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PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO

*E*very *Y*oungster

should have

MR. PEANUT'S *Paint-book*

MAKE sure the youngsters get their copy...

Anywhere and anytime, there's nothing tastes better than a bag of PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS. These big golden fellows are the very choicest of the country's peanut crops, grown and picked in the famous peanut fields of Virginia.

You'll recognize the genuine PLANTERS by three sure tests, (1) their big meaty kernels, (2) the different zesty flavor, because they are roasted and salted by the PLANTERS special process, and (3) because they are in the glassine bag with Mr. Peanut on the front.

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SUFFOLK WILKES-BARRE SAN FRANCISCO
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The largest selling peanut bar. A rare mixture of selected choice peanuts and pure wholesome candy. Just packed full of goodness.

Planters
PEANUT
JUMBO BLOCK 5
MR. PEANUT

About ¾ actual size

The NICKEL LUNCH

With heads held high and hearts of steel, they seek

Adventure in the Northland

BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
"CANADA DRY" PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE

HERE is a marvelous beverage . . . keen as the smell of pine trees through the snow . . . healthful as a winter wind . . . thrilling as a glorious ski-jump from the lip to the snowy softness of the slope.

The vigor of sportsmen is the vigor and health of "Canada Dry"

Sportsmen the world over immediately sense the vigor and health of this fine old ginger ale. It gives pleasure, yes. Its flavor is marvelous too. And as a result, "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs.

Basic excellence gives "Canada Dry" its stimulating bodily effect. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation gives delicate sparkle.

For a nation of sportsmen here is the beverage of zest and keenness

And as a result the marvelous flavor of "Canada Dry" is winning countless friends . . . it is served in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . in great hotels from London to San Francisco. It is the sportsmen's beverage, for the heritage of sport is excellence . . . and that is the heritage of "Canada Dry."

Drink "Canada Dry"! Order it when you dine out. Serve it with your meals. For to this nation of sportsmen comes the sportsmen's drink to grace the occasion. Order it in the convenient Hostess Package of twelve bottles.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

"When February's
cold appears
A glowing pipe
my spirit cheers."
—Anon

A *cooler* smoke in a drier pipe

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD · · AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

For *your pipe's sake:*

By all means, choose a *cool-burning* pipe tobacco. A venerable briar that has never known overheating is worth a dozen of "burned" bowls.

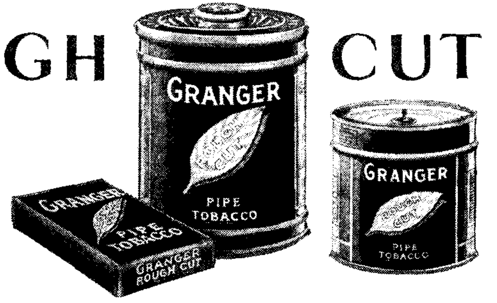
Granger is made *and cut* to keep pipes sweet. Its "rough cut" flakes smoke cool, burn slow and even. No scorched wood, no clogged stem—just smooth, cool, pleasure-giving smoke.

Note, too, how rich and tasty old Kentucky Burley can be, when mellowed by Wellman's 1870 method, our priceless, old-time tobacco secret.

In air-tight heavy foil: ten cents; also 1 lb. and ½ lb. canisters.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT



Baited with Nerve

Continued from page 38

"Every damn' sheet of this is gilt-edge!" he yelled. "What are you trying to do—crawl out on me! If I thought you were going out of here to tell any cop about this—"

"Aw, can it!" says Jimmy. "I can get five times as much working with you as any reward would give me. Rewards are for guys that don't know how to get their dough any other way. I'm telling you facts about how to turn this into money. If you think anybody can turn it in fifteen minutes, why don't you go and turn it? I can turn it and I want to turn it, but I have my way of working and it takes time. If you can't wait, I can't do the job for you—but neither can anybody else and you know it. If you don't know it, why is this stuff here in this suitcase? As far as cops are concerned, if you think I am sap enough to try to double-cross a guy like you, I can't stop you from thinking it."

Touch and Go

Bryce was accustomed to telling people where they headed in at and he took Jimmy's line as evidence that he wasn't any piker, either.

"You get me the dough for that stuff and you can talk as hard as you want to," he said to Jimmy. "Come on out of here. Let's go back to town and get some action."

They drove back to Manhattan and played around with the gang for the rest of the night. Jimmy was just as casual about it as the rest of them but he had to work mighty hard to keep from showing his feelings. Every now and then he would catch Bryce watching him with a funny look in his eyes.

The next morning McCarthy dropped his "Jimmie" personality again and went to see Cowie.

"This will be my last night with these people," he told Cowie. "I am sure our stuff is somewhere in that house in Long Island. You get your raid organized and I'll hold the outfit for one more night. Maybe I can find out something more."

That night Jimmy went out to an inn on Pelham Parkway with Bryce. Another fellow who had given his name as Charles P. Heines and a woman were with them. They ate and drank and talked for a couple of hours and then Bryce started to beef again about the delay Jimmy was having in getting the money from Toledo for the first bunch of bonds. He seemed to get one of these suspicious fits every night—maybe it was the same fit and he never got over it. Jimmy told him that he had had word that the money would be in New York the next morning and then started to talk about moving the next batch of bonds. Bryce didn't want to talk about it; he seemed to have something else on his mind.

"Do you carry a gat, Jimmy?" he asked suddenly.

Jimmy laughed.

"Of course I do," he said. "When I need a rod I don't want to have to send home for one."

"What kind do you carry?" persisted Bryce.

"Take a look at it," offered Jimmy, shoving his gun across the table.

Bryce picked up the weapon and looked it over.

"Some gat," he said. "Where can I get one like it?"

Right there was the high point of the story. Jimmy knew who these men really were by now. He knew that "Bryce" was Gerald Chapman and that "Heines" was "Dutch" Anderson, both cold-blooded killers to whom another murder meant nothing. He knew that Chapman had almost convinced himself he would be safer with Jimmy dead than he would be with Jimmy alive. He knew that he was alone and that there was no help he could call for—he knew that just trying to call for it would be his finish. This was the tightest of all the tight places he had been in on this job.

Jimmy didn't stop to think all these things out—he didn't have to; he knew them already. What's more, he didn't have the time. He answered the moment Chapman spoke.

"Take the gun if you like it," he said. "I'll make you a present of it."

Chapman thanked him and they talked a few minutes. Then the woman stretched her arms and yawned.

"This is a dumb party," she said. "Let's go for a walk in the woods."

The corner of Jimmy's eye caught a glance that passed between Chapman and Anderson.

"I'd like to," he said to the woman with a smile, "but I'm tired and I've got to be up early to meet that bird that's coming in from Toledo with your dough"—turning to Chapman as he finished speaking.

With that, he starts for the door. Five steps—ten—fifteen—twenty—and the door swung back behind him just as a night-hawk taxi rolled up looking for a load.

Mac still held his nerve. He never wanted anything as badly in his life as he wanted the shelter and speed of that taxicab, but he stopped to light a cigarette and speak a few words to the driver before he stepped into the cab. To anybody who might have been watching him from behind, McCarthy was a picture of a man who wasn't in a hurry. He never knew who watched him make that get-away but it is a safe bet that both Chapman and Anderson were looking closely for any sign of nervousness. Their senses told them that McCarthy was all wrong from their point of view, but he made them WANT to believe in him.

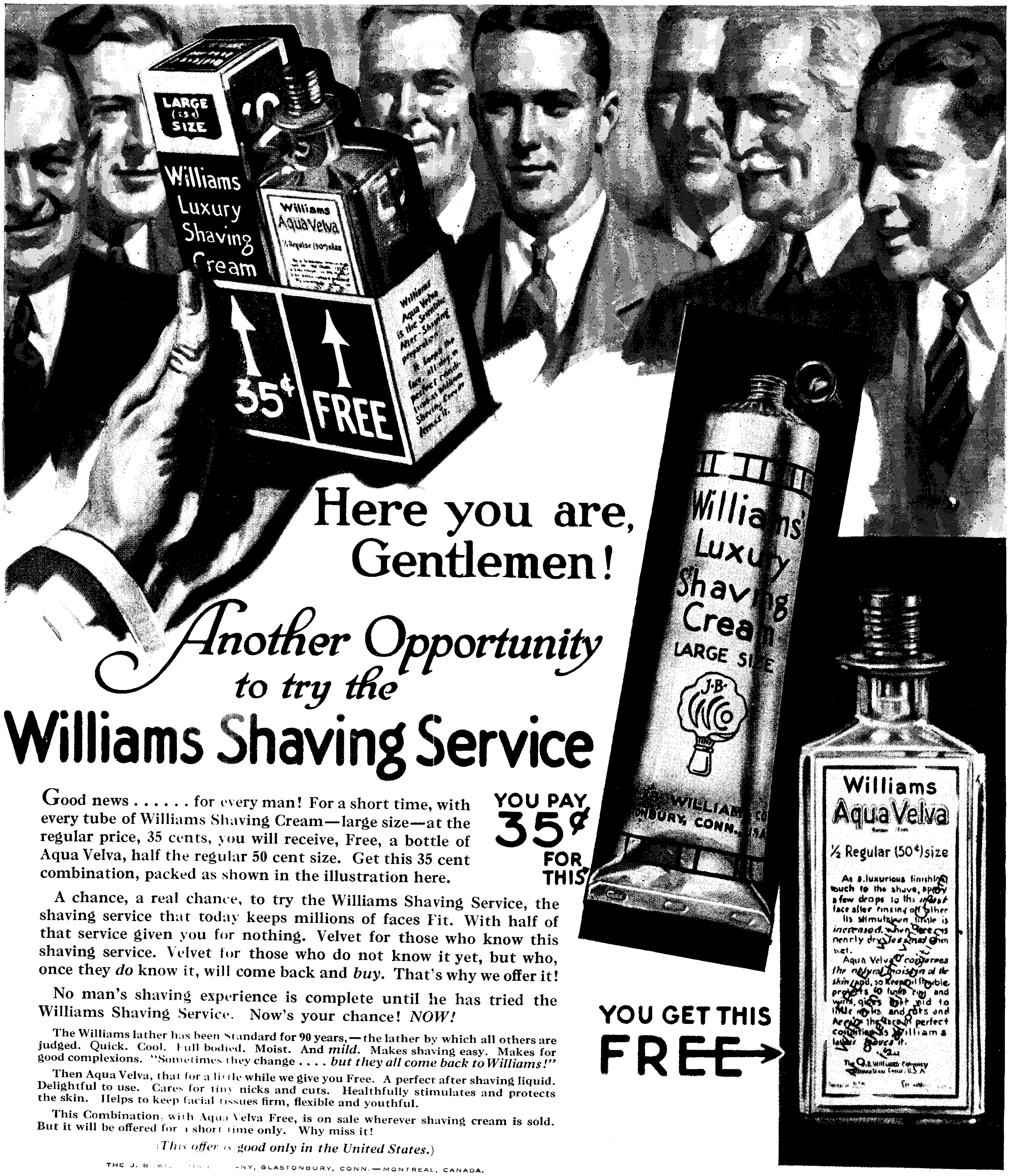
The Trap is Sprung

Along in the forenoon the police and Secret Service men sifted into the building where Chapman lived. The place had been watched all night and we knew that everybody we wanted was inside. Chapman came to the door himself when we rang his bell and we caught him flat-footed without a gun in his hand; he saw he was up against it and surrendered without a fight. So did "Dutch" Anderson and Charles Loeber. Anderson had slipped over to his own apartment a few doors away but we had seen him, and taking him was as easy as getting Chapman.

When they were lined up at the station, McCarthy came in to look them over. When Chapman saw Mac, he said:

"So you were a stool pigeon all the time! I should have bumped you off while I had a chance!"

There was a lot of excitement in the newspapers. Some said it was all done by the Secret Service, but when the rewards were paid the checks all read—"Pay to the Order of Gordon T. McCarthy." He got $2,000 from the Express Company, in spite of the fact that he was a salaried employee and not entitled to rewards. He got several thousand more from the insurance companies who had insured the stuff lost in the mail robbery, but he never told anybody how much that was. Anyway he earned everything he got.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Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
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Williams Aqua Velva
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YOU GET THIS FREE→

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PEANUTS

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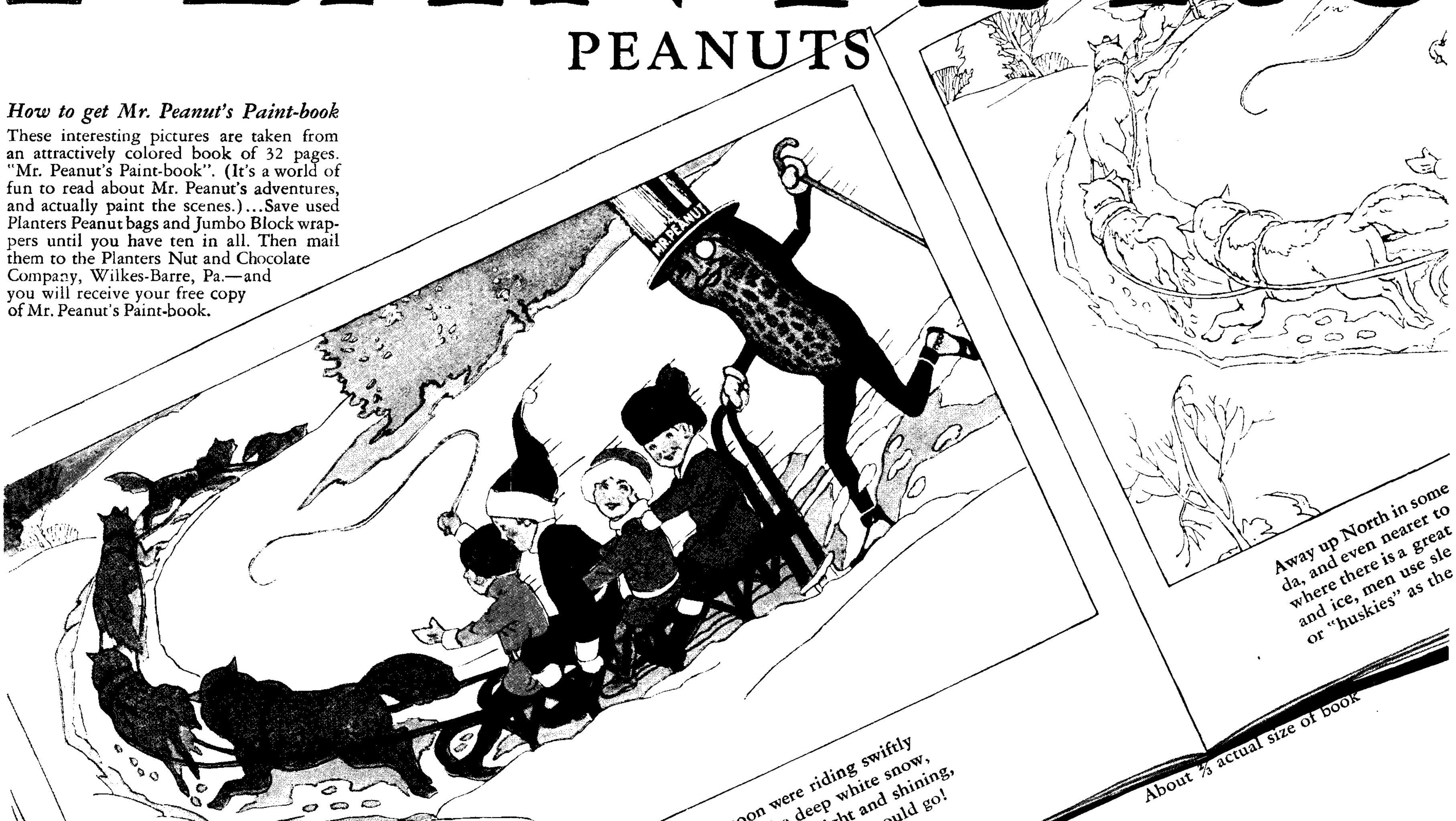

Away up North in some
da, and even nearer to
where there is a great
and ice, men use sle
or "huskies" as the

The next we find the children,
Up where it snows and snows,
And MR. PEANUT shows them
A tribe of Eskimos.

They soon were riding swiftly
Across the deep white snow,
The sled was bright and shining,
And how the dogs could go!

About ⅓ actual size of book

Planters
PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS
"THE NICKEL LUNCH"
5¢
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5¢
PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO

Every Youngster
should have
MR. PEANUT'S *Paint-book*

MAKE sure the youngsters get their copy...

Anywhere and anytime, there's nothing tastes better than a bag of PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS. These big golden fellows are the very choicest of the country's peanut crops, grown and picked in the famous peanut fields of Virginia.

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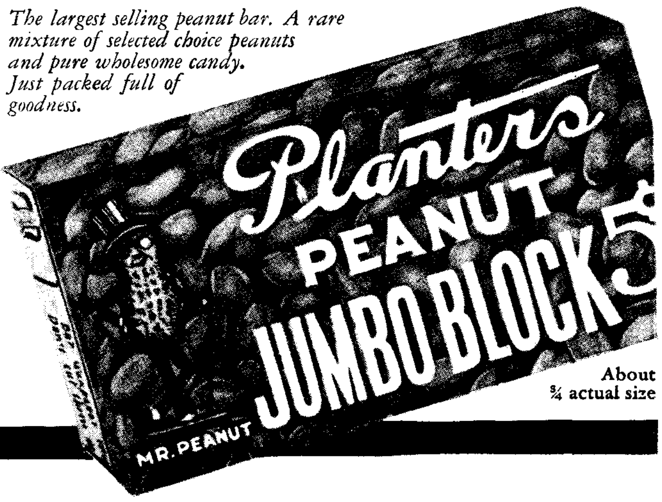
PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.
SUFFOLK WILKES-BARRE SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA

The largest selling peanut bar. A rare mixture of selected choice peanuts and pure wholesome candy. Just packed full of goodness.



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The NICKEL LUNCH

The Burden of the Blonde

Continued from page 21

way, not to mention every other available man on board."

"What do you mean by *with?*" Her face was too frozen for him to read its expression of warning. "Do you mean he's bringing me over, or something like that?"

"I wouldn't presume," he said quickly. "Of course, he's rich and all that, young Burr, but I read you differently somehow. Naturally I can't understand, from your standpoint, the attraction. You must have some reason."

"Maybe," she said, "I have. I'd rather like you to believe so, Tripp—I mean, Guthrie."

"No, you mean Tripp. We're on a ship, Antonia. Life is only eight days long, or ten if these seas keep up. Want my handkerchief?"

She wiped the dash of spray from her eyes. "I'm going to wear my long white dress tonight. Will you dance with me?"

THEY danced that evening as well as one, or two, could dance on a floor which shook and slanted with every pitch and roll. "I'm going to get a coat and go out again after while, Antonia. The moon is cloud ducking. Want to come?"

How she wanted to! She tried to tell him so with her eyes even while she said: "I'm sorry. I can't. I promised—someone to go down and have a drink."

Her job had assumed command just before dinner with a radio from old George Burr. "Sailing on Leviathan. Will pass you at sea. Report progress." That night, to Freddie's terror, his Dolly had appeared for dinner, and Dolly Galloway was far from being a fool. There were no "fireworks." Mrs. Galloway was very dark and smartly gowned, very gracious with Freddie's little friend. "He's such a friendly man, aren't you, dear?—and I know how difficult it is for you too, Miss Sand, traveling alone. I suppose you are going home to school?"

"Yes, I've so much to learn, you see."

"Why doesn't Miss Sand join us in my cabin for a good-night sip, Freddie? Oh, how nice. Number ninety-four, then, at eleven."

As she knocked at the door of cabin ninety-four Antonia had a memory of a frantic young man whose lost sole-leather trunk was marked for ninety-two. It was all very neighborly, ninety-two and ninety-four.

"Oh, there you are, my dear." Dolly had added to her charms with a mandarin wrap. "We'll go over to Freddie's cabin. He has everything fixed there. I suppose Freddie—he's so frank about things—has told you our little secret?"

"He's told me a lot of secrets, dear Mrs. Galloway. Which one is this?"

In Freddie's cabin they told her, in whispers, Freddie self-consciously trying to give her a wink which she wouldn't see, Dolly as coy as a girl with her first valentine. "Isn't it exciting! The last day on board of course. Captain Wardman has already promised to do it. You mustn't tell." Antonia tried to seem excited. She put most of her second drink down the wash bowl. She was thinking of a flying moon, cloud ducking.

But Freddie and his Dolly were a trifle boisterous by the time she could make an excuse to go. Freddie's voice, begging her to "stick around," following her into the companionway as she escaped and closed the door behind her. She almost bumped into Tripp as he passed by on his way to his own cabin.

He didn't look at her. She knew he'd heard Freddie's uproar. He'd seen her come out of Freddie Burr's cabin and he must think— She saw him turn off to his cabin and heard the door close sharply.

Antonia wandered uncertainly across to the port side and her own quarters. Something was hurting her terribly and she couldn't tell what it was or where it hurt. She wasn't in love with that man. She couldn't be. She wouldn't be. How dared he pass judgment on her? If he came into her cabin right now and begged her on his knees to marry him she would laugh in his ugly face and say: "Marry you? Not if you were the last man on earth."

A loud firm knock sounded at her door. "Antonia! It's Tripp. Open the door."

She opened the door half an inch. "But you can't come in here, Tripp." Then she opened the door half a yard for fear he might think she meant it.

"Don't be a child. There now—sit down. I want to talk to you." They sat together on the edge of her bed. "I want to know what the hell you were doing in that asinine bounder's cabin?"

"Oh, really?" Antonia was furious, and rather delighted. "Well, suppose you draw your own conclusions. And after you've drawn them and gone, Freddie Burr will come bawling along wanting to know what you were doing in my cabin."

"It's quite different," he said. "I'm not Freddie Burr. Neither am I a reformer, nor a saint. I got on that boat train thinking comfortably about a railroad bridge and ever since I've been thinking uncomfortably about nothing but a blonde. I've got a right to know what sort of girl you are—good, bad, or indifferent."

"Indifferent, as far as you're concerned, Mr. Guthrie. In other words, it's none of your business. Please put that radio down." He had picked up old George's radiogram which lay open on the bed shelf.

"Hm—I wonder what sort of game you're playing, little lady. Smuggling? Customs agent? Or the more usual blackmail idea? What does he mean by 'report progress'?"

"If I were big enough," she said, angry enough in reality now, "I'd slap you. Will you leave my cabin? Or must I ring for the steward?"

"I'll go—in a minute. All I want to say, Antonia, is this—here's a beautiful girl on board a cabin liner on incomprehensibly friendly terms with a fat-headed jackass and at the same time receiving radios which say 'report progress.' It's funny. Oh, good lord, don't cry. I'll go, Antonia!"

SHE squirmed out of his grasp like a captive baby tiger. She scrambled into a tan sport coat and threw a green transparent waterproof over it. At the door she said, "Very well then, you can stay here. I want air."

She passed the radio-room door on the boat deck, however, and fixed in her mind exactly what she wanted to do. She wanted to get out of this situation. She was in love—she knew it now—with a man who thought she was an adventuress. No boss could expect her to put up with that.

Antonia wrote out a radio to old George Burr on board the Leviathan. "Suggest some other way save Freddie or I resign—Sand." She watched that being dispatched and then she sent a second one which read: "I resign any-

(*Continued on page 44*)

Approaching baldness?

●

business is crying for youth don't let falling hair rob you of opportunity. . . . . .

Before it is too late, safeguard yourself against baldness. First of all, if your general health is not good, see a doctor. Diet and health affect the hair.

And in any event, you need to care properly for the scalp. Try this simple home treatment: Once a week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic liberally to the scalp, massage it in with the finger tips, using a rotary motion. This relieves dryness and tightness, softens the hair follicles, stimulates the blood flow to the scalp, which helps new hair to grow in and replace what is lost. Then shampoo with a mild soap. The tonic cleanses and supplies necessary oil—you know dry scalp is one of the chief causes of falling hair.

Do try this. You'll find it really beneficial. And you can use a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic as a dressing between shampoos, too. It is obtainable at any drug store and is made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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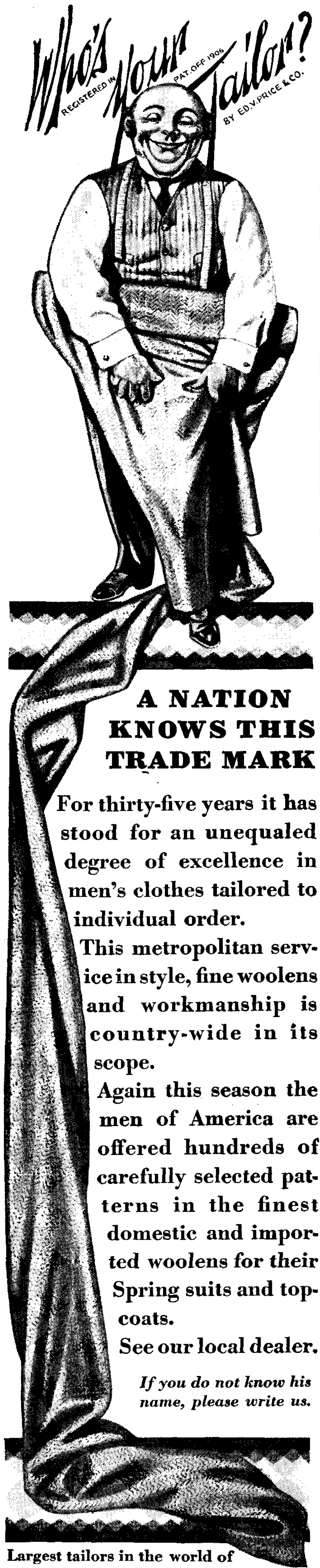
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Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Ed. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO

(*Continued from page 43*)

way." Before she could stop that she thought of another: "I don't resign but how do you know you would not like Galloway for a daughter-in-law?" The whole business cost her ten dollars and got her nowhere. It just made her feel better.

"Lucky for your pocketbook, miss," said the operator, "the Leviathan's just about passing us, not more than twenty miles south."

She went outside and stood at the rail between two lifeboats. Then she put her face down on her sleeve and cried for five minutes.

All the time she was crying she was thinking, perhaps at her best. She'd go to Tripp tomorrow and tell him the truth, the whole business. She hadn't *wanted to but now she cared too much* not to. And Tripp would say: "Well, of course I knew you couldn't be doing anything really bad."

Selecting the exact words she would use, Antonia walked briskly and hopefully aft along the deck until she stopped opposite one of the smoking room portholes which had been opened for ventilation. A voice had stopped her, from inside, the recognizable angry voice of young Freddie Burr. Then she heard Dolly Galloway's quiet, cold insistence: "You're acting like a schoolboy, Freddie. Of course I object. Haven't I a right to object—after all I've given up for you? And on the very eve of our wedding? But even if I didn't object, you couldn't get anywhere with that girl."

They were having their final drink in one of the smoking-room booths apparently. Freddie was protesting again: "I tell you I don't want to get anywhere with her, Dolly. You know me. I don't fall for blondes. I like women of the world. But you don't have to say she's making a monkey out of me. That's insulting."

Antonia leaned back against the wall and listened intently to every word Dolly Galloway had to say: "My dear child, I wouldn't insult you. Now, would I? The thing you don't see is that the girl is very probably an agent of your father's. She's probably been hired to spoil our happiness if she possibly can. What she didn't figure on, and what you naturally don't observe, Freddie, is that she's fallen head over heels in love herself. And not with you, my fascinating Freddie."

"You're crazy," said Freddie bluntly. "If I were to tell you what that blonde said to me, you'd be up in the air right. I suppose you mean the tall, dark-headed guy. She has too much sense of humor to bother with a bird like that."

APPARENTLY the Galloway took a little time for thought and when she did speak it was in a low voice, almost as if to herself: "Very well, if she's as clever as all that, I'll show her that two can play at the game as well as one."

"Now, Dolly, what are you up to? You lay off that little kid, or—well, I'm telling you there won't be any ship wedding."

Antonia was not particularly alarmed. She didn't see just what Dolly Galloway could do to harm her within the limits of a ship. She didn't grasp the idea until, just before luncheon that next day, she saw the delightful lady with Tripp Guthrie herded into a deck chair in the only sunny spot on the promenade. She had been looking for Tripp Guthrie herself. She hadn't been aware that the insinuating Galloway even knew Tripp Guthrie and somehow she resented the discovery.

Anyway, he didn't seem very happy. He barely nodded as she marched by, Dolly Galloway beaming and chattering at his elbow, his gaze turned sternly out to sea. She could let him know at luncheon that she had something to tell him. She wondered just how much she would tell him.

But he did not appear for luncheon at all. She decided he must be ill and she'd have to do something about that. In a way, she rather hoped he was ill. As soon, though not very soon, as she could escape the increasing ardor of poor Freddie Burr—"You don't think that dame has any claim on me, do you, baby? You say the word and I'm yours like a shot."

SHE slipped away from him somehow and fled down the A-deck corridor straight to Tripp's cabin, knocked, and entered.

"You look nervous, Tripp." He wore a smoking jacket and a shirt with no *tie. A book lay face down on the bed.* A piece of notepaper on the table was untouched. His leather cases, brushes, curiously male possessions, lay about in confusion. "Can you find me a place to sit down? I've come to confess something to you."

His reply startled and disconcerted her. "Why?" he said. "I mean, why confess anything to me, Antonia?"

"Because—I thought—because you are the only one who knows anything about me."

"My dear girl," he burst out, "the whole ship knows. They've all known and been laughing at me—not that I give a damn about that—the whole trip. Today I heard it myself from at least three sources."

"Heard what?" Her question was scarcely a whisper. Her fingers in the pocket of her coat clutched old George's punning reply to her radiograms: "You've too much sand in you to quit. Am landing tomorrow. Will meet your ship." Yes, she must not break down or quit. She had too much sand in her. "Won't you tell me, Tripp?"

"Oh, about your being Freddie Burr's girl in New York before he fell in love with Mrs. Galloway. You know what I mean. And about your coming on board here trying to frighten him into a settlement before he marries."

Antonia came up out of some black void with the realization that she had to fight. She was astute enough to know the origin of the report, to appreciate its calculated cleverness, to realize that it fitted, checked, filled in the gaps of everything her job had made him suspect. Yet she could say nothing more convincing than: "Do you think I look the sort of girl who would do that, Tripp?"

"I don't," he said. "The rest of them do. They say anybody might have known it to look at you. I thought you looked a white angel. I didn't even know your hair was dyed."

"It isn't, Tripp. Do you want to believe this story about me?"

"Want to? Are you mad? Look at me! What do you think is wrong with me, anyway? Oh, I'm in love with you *all right—if you want that satisfaction,* too. A girl's character and all that don't seem to have much to do with it in the final analysis. It's something else. It's—"

"Wait a minute," she broke in. "If you love me, you deserve to know. I am Freddie Burr's father's private secretary and he sent me on this trip to—"

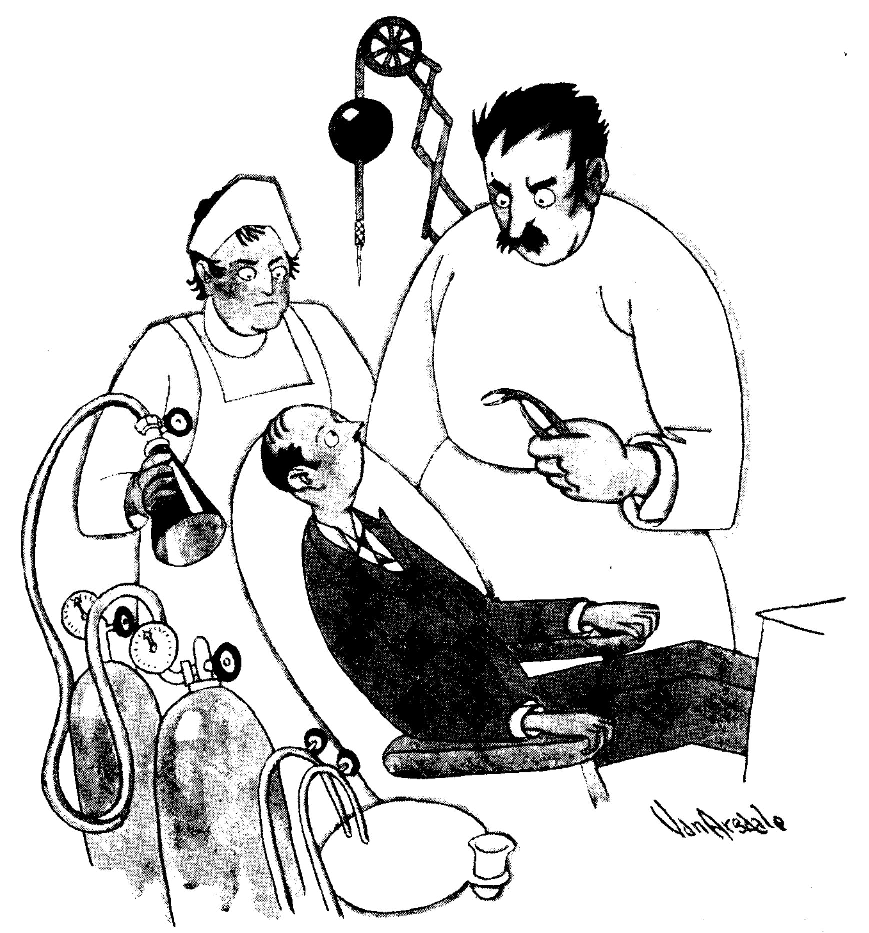
"Oh, please, Antonia! I don't deserve to be put off with the sort of story you might use for the rest."

So he could love her and not believe her, or respect her! "At least," he said, with some sudden determination, reaching for a tie and a coat, "at least, right or wrong, I love you enough to try to get you what you want. You wait here until I get back."

SHE did wait. She waited five, ten minutes before she heard a shuffling sound in the corridor, nearer, scraping feet outside the door. Then the door flung open and a heavy figure, a flushed face, was catapulted through it.

Antonia had shrunk back against the wall in terror, and Freddie Burr had recovered his feet and his tongue before she even recognized who it was: "I'll have you put in irons for this. You can't drag a man around a ship like this. I'll—"

(*Continued on page 46*)



Patient: "I warn you, I am liable to become violent under the ether."

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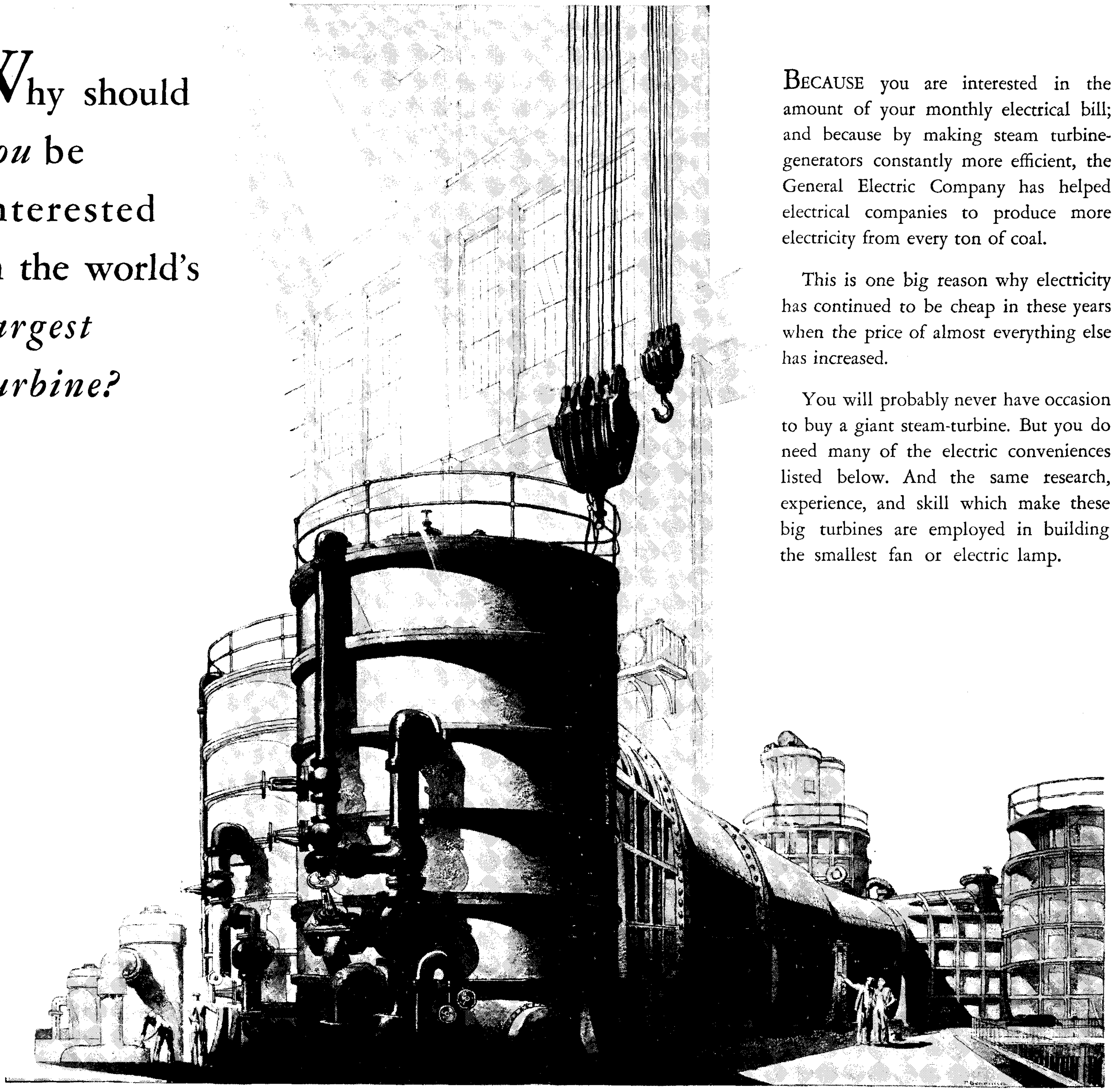

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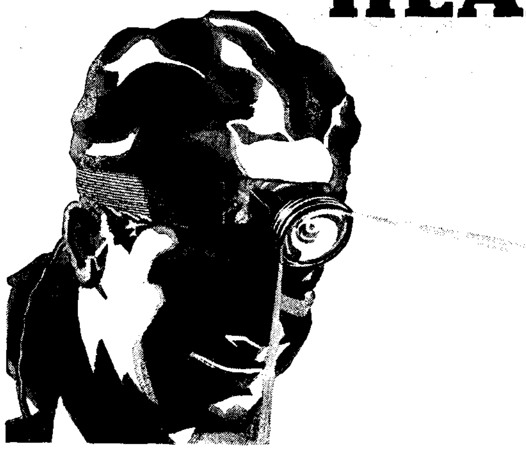

Lights Where You Look
Leaves Both Hands Free

THIS new and unique type of flashlight fits comfortably around your head or hatband, tilts at any desired angle and throws its light wherever you look. The battery case slips conveniently into your pocket or clips to your belt and leaves you both hands free.

Motorists, doctors, campers, home owners, farmers, mechanics, plumbers, dentists, electricians, bandsmen who march at night, firemen and many others, therefore, find ready use for the Winchester Headlight which meets a need no other type of light can fill. A few of these many uses are suggested here and you can, doubtless, think of many more.

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3 and 5 cell Diffusing
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3-cell Focusing gives 360 ft. range
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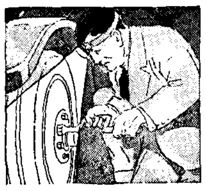
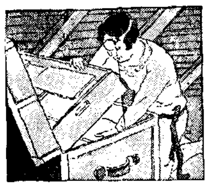


For all jobs down cellar

Meets many a need about the house



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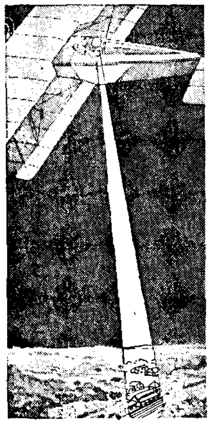
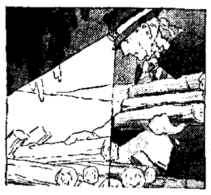


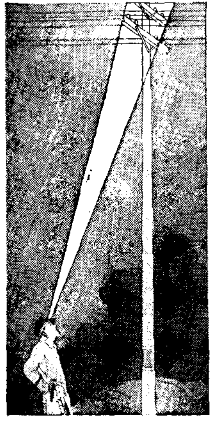
A most useful light for doctors

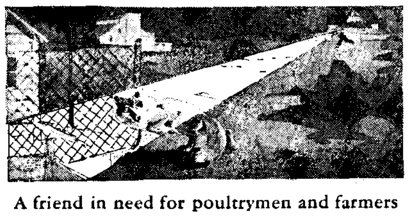
As handy in the country as in town



For all jobs around a car

For telephone line and similar work, the long range Headlight is particularly useful





A friend in need for poultrymen and farmers

The Burden of the Blonde

Continued from page 44

"Shut up, Burr." Tripp stepped in and locked the door. "Now whatever it is she wants from you she's going to get, or you're going to get—plenty."

"What does she want? Hell's bells, she's only got to ask for it. You don't have to go dragging a man—"

"What she'd probably like is a signed statement before a witness, Burr. Now there's paper and a pen. Yes, pick it up. Now, Antonia, you dictate exactly what you want Burr to write and sign."

"Very well." Somehow in the midst of it all she had regained her calm. "Very well, then, Freddie, write this: 'Before the S. S. Columbia sailed from Cherbourg, November 9th, I had never even seen a blonde girl named Antonia Sand.' Now sign it, Freddie, and give it to me." Beneath his signature she wrote her own with a firm hand. "Now give it to the violent Mr. Guthrie as a reminder for future reference that the obvious is not always true. If you will excuse me, gentlemen—"

She left them staring at each other, puzzled for the moment. Through the closed door she heard Tripp say: "I wonder how she happened to do a thing like that."

And Freddie replying, "Like what?"

"Like throwing over her whole scheme—just to try to convince me."

"She's dippy about you—if that's what you mean."

Something must have happened in that cabin during the rest of the day. They didn't come out until almost eleven that night and when they did two men came out. Antonia had left only one man and Freddie Burr in there, but two men came out. One of them, with a gleam of new determination in his eye, which was more worthy the son of old George Burr, went to cabin ninety-four, listed in the name of Mrs. Dorothy Galloway. She was not glad to see him. The other with slow step, afraid to find out for sure as long as he could hope, came to Antonia.

THEY went to a certain corner by the rail, high on the boat deck. The moon ducked from a black cloud into a blacker one. "Lack of faith is a pretty hard thing to forgive, Antonia. Isn't it?"

"Don't think about it, Tripp dear. You're no worse than everybody else. It's just because I'm blond."

He picked her up roughly. She was not so big and he wouldn't let her have any breath. But she didn't care much about breathing. She had just seen Nantucket Light, and the aurora borealis, and a colossal planet, Venus rising, perhaps, in the west. The wind took away his voice, almost, but she thought she'd heard him say: "Yes, my dearest dear, it's just because you're blond."

The Father of Thieves

Continued from page 9

Joan threw her fur coat over the motionless figure, as: "We may land ourselves in bad trouble," Delmar protested.

"They will never notice him," she replied impatiently. "He mustn't be disturbed till we get to the hospital."

The French officer rode forward. He had been advised of their approach and allowed them to pass. He seemed to be relieved, but laughingly:

"Congratulations, madame and monsieur," he said. "You are fortunate!"

As they moved on, the old man stirred. Joan pulled the fur aside, and he smiled up at her—a weary but a grateful smile. Very feebly he grasped her hand.

She bent to him.

"Poor old Arab daddy," she whispered, and touched his brow with her lips.

IN a narrow, cobbled street of the ancient city they halted. Joan summoned David.

"Tell me what he wants."

David descended from his place beside the Syrian and came round to the door, smiling as one who humors a child.

The old man, sitting upright, supported against Joan's knees, spoke, in a low voice but clearly.

"He wants to be allowed to go to his brother's house, lady. It is near here. He says he does not love the French."

"Of course!" cried Joan. "It's natural, poor old fellow. But is he well enough?"

David held further conversation with the injured man, and presently:

"He says," he reported, "that his brother, who is a barber, has some skill in surgery, and that his house is at the end of the courtyard over there. He thinks, lady, that by resting on my shoulder he can get so far. Shall we try?"

The old man was raised to his feet. They had stanched the bleeding, which had been comparatively slight, and had bound a linen handkerchief about his skull.

The old man turned. His left arm thrown about the dragoman's brawny shoulder, he extended his right hand to Joan. Stooping, he kissed her fingers, and then her palm. He saluted Delmar with respectful dignity and staggered away supported by David.

"A fine old fellow," said Delmar, following the retreating figures through the dusk. . . .

A few moments later David returned. "The barber is rich," he said. "There is a fine garden beyond that courtyard. The old man, who is already able to walk alone, lady, sat down on a seat by the door and insisted that I must return to you—"

"But—" Joan began.

"I assure you, lady"—David was already beside the Syrian driver and he turned to speak over his shoulder—"he is safe and most grateful. I should only have angered him if I had delayed."

They moved on; but:

"Go back, David, in the car after we have our baggage in," Joan directed, "and see if he's all right. There may be something we can do for him."

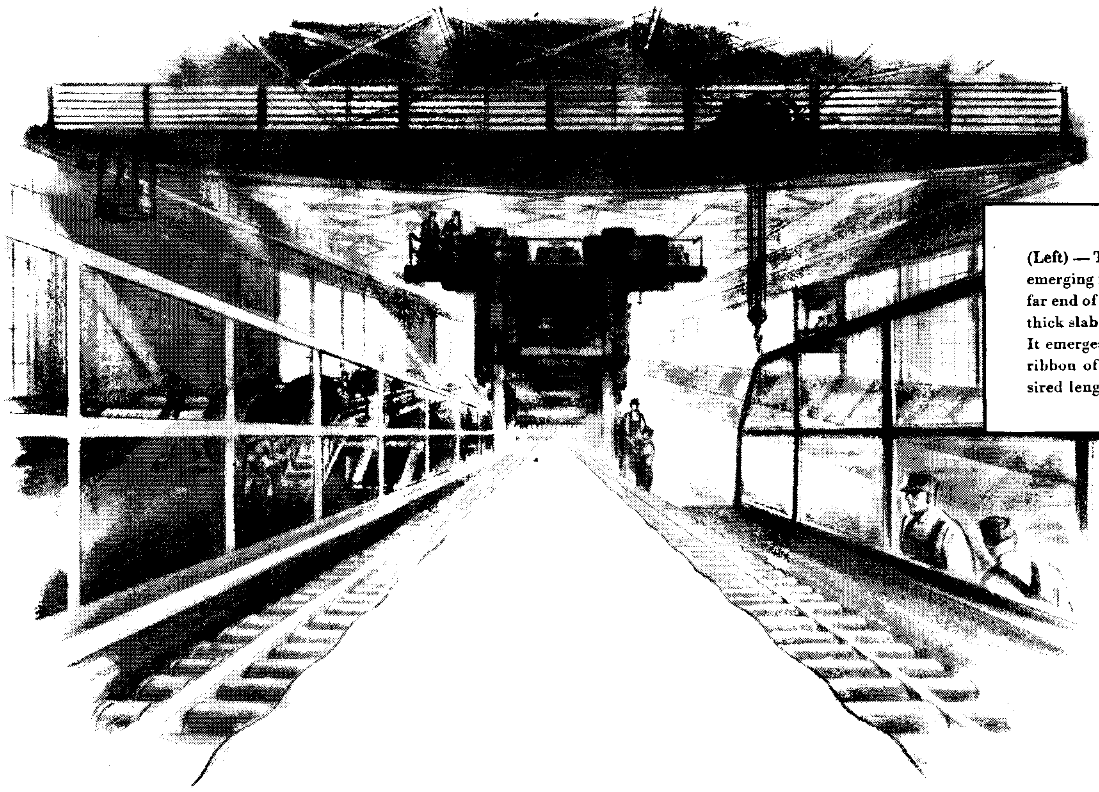
"THANK God we're here!" Delmar exclaimed, looking about a bleak apartment with unpapered walls and an uncarpeted floor.

Joan's glance took in the scanty appointments of their new quarters, and:

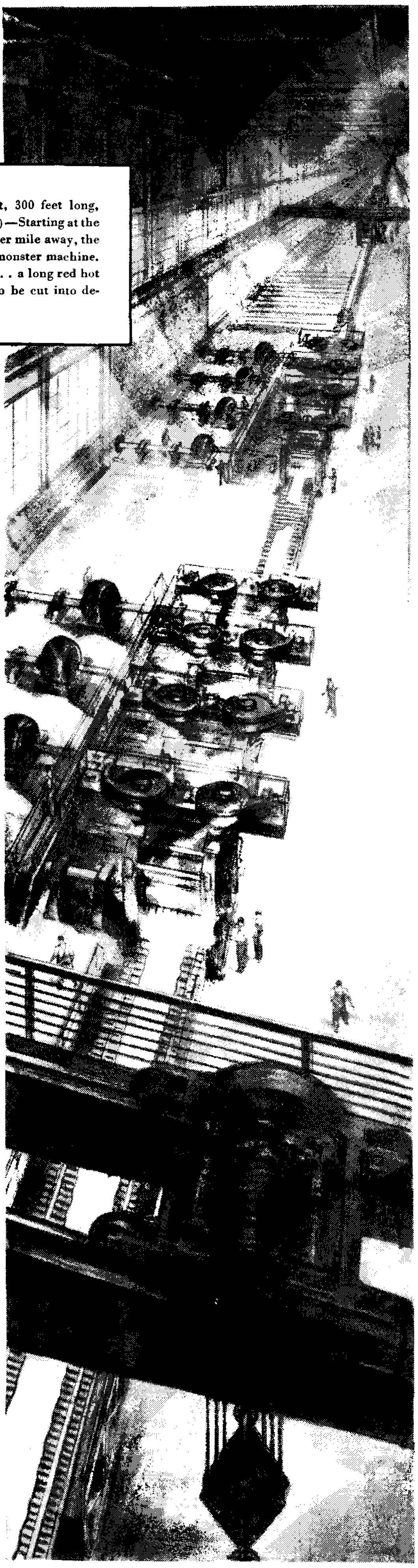
"Well," she confessed, "now that the thrill is over, I confess it's a relief to be safe! But is this really the best that Cook could do for us?"

David, carrying hand baggage, appeared, opening a strangely insecure-looking door.

(*Continued on page 48*)



(Left)—The continuous sheet, 300 feet long, emerging from the mill. (Right)—Starting at the far end of this building, a quarter mile away, the thick slab of metal enters this monster machine. It emerges in the foreground . . . a long red hot ribbon of thin metal, ready to be cut into desired lengths.



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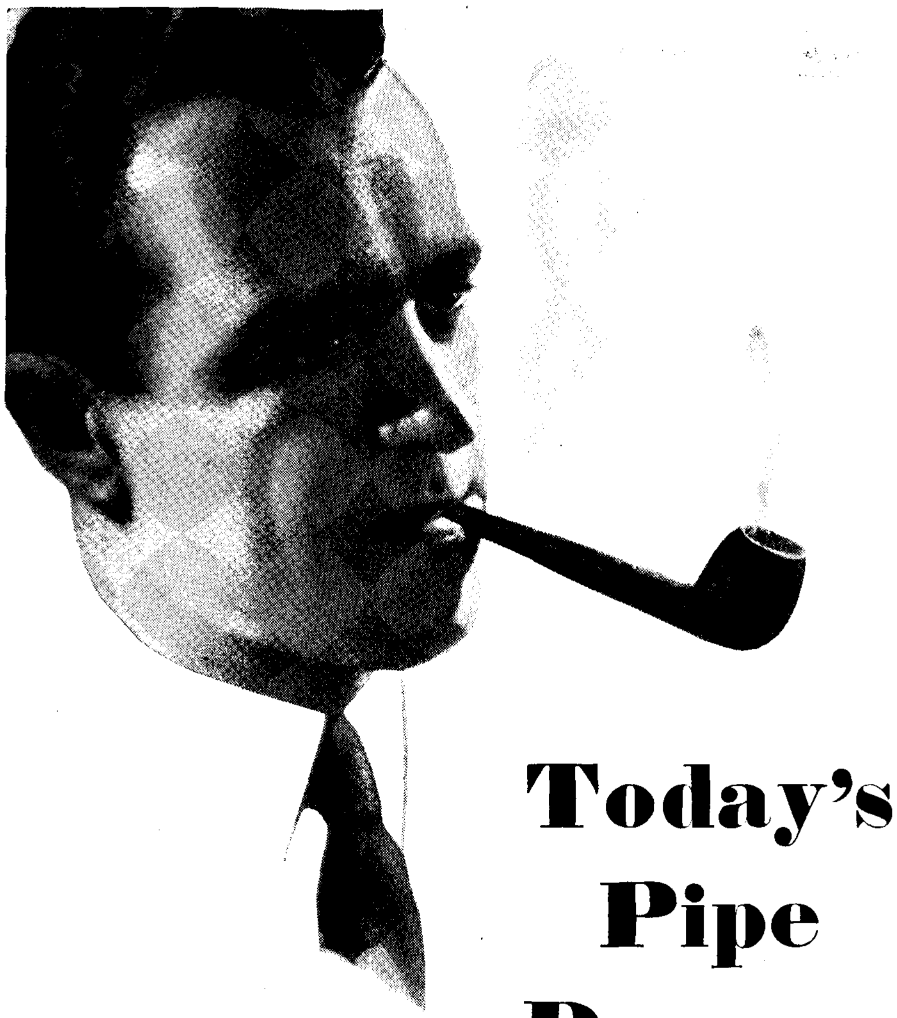


Today's Pipe Dreams

are Tomorrow's Big Deeds

A THROBBING FACTORY, some book that will live, a magnificent building, a victory in law or logic—what is behind each one?

Sound thinking—and, so very often, *a pipe.*

Pipe dreams—seeds of progress! Without such dreams all men would drudge, doing only what had to be done, seeing only today.

Not every man can dream. Nor can each dream come true. There is no magic of success, even in pipe dreams. Yet most men who *do* things are deliberate, assured, thoughtful. They see great visions—calmly, in wisps of smoke.

True, isn't it? Pipe-smokers know—and if you're not one of their manly company, now is the time to find out. Pack a good pipe with Edgeworth and see what hale and hearty relish there is in good tobacco smoked this way.

We said *Edgeworth,* and we stand by that. We'll even furnish the first pipeful—the first several, in fact. Edgeworth may become *your* choice, too. Just send along the coupon for a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of good old genuine Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes — 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
READY RUBBED

Tune in on
WRVA
the Edgeworth
Radio Station
270.1 meters
1110 kilocycles

Corn Cob
Pipe Club
every Wednesday
9:30 P.M.
Eastern Time

LARUS & BRO. CO.
100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name____________________

My street address____________________

And the town and state____________________

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME! H-4

The Father of Thieves

Continued from page 46

"The best room and the best hotel, lady," he assured her. "No one else in Aleppo has a private bath."

"After all," Delmar conceded, "Thomas Cook didn't build Aleppo. He wasn't even anxious for us to come here."

"I wanted to see the bazaars," Joan said with an air of finality.

"Tomorrow morning, lady," David replied, placing parasols, cameras, guide-books and hat boxes on the bed beside that precious jewel-case which Delmar himself had carried up from the car.

"Is there anything to do tonight, David?" Delmar asked.

"Well, sir, there is a cabaret near, used by the French officers. Madame might like to see it—"

"Really *native?*" Joan asked.

"Well!" David shrugged. "Mixed."

A hard-worked porter appeared, maneuvering a wardrobe trunk.

"We might as well go," said Joan. "Is the food eatable here, David?"

"Very good, lady, I assure you."

WHEN at last they were alone and had secured some semblance of order:

"All things considered," Delmar pronounced, "I think we've been lucky." He moved the jewel-case from the bed onto the dressing-table. "Apart from the big ruby we bought in Cairo, there's twenty thousand dollars' worth of stuff here! And Omar isn't by any means a myth."

"What do you mean, Rob?" Joan asked, busily unlocking a toilet-case: "a myth?"

"I mean he's a bit of a magician in his way. He appears to be able to pass through solid walls and to laugh at locks, bolts and bars."

"He's a cowardly ruffian. I only hope he hasn't managed to get away. . . ."

There came a knock at the door.

"Come in!" Delmar called.

David entered. Some of his smiling assurance seemed to have deserted him. Mainly, his expression was puzzled.

"Oh, of course!" Joan exclaimed. "I had really forgotten. How is our poor old man?"

"Well, lady," David began, and paused as if at a loss for words—"well, I cannot find him!"

"What do you mean?" Delmar asked curiously.

"There is no barber's house at that place, sir! I do not know Aleppo well, you understand, lady?" He turned to Joan: "Only the bazaars, and the citadel and the other things people come to see—"

"But the garden, David! You left him at the gate of a garden?"

"Yes, lady, that is true. But I find when I go back it is the garden of a very old mosque! There is no house of any kind in that courtyard!"

"What!"

Delmar had abandoned his unpacking, and was staring in growing amazement, when again there sounded a knock on the door. A native servant came in, carrying a square package wrapped in canvas. This he placed on the table and went out.

"But, David," Delmar began, to be interrupted by Joan.

"Wait a minute, dear," she said. "There's some mistake. This isn't for us."

David bent and examined a label attached to the canvas, and:

"It is addressed to you, lady!" he assured her. "Look!"

"Then open it!" Delmar suggested.

David with a large clasp-knife cut the twine, and tore off the canvas packings. A square wooden box remained. Inserting the blade of his knife he pried off the top, inverted the box and lifted out the contents.

In amazement too great for words the three stared at a small casket, apparently of solid gold—as indeed it proved to be—and studded with precious stones!

"There's some mistake!" Joan whispered. "There must be. Is it locked? Try to open it, David!"

David clumsily raised a curious clasp decorated with emeralds which secured the casket. He threw the lid back.

Inside, upon velvet, lay all Joan's jewelry . . . the ruby ring bought in Cairo forming a centerpiece!

"Good God!"

Delmar dragged a bunch of keys from his trousers pocket and sprang to the leather case on the dressing-table. He inserted the key; then:

"*Locked!*" he gasped.

He turned the key and opened the jewel-case.

It was empty!

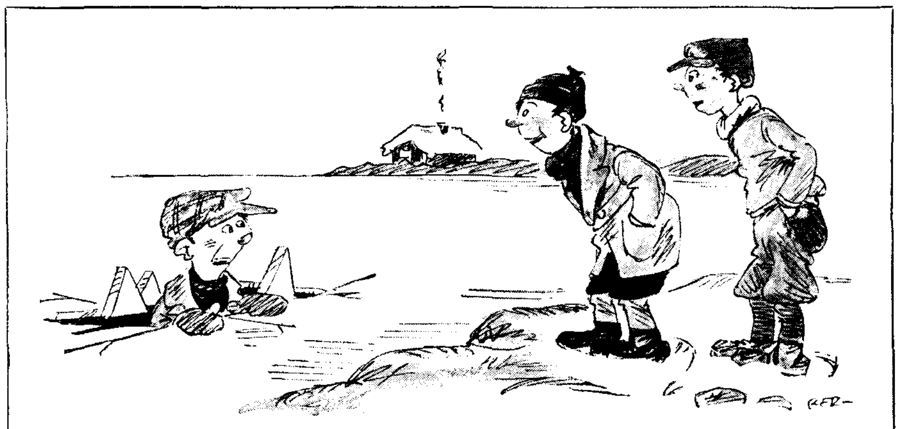
"Rob! Look!"

A man amazed beyond speech, Delmar confronted his wife. David, his complexion sickly, stared from one to the other.

JOAN had pulled out a note tucked under the lid of the casket. It was written in firm but peculiar characters upon native paper. She read it, glanced at her empty jewel-case, and grew suddenly very pale.

Delmar took the single sheet from her fingers. It was written in English:

> Divine Compassionate Lady:
>
> In no other way could I tell you of my gratitude. You saved me from the accursed French. I return to you your treasures—even the big ruby, which I was tempted to keep . . . in memory of lips sweet as Paradise.
>
> Your slave,
> OMAR ALI KHAN
> (called Omar of Ispahan).



"Who says it ain't safe? I'm standin' on the bottom now."

Laying 20 miles of 48 inch pipe made of CAST IRON

Reg. Trade mark

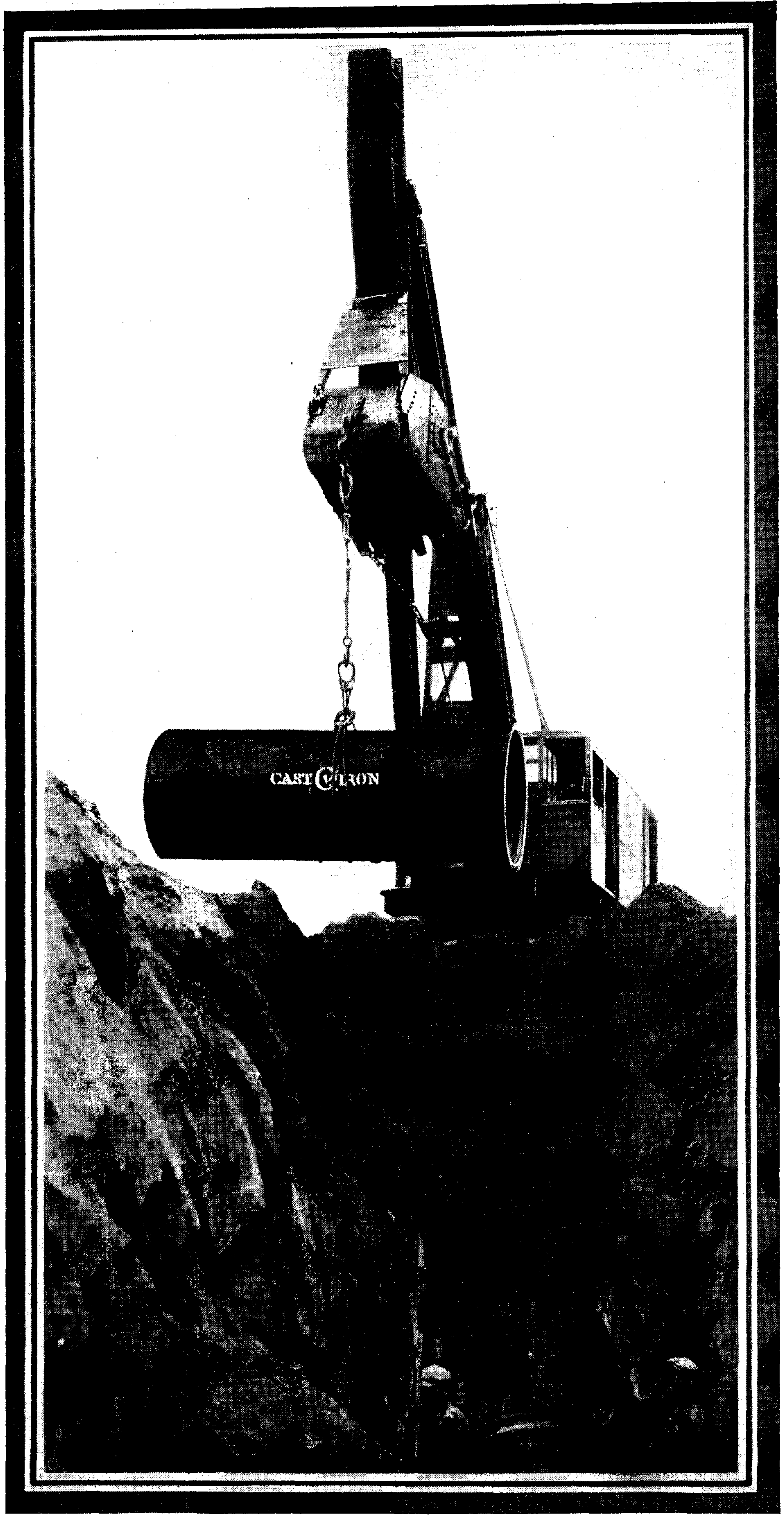
DIG and lay . . . dig and lay. A six-ton pipe swings into place. At a signal the crane becomes a shovel . . . nose dives . . . comes up with three tons of earth in its maw. Length by length, deep under ground, Albany is laying 20 miles of 48 inch cast iron pipe, world's largest cast iron water main installation.

If another Rip Van Winkle should come back to Albany a hundred years from now, he would find everything changed except this cast iron pipe line. Albany is installing a water supply system adequate for a city twice her present size. She is building its main artery—20 miles long—with large diameter cast iron pipe. For cast iron pipe serves a century —*has* served two centuries and more.

Taxpayers, their children, their children's children, will not outlive the useful term of service of this great pipe line. They will not have to pay the colossal cost of replacing and relaying shorter-lived pipe. Engineers and officials of cities that plan for the future specify cast iron pipe for water and gas lines because it is the longest-lived material practicable for underground mains. More large diameter pipe made of cast iron was produced and sold in 1929 than in any previous year.

All pipe made of ferrous metal (iron and steel) with the exception of cast iron pipe, disintegrates from rust. Cast iron pipe is the only ferrous metal pipe that rust will not destroy.

Taxpayers, city officials and engineers desiring information regarding pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and industrial needs are invited to write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



When you see water or gas mains being laid in your city, look for the "Q-check" mark as shown on the pipe in the illustration. You will know *that* pipe can be laid and forgotten. Cast iron pipe with this trade mark is made by the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

These simple health rules.. help you fight

colds *and* flu

ONE of the most important things you can do—both to prevent and to correct colds or flu—is to *take action against Acidosis*. That is the word of high medical authority.

Acidosis simply means that the body is less alkaline than it should be. It is present with every common cold, and may even *cause* colds. It weakens the body's power to throw off germs—lowers resistance. Thus colds get started; then "hang on"—get worse instead of better.

The Warning Signals

Acidosis announces itself through such familiar symptoms as chronic tiredness, headaches, nervousness, sour stomach, sleeplessness and loss of appetite. Its most common cause is too much good and necessary but *acid*-forming food (meat, bread, eggs, fish and cereals), and not enough *alkaline*-reaction food (oranges, lemons, other fruits, vegetables and milk).

Although acid to the taste, oranges and lemons have an alkaline reaction in the body. They build up the body's normal alkaline reserve—and its resistance to disease. Oranges and lemons are among the most potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis known to medical science.

These are simple and delicious forms of *protection* that medical authority recommends: First, three full-sized glasses of orange juice a day, orange salads and desserts and lemonade; also—lemon in tea, in salad dressings and as a garnish.

Corrective Measures

At the first sign of a cold, go home as quickly as possible. Take a hot bath and get into a warm bed at once. Then drink a full glass of hot lemonade. The "sweat-out" that follows will eliminate poisons. In the morning, pour the juice of one lemon into a half glass of water. Stir in a half teaspoon of baking soda. Drink it while it effervesces. Repeat three times a day until all cold symptoms disappear. *Also, see your doctor before colds become serious.*

Oranges and lemons are important in preventing constipation. And the generous quantities of liquid are helpful in checking fever. Also, they furnish essential minerals, and vitamins A, B and C.

To assure richest juice and finest flavor in your fruit, look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of Oranges; on the wrapper of Lemons. "Sunkist" is your guarantee of uniform quality.

FREE BOOK

Please send the coupon now for your free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," endorsed by high medical authority. This interesting book discusses Acidosis in detail and lists normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus.

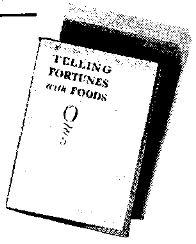
© 1930 C.F.G.E.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1602, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods*. You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories*.

Name __________ *Street* __________

City __________ *State* __________



Swaddling Clothes

Continued from page 19

Miss Lawrence, who, if I am any judge, wore a short skirt despite her debating attitude, came out for the new-style skirts as if she regarded them as the solution of the Allied debt problems, the establishment of world peace, the salvation of mankind, the ending of the Manchurian-Chinese difficulties, and the one way to get the big industrial revival in 1930 for which President Hoover and those big business leaders have been huddling.

"Some legs should in common decency be shielded," declared Miss Lawrence, and a number of rather stout ladies sitting about the room in half-pint garments pulled their skirts down a little lower and looked as if they could have killed her.

Miss Weiman, replying, took a firm stand for complete freedom of the knees, declaring with blazing eyes that legs had ceased to shock anybody years ago and that any move to cover them now as a matter of modesty was hypocrisy.

Decidedly Pro-Knee

Well, the applause when she concluded showed that the short skirt had won by a big majority.

Mrs. William Dick Sporborg, the chairlady, then invited remarks from the floor and got them.

A flamboyant blonde among the standees got the floor and asserted, "We girls have always been able to do our stuff with the men, regardless of our skirts."

"What was that again, please?" demanded the chairlady, hardly believing her ears.

"I said that we girls have always been able to do our stuff with the men, short skirts or long skirts," repeated the lady, who didn't look a day over forty.

It nearly broke up the meeting.

And at that point the meeting needed a laugh. It was getting dangerously serious. Some of the ladies acted as if they wanted a national revolt voted then and there, and a price put on the head of all dress designers turning out full-length skirts.

"What do you think, young man?" asked a motherly looking lady who seemed to regard me with considerable misapprehension.

"I don't know," I had to answer. "I'm a stranger here myself," and I think it was a pretty diplomatic retort when you consider that I hate trouble of any kind, and can think of nothing worse than to go through life with a slight limp due to an argument with a couple of middle-aged women.

As a matter of fact, though, I am no neutral. I am decidedly pro-knee. Having been out and about the streets of the city quite a lot, I have given the female knee considerable study during the past five or six years and while there have been some very terrible specimens reviewable at all times, I have thought the good ones not at all unpleasant to the naked eye.

No matter what may have been the advantage or disadvantage of short skirts to women, they have been a good thing for men. American morality was at its lowest when it was a household mandate to refer to legs as "limbs" and when the top galleries of our theaters were always filled with little boys when the billboards had proclaimed the coming of "Honolulu Nights. See the Native Dancing Girls!"

It was a rather terrible age. False modesty was its keynote. It was the shy era of snoopings and blushings and whisperings. Pictures of burlesque queens were given away with cigarettes, men wore celluloid buttons with queer inscriptions, and "Roy kissed Minnie" was inscribed in chalk on school fences everywhere as a horrible indictment.

You could block traffic anywhere by drawing attention to the fact that a young woman was giving a physical culture demonstration in a drugstore window in her bloomers, and many a girl was denounced as a hussy for being so immodest as to ride a horse astride in a public park.

America was saved from this sort of thing by the style tendencies of the past decade. As Miss Weiman said, a knee is a knee. There is nothing disgraceful about a leg, not unless it's too carefully hidden. Legs and knees during late years have become almost uninteresting.

Short skirts, candor in dress, did it.

And now the dress designers want to bring back the old-fashioned full-length dust-collecting, germ-sweeping garments. They want to make a mystery of calves and knees again.

Well, I have been making inquiries among the so-called sterner sex on the proposition, and while many otherwise brave fellows refused to speak for publication for fear their wives might start arguing again, practically all who would talk were against long skirts just as they were against rear doors on touring cars, long beards on head waiters and iron deer on front lawns again.

They declared almost to a man that if the girls ever took to dressing once more as if they had been guided by the instructions "Wrap Carefully. Do Not Bend," they would feel like retaliating by raising "burnsides," taking snuff, mastering the melodeon, wearing bearskin overcoats to the opera, and petitioning the state legislature for an appropriation for cinder cycle paths on all trunk roads so both sexes could really go places and do things on tandems.

I found only two men who were for the long skirts. One was a wholesaler with a big stock on hand and the other was a man whose eyesight hadn't been very good since 1918, anyhow.

Bright Sayings of Big Men

Just to give an idea how some of our big men stand, I will give you the following results of some Inquiring Reporting:

President Hoover: "You will have to excuse me. My administration has been blamed for enough already."

The Prince of Wales: "I don't care whether they wear them long or short. I am going off on another lion hunt."

Roger Babson: "I am with the shorts and have been ever since October."

Ambassador Dawes: "Scat!"

Bossie Gillis, mayor of Newburyport, Mass.: "No good American woman should surrender to them frog curryotiers."

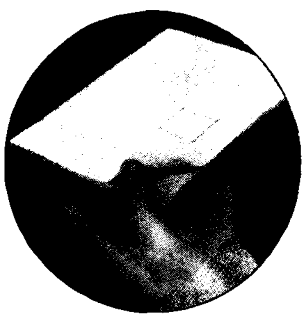
John Gilbert: "I think a skirt should be a skirt and not a puzzle."

Rudy Vallee: "Nothing I could say would mean a thing to the girls unless they could hear my voice."

Girls, stand firm! The men are with you. Revolt! Fight! If you lose this battle you know what it means:

1. Bustles.
2. Corsets.
3. Hair "rats."
4. Feathered fans.
5. Flannel petticoats.
6. Balloon sleeves.
7. That old nerve tension induced by constant wondering whether any male neighbor has ever caught a glimpse of your ankle.

Noise has been dropped from the Payroll of the New York Life Insurance Company



J-M Nashkote—a light, quickly-applied, sound-absorbing material—was used on the ceilings of [illegible] floors—14 acres—of the huge modern New York Life Building.

ON Madison Square the New York Life Insurance Company has built a home in which 3500 workers are undisturbed by the clatter, noise and confusion so general in offices everywhere. The company's officers, in planning this new building, recognized that noise is expensive, that it leads to costly errors, reduces efficiency and increases absences due to illness. They resolved to drop noise from the payroll.

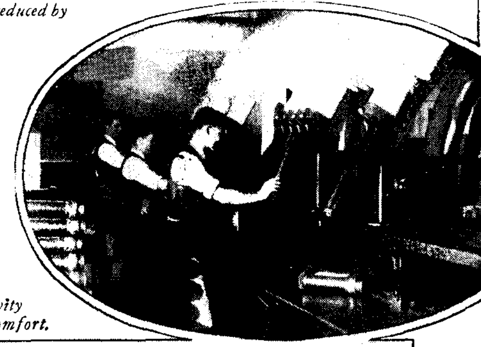
As an institution interested in public health, its officers felt that the New York Life should consider the health of its employees. As a financial institution handling hundreds of millions of trust funds, these officials desired efficiency and accuracy. Neither the best of health, nor the best of performance is possible under noise conditions common in most offices today. Hence it was determined that the noise evil be controlled.

How this has been accomplished

To attain the desired result New York Life turned to Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of office-quieting methods. The problem was a complex one. The space included every variety of office, a series of dining rooms, corridors—not to mention special rooms such as pneumatic conveyor tube stations, teletype rooms and the like. The activities which produced the noise could not be curtailed—yet the demand was for reasonable quiet, for noise to be reduced until it ceased to be disturbing.

That demand has been met. The effect has been achieved by the use of more than 600,000 square feet of Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Material. We make no claim that dead silence exists in New York Life offices but the cutting edge has been taken off the noise. Typewriters and adding machines click, bells ring, filing cabinets are opened and closed, doors shut, people move about—but only a subdued murmur reaches the ears. Noise no longer wears out nerves, nor causes confusion. Noise is off the payroll.

Where large numbers of pneumatic tubes are manipulated the noise is greatly reduced by sound-absorbing material on ceilings.



Below: This is typical of the many office machines in use in the general offices at New York Life. J-M Sound-absorbing Materials on ceilings allow such activity without discomfort.

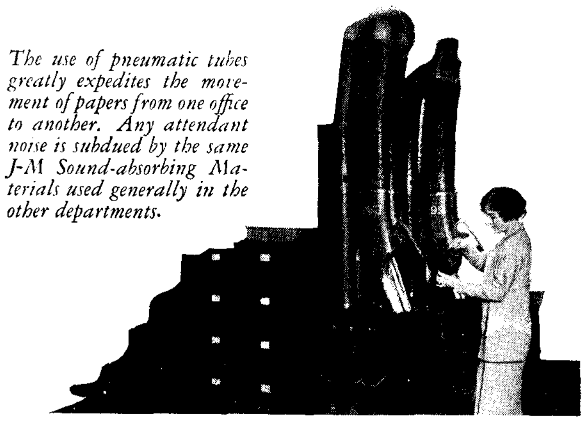
". . . the measures taken to eliminate noise have improved working conditions very noticeably," says Dr. Hammer, Welfare Official of this great company . . . .

You need this quiet in your own office

Your office may be large or small, but regardless of its size everyone in it will do a better job if noise is controlled. As Dr. Hammer, Welfare Official of New York Life, puts it, "the strain of daily office noise causes marked energy wastage." Can you yourself afford to waste energy? Can you afford to have your associates overtax themselves? To your own office J-M Experts can bring the same quiet, restful working conditions found at the New York Life Insurance Company. A J-M-quieted office is a real workshop. Things get done smoothly, accurately, promptly. Everyone is healthier and happier. Hence efficiency increases, and profits are better.

Cass Gilbert, Architect

The building of the New York Life Insurance Company provides a worthy home for one of the world's greatest financial institutions. With over seven billion dollars of outstanding insurance New York Life is one of America's four largest insurance companies.



The use of pneumatic tubes greatly expedites the movement of papers from one office to another. Any attendant noise is subdued by the same J-M Sound-absorbing Materials used generally in the other departments.

The J-M method of office-quieting is logical. As at New York Life, we make no effort to control noise-producing activities. Instead we proceed to control the noise by blotting it out through the use of special sound-absorbing materials developed by J-M laboratories. We produce a variety of these sound-absorbing materials. From them the type best suited to your office can be installed without disturbing your normal routine. Besides controlling noise in offices our methods have quieted scores of hospitals and have been used to provide good acoustics in every variety of auditorium.

These teletype operators do not disturb their associates because modern sound control material stifles the noise of their machines. J-M materials can be applied in old or new buildings.

Ask us to have a J-M Engineer call. You will be under no obligation. And tell your secretary to send the convenient coupon for any, or all, of our free books on sound absorption.

JOHNS MANVILLE PRODUCTS

Johns-Manville

SOUND-ABSORBING AND
OFFICE-QUIETING TREATMENT

Address JOHNS-MANVILLE
At the nearest office listed below
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto
(Offices in all large cities)
Please send me free of charge the booklets checked.

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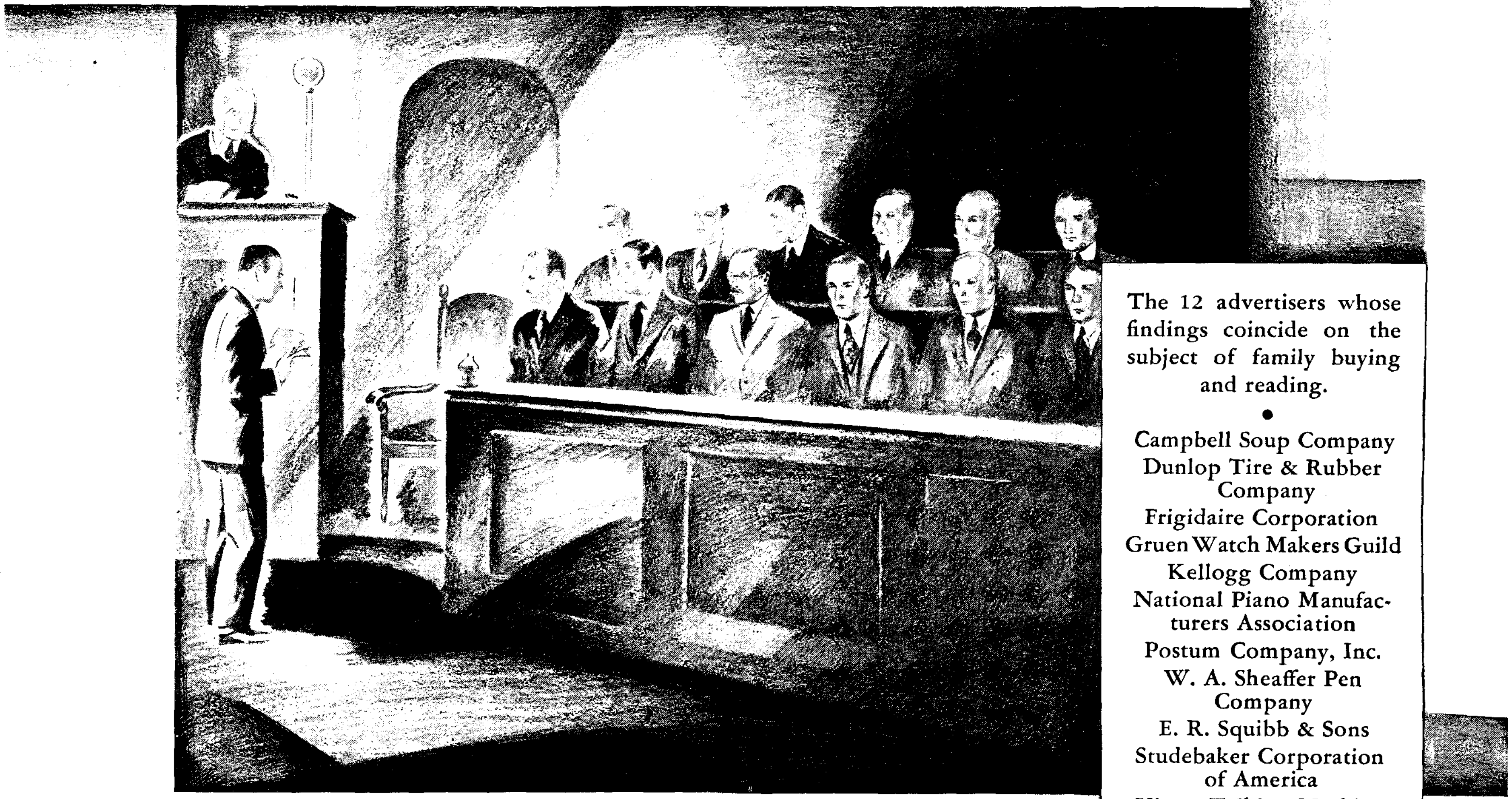
- ☐ Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment in Hospitals and Sanitariums
- ☐ Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment in Churches
- ☐ Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment in Restaurants and Cafeterias

Name . . . .
AC-16-2
Address . . . .

12 JURORS ARE UNANIMOUS



The 12 advertisers whose findings coincide on the subject of family buying and reading.

●

Campbell Soup Company
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company
Frigidaire Corporation
Gruen Watch Makers Guild
Kellogg Company
National Piano Manufacturers Association
Postum Company, Inc.
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company
E. R. Squibb & Sons
Studebaker Corporation of America
Victor Talking Machine Company
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

●

—THE VERDICT IS FINAL

For the past year 12 national advertisers have been studying family buying and reading habits among 56,469 typical families in 101 cities and towns. They asked two questions now gaining increased attention in big business circles:

First: What is the value of family good will as a sales factor?

Second: What magazine is most thoroughly read by the whole family?

The methods used varied with the difference in product. But, working independently, all 12 advertisers got the same general results and definitely established two principles of vital interest to every manufacturer:

First: Family good will is the dominant sales factor today. Of the total replies, six families out of ten said they bought after two or more members had exercised preferences.

Second: The American Magazine is the one most thoroughly read by the whole family in the 2,200,000 homes it enters. The families replying voted it a 5 to 1 favorite over its nearest competitor.

This particular group of surveys only confirms what has been indicated for years by many others made by advertisers, advertising agencies, associations and research organizations. Write or telephone for detailed facts and figures on the class of merchandise in which you are most interested.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

The American Magazine

First with all the FAMILY

Stepdaughters of War

Continued from page 26

it is dealing with the insides that we hate.

The stench that comes out as we open the doors each morning nearly knocks us down.

"Our ambulance women take entire control of their cars, doing all running repairs and all cleaning."

This appeared in a signed article by one of our head officials in London, forwarded to me by Mother last week. It was entitled "Our Splendid Women." I wondered then how many people comfortably reading it over the breakfast table realized what that "all cleaning" entailed. None, I should imagine, much less the writer of the muck. Certainly we ourselves had no idea before we got here.

It's Got to be Done

The snow is coming down pretty heavily now, the waterproof sheet over my hood is full, and the red cross over the front of the driving seat totally obscured by a white pall. Blue-nosed, blue-overalled drivers in knee-high waterproof boots are diligently carrying buckets of water and getting out cloths in readiness for the great attack. The smell of disinfectant is everywhere. No one speaks much. It is a wretched morning and the less one talks the sooner one will be out of these whirling flakes.

The inside of my ambulance is at last cleared of its filth. I swill it with water. More water. Now with disinfectant. I examine it minutely. Commandant's eleven-to-twelve inspection is no idle formality. She goes over every square inch of each ambulance, inside and out, the engines are revved up, the tire pressures tested, everything. With all her faults, she knows her job. If only she had a little heart she would be an ideal woman for this sort of work. Why is it that women in authority almost invariably fall victims to megalomania?

Now for the engine. I start up after ten minutes' hard work, for the engine is stone cold. Something is wrong. A choked carburetor? I clean it. No better. She doesn't seem to be getting the gas quickly enough. A dirty feed? Or a valve? I test the valves. They are O. K. It must be the gas line. It is. I listen. She is running sweetly enough now.

Tires are all right, thank heaven. Perhaps a little more air in the off-side rear? Done.

Ten-thirty-five. How time is flying. I shall never get Commandant's ambulance ready for eleven-o'clock inspection. I polish the outside of mine hurriedly. A lot of good it is washing and polishing in this weather; by the time we have turned round at the bottom of the lane we will be splashed all over. But Commandant insists it be done, wet, fine, mud, sleet or snow.

Ten-forty. Can I do it? I make a bee-line for Commandant's bus. First in the line, of course. Who would dare swipe her place? Heroes have earned the V. C. for less daring than that brave deed would require. I open the doors. Oh, God! gangrene. My stomach heaves up and down. I run behind the ambulance where the others cannot see.

Ten-forty-five. Five precious minutes wasted. I creep back, furious with myself. I ought to be accustomed to gangrene by now. With clenched teeth I set to work, swilling, scrubbing, disinfecting. I cannot see, and nothing on this earth will ever make me see, why the hospital orderlies cannot clean the insides of the ambulances while the women drivers sleep after their grueling night-work.

Ten-fifty-five. I am safe if her engine is in good running order. I manage a jug of boiling water for the radiator. She starts fairly easily. She sounds pretty good to me. A hasty polish.

Eleven o'clock. Done it. I am sweating all over. My chilblains are smarting where the disinfectant has got into the cracks, but I don't care. Here comes Commandant, punctual to the tick, hoping for victims.

Inspection over. I have escaped with a caution. Being a snowy day she will overlook the two small spots I have omitted to clean off the hood.

To our rooms to change back into uniforms. No mail in yet. That means eating the canteen filth today. We shall probably be poisoned, but we are so starving after our work in the snow we are prepared to eat anything.

Commandant's whistle blows.

"Potter!"

Etta Potato runs. Two sisters to be met and taken to Number One. Poor old Etta Potato, the train will be hours late and she will miss dinner, such as it is. She cannot possibly get back in time. Any driver out on duty during meal-times simply misses the meal. No one dreams of saving it for her.

The whistle blows again.

"Smith!"

My turn.

"I thought I told you to clean the W. C.?"

I was going to do that after dinner, I explain. Commandant does not believe me. I had forgotten. Don't lie to her, please. Tea-orderly tomorrow as well as today will perhaps assist my memory in future. I change back into overalls, get a pail, and stagger to the W. C. These are the occasions on which I rejoice that we have only one W. C. for forty-five people.

Dinner is nearly over by the time I have finished. The soup-stew literally stinks.

"Dead dog," says Tosh.

I bag a hunk of bread and an infinitesimal piece of margarine and munch.

The Mail Arrives

Being tea-orderly has its compensations on a foul day like this. I am not sorry to be kept busy in the canteen setting cups and saucers and cutting bread. At least there is a fire there, although it means waiting on forty-odd impatient drivers from three till six-thirty, carrying their dirty dishes to and from the kitchen, filling cups and tea-urns and so on.

The Bug bursts in, full of news. There *is* a mail in. It is being sorted now. Someone told her two hours ago. Two hours? That means the first batch may be delivered any time now—

An hour passes. One by one the drivers come in, frozen, add their names to the bottom of the list, and demand refreshment. As fast as one name is signed Commandant has the top name out again. That whistle is driving us mad this afternoon. A sister to be met here, another funeral, another evacuation, a parcel of medicine from the station to such and such a hospital, bustle, bustle, bustle. I fall over myself to get the girls fed before they are sent out again. A fresh arrival brings a rumor of two extra convoys. One at eight o'clock, and one at ten. We groan. Is it merely a canteen rumor, or has it a foundation?

(*Continued on page 54*)

FREE . . . *a 10-day tube of Pepsodent*

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

Under Germ-Laden Film Decay Begins

You must remove film. Please accept a free supply of the special film-removing dentifrice.

BEING asked to accept a free supply of Pepsodent tooth paste will be of greatest interest to you *if your teeth decay—if teeth are stained, discolored—or if you are threatened with pyorrhea.*

You will be interested, because Pepsodent tooth paste is made to combat these three conditions more effectively than any other method known.

Pepsodent removes germs from teeth

Germs cause tooth decay. Germs and tartar under favorable conditions cause pyorrhea. Virtually every common disease of teeth and gums results from germs.

There is but one way known to fight germs and better safeguard teeth and gums. You must remove a slippery, stubborn film that glues bacteria to the tooth's enamel. This film covers and protects germs from antiseptics you may use. It imprisons germs in crevices and clings so tenaciously that the most vigorous brushing fails to dislodge it successfully. And your dentist knows too vigorous brushing brings harmful results.

The SAFE scientific way. Acts differently

Today's dentists are urging patients by the millions to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way. You will note that difference the instant it touches your teeth.

First Pepsodent curdles film and then REMOVES IT SAFELY. No pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a scientific action that recommends it for the most sensitive teeth and gums.

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There is only one Pepsodent. It is the finest tooth paste dental science of today knows how to make. You will want to try it for the sake of lovelier, healthier teeth. Please write today to the nearest address.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

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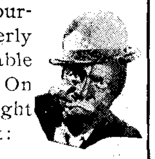
You will find yourself awaiting eagerly these incomparable blackface artists. On the air every night except Sunday at:



7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George Street, **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3394

The microscope told us . . . our experience proved it . . . VALET *is a better blade*

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Men who know steel prefer the Valet—and those who know faces prescribe it—because this remarkable blade proves its superiority both in the laboratory and bathroom. Triple-hardened Valetite-processed steel finished to a micro-edge assures a degree of uniformity impossible to attain by the usual process of manufacture. The new Valet, ideal for stropping is always ready for use without stropping. Try it in the scientifically designed AutoStrop Razor. You'll like its friendly angle, superior shaving performance and unequalled convenience.

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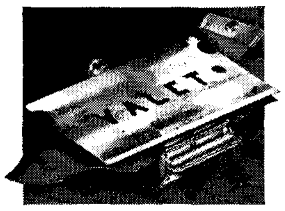


The NEW VALET
Auto-Strop BLADE

(*Continued from page 53*)

It is nearly dark now, and the wind is rising. Snow is whirling against the window. A blizzard would not surprise us. Finally the mail arrives, a big batch of letters and a huge bag of parcels.

The letters are taken to Commandant's room to be sorted. Heaven knows when they will be out. It is a queer thing that, though efficient beyond words at everything else, Commandant seems to take a delight in seeing how slowly she can sort the mail. But I am not terribly interested in letters. As tea-orderly it is my job to sort the parcels.

I spread them on the bare boards. The crowd nearly knocks me over in its eagerness. There are two dozen or more. One for Tosh, two for me. I leave the others to sort out their own and fly to the W. C. with my spoil. The first, Bovril—three large bottles—two tins of ginger biscuits, slabs of chocolate to eat with them, a hundred cigarettes. Cheers! Poor Mother, she doesn't know I smoke. She thinks I give them to the wounded Tommies. That is why she keeps me so liberally supplied. I open the second parcel. Handkerchiefs, smelling-salts, Keatings, a lavender bag, a writing-pad, a cake of carbolic soap, and my fifth carbolized body belt. From my godmother, Aunt Ellen. I rush to the bedroom and fill my suitcase. Back to the canteen where more drivers are clamoring for tea. The room is filled. Everyone is laughing and jolly and expectant. Wholesale trading is going on, body belts for Bovril, biscuits for cigarettes, hairpins for saccharine—

Half past five. And still Commandant has not sorted the letters.

At six o'clock the room is practically empty. Those who are hungry for letters have given up in despair and gone to lie down. The ten-o'clock convoy may turn out a certainty, although the eight-o'clock one is off. Five new drivers arrive straight out from England. They look half dead. They have had a drive of about seventy miles in the snow in an ambulance, on top of a filthy crossing to Boulogne. They are completely exhausted. The tea is finished, too.

I am about to consult the cook when Commandant comes in. She eyes the newcomers severely and without any greeting turns to me.

A Raw Recruit

"Smith, show these drivers to the vacant beds and see they report to me in five minutes."

What a welcome! No wonder the poor things look depressed. She leaves her door open. I simply dare not ask about the tea.

There is a label on each camp bed with their names. Two of them are friends. "Can't we share the two-bed cubicle?" they ask. "We stipulated we were not to be separated and they promised." I shake my head. They insist on asking Commandant. I advise them not to, but they will not listen. I know exactly what will happen.

"I'm dying for a cup of tea," says one, "and then I'm going to have a sleep."

She has no idea she will be sent straight out on an ambulance to learn the various localities of the various hospitals, and to take over her own ambulance at midnight. She is lucky if she gets a cup of hot tea first. It all depends whether Commandant has closed her door and I can bully cook.

"We go out with an experienced driver for a month on her ambulance for probation, don't we?" asks one. "I suppose we'll start tomorrow. I hope so, I'm awfully keen."

"I'll see if I can get you some tea," I reply evasively.

Too late. The whistle blows.

"Smith!"

"Commandant's waiting. Will you come this way?"

They file into the room. Commandant tells me to go. I depart thankfully to the kitchen for tea. I have no desire to listen. I know exactly what is going on. I know the scene and the dialogue word for word.

The door opens. The five newcomers emerge, drooping visibly. Commandant blows her whistle and scans the list. She selects the first four names, and turns to me. "You have finished tea-orderly, Smith. Take one of these new drivers. Preston, go with Smith."

A fair, fragile-looking girl of about eighteen turns apologetically to me. I try to look pleasant. It is not her fault.

"Yes, Commandant," I reply.

Preston follows me out.

The snow is thick now. My engine, having been off all the afternoon, is stone cold. It takes nearly twenty minutes to get going. I am so cold my fingers refuse to grip the wheel. Preston gets up beside me.

"Station first," I tell her.

How am I going to point out landmarks when they are all snow-obscured? The black tree-stump on the left that leads to Number Eight, the shell-hole that indicates the turning to Number Five, and so on. Familiar as the landscape is to me it takes me all my time to keep my bearings. We go on and on in silence till the station is reached. We couldn't converse, even if we felt chatty. The snow gets in our mouths every time we open them.

"In this gate, you can follow the others, so you'll be all right. We back here into a straight line. I'll show you the trick to that. You've got to toe the plimsoll or you'll throw the line out of gear, and Commandant will be down on you—"

"She's rather hard, isn't she?" asks Preston. "I mean, very efficient, isn't she?"

"Which of you said you were nervous of night driving? You?" I ignore the timid criticism.

"Yes." Preston looks surprised. "Who told you?"

"No one. I guessed. After you are loaded you make for the gate. The orderlies tell you your load at the train—so many stretchers and so many sitters. You tell sergeant, 'Six stretchers and three sitters'—or whatever it is. Then he tells you the number of the hospital."

They Soon Get Over That

"I hope I find the right hospital in the dark," says Preston. "Do you think—"

"I think you'd better faint when you get back and stay unconscious until Commandant gets the doctor. Then you can learn the ropes by daylight tomorrow."

I am not joking. I always advise newcomers to do this. But only one out of every dozen has the sense to swing the lead. Newcomers are too conscientious for the first couple of weeks. After that they wangle whatever they can in the way of bed, like the rest of us. . . .

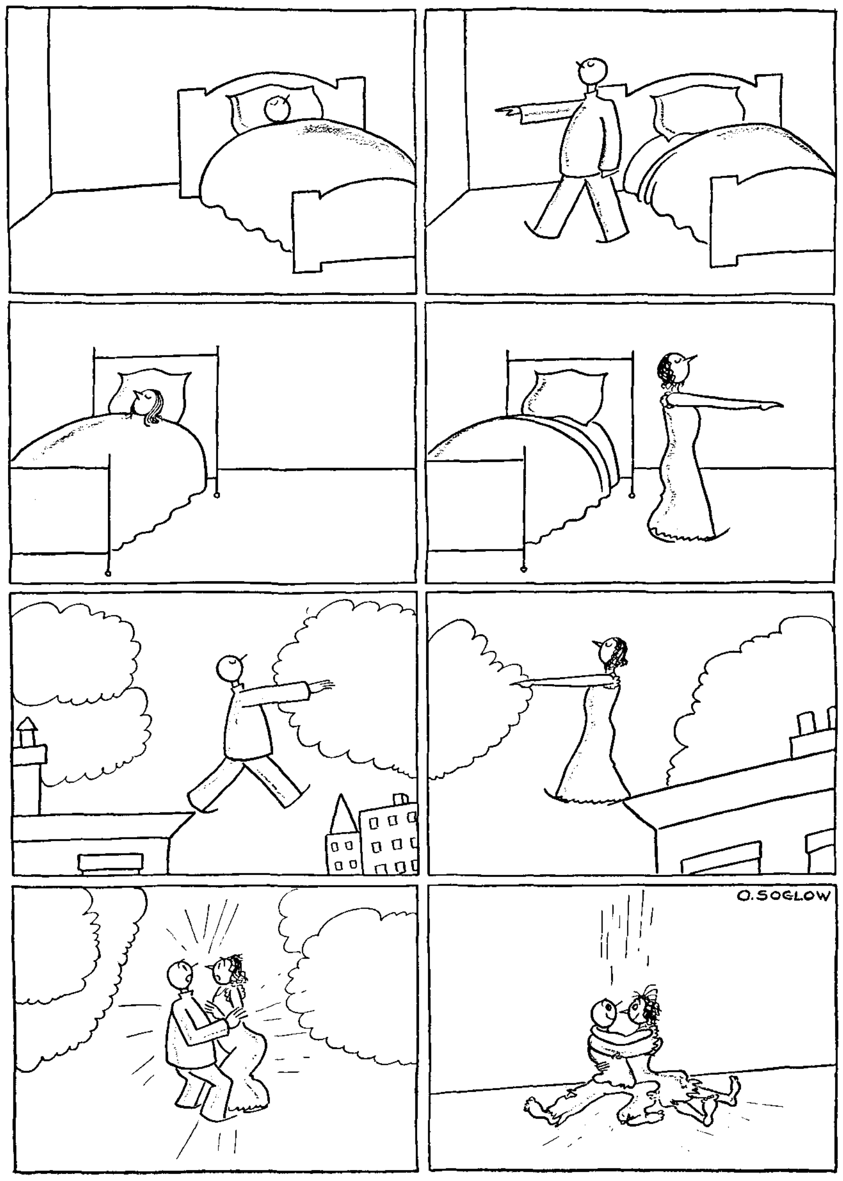
"Oh, I couldn't do that," says Preston. "I—"

"You must do your bit," I interrupted sarcastically.

"I came out for that, didn't I?" she asks simply.

Poor bloody fool. I savagely tread on the gas and tear up the hill.

It is after ten when we get back. I am so numb I cannot feel my feet. Preston is almost in hysterics. She will be no use at all for this work. She is one of those vague, flustered creatures with



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Let Blue-jay end its pangs instantly, gently... and protect the sore spot from pressure while it works its clean magic. Don't allow any corn to keep you house-bound when spring sunshine fills the air.

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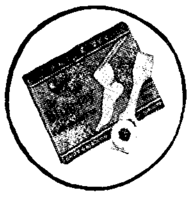

no driving sense at all. How she passed her test is beyond me. I was bad enough when I began, but at least I can drive. Preston never will. She has been twice round the camp—I am only supposed to take her once, but so worried am I at the possibility of the wounded men being ditched in the snow or worse, I have exceeded my duty. The result is, she has not located one hospital correctly.

I have shown her the man-traps, the corner where if you do not slow down you are likely to crash, the hill with the double bend at the bottom—but she is utterly bewildered. I hope she gets into a snowdrift on her way to the station and sticks there for the night as a girl did last week. It will be a blessing if she does. I thankfully leave her in the messroom with her companions, waiting for Commandant to allocate their respective ambulances. All I want is a hot drink, a fag, a hot-water bottle, and an hour's stew in my flea-bag.

Word from Home

The others are asleep. Will the kettle never boil? There are four letters on my camp bed, one from my sister Trix, one from Mother, one in a handwriting I do not recognize, and one from Aunt Helen. They can wait till I am warm and cozy under my blankets.

At last the kettle steams. Bovril, a large, strong, boiling cup. I fill my hot-water bottle with the rest of the water. I tear my shoes and gaiters off. I cannot feel my toes. I snuggle into my flea-bag. The heat burns through my woolen soles. It will probably start my chilblains itching, but I don't care. Oh, grateful, grateful warmth.

I light a cigarette.

Mother's letter first.

Committees—committees—committees—recruiting meetings. She has seventeen more recruits than Mrs. Evans-Mawnington up to date—would I like a new body belt?—she has a fearful cold in the head but is "Carrying On" (inverted commas) just the same. "Business as Usual," she writes playfully (also inverted commas)—Father writing soon—the cat has had three kittens, three dear, fluffy balls of fur, Mons, Wipers and Liége, rather sweet—don't I think?—and the way the dog washes them is too charming—Mrs. Evans-Mawnington boasting that Roy Evans-Mawnington is coming home on his last leave before going out to the trenches—I will look after myself, won't I?—don't go out in the cold after nightfall with my delicate chest, and take my cod-liver oil regularly. Darling, I don't know how proud Mother is of me and Trix, my two heroes, she calls us, and it does so annoy Mrs. Evans-Mawnington, who only has Roy to give to the country—so-and-so—and so-and-so, my affectionate mother, whose little daughter is—

"Doing her bit." I turn the page. Yes, I am quite right.

The strange handwriting belongs to Roy Evans-Mawnington. I know Roy well but he has never written to me before. Good old Roy, jolly decent of him to write. He was at Oxford when I came out, nice boy, nice clean, blue-eyed, ordinary English public school boy. Not particularly intelligent or brainy, but just nice. A line to let me know he expects to be out in France by the time this reaches me—thought I'd be interested—admired the photograph of me in uniform in Mother's drawing-room and if I have a Stepney—what sort of a time am I having—lots of admirers? Don't let us one-pippers down by getting mixed up with a brass hat, will I—? writing to Trix, too, but rather hear from me, really—I looked jolly smart in uniform, suits me rather, don't forget that spare photograph, he has a fairly decent one of himself taken in khaki the day he got his one pip up if I would like it—jolly glad he's going out, top-hole to be really in it, sick of slacking at home and drilling and route marching—

Poor Roy.

Aunt Helen's contribution is almost a replica of Mother's. Committees—committees—committees—recruiting meetings—don't forget to tell the Commandant she was at school with her sister Ada—given a big sum to the Red Cross—also, so *pleased* with my patriotism and noble example to all girls my age; she thinks it her duty to tell me she's made a will in my favor. (As she will probably outlive me by half a century this does not thrill me as it ought.) The best description of Aunt Helen is that no one has ever dared to call her Nellie—that kind of people do not die young—what do I think? Annie Orpen is sure Fräulein at school is a *spy*. When they played God Save the King the other day, they all watched Fräulein and she was *seconds* late standing to attention. *Quite, quite* reluctant, so Annie says. Isn't it appalling to have the enemy in our midst in this barefaced fashion? So hard to get butter—housekeeping a dreadful trial—altogether the war a dreadful calamity—send if I want anything—and she is mine aff'ly.

I have kept the best wine last. I tear open Trix's letter with real anticipation. A fat six-paged letter in Trix's tiny handwriting. News, news, news. Dear Trix. She and I have always been together until now. There is fifteen months' difference between our ages, but we might be twins we are so inseparable. We have every taste in common, we have attended the same schools, we know each other's most intimate secrets, we go everywhere together. If she had not been too young we would have come here together. I am thankful for that fifteen months' difference in our ages. Had Commandant treated Trix as she treats me I should have let myself go the first few days, of that I am certain.

No. 4 Washing-Up Alley
Workustohellandback Hospital
B. E. F.
(God knows the Date—I don't)
France.

Dear Sis:

If you write me a cheery, Brown-Haired-Lass-in-Khaki-Doing-Her-Bit-for-Her-Country letter again, I'll go mad and bite someone. I get quite enough of that muck from home. We have a lorry driver here who was in your shop about four months ago—Nipper Dale. She knows you and says you have got as thin as a rail. She says your shop is one of the worst in France. It's notorious everywhere. She says it's merry hell. She says there are only about thirty girls out of a hundred who have stuck it longer than six weeks or so. Is this true? Let me know, and if it is, you've jolly well got to transfer.

Here it isn't too bad. Our hours are awful, we never get any time off, and the sisters treat us like lumps of dirt; they simply loathe the V. A. D.'s, and seem determined to make us sorry we ever enlisted. Still, we survive. It would take more than a few sisters to quell me. I wash up dishes from morn to dewy eve. Snitch and I share a wash-house. Note above address—so it's not too bad. I am bounded on the north by plates, on the south by bowls, on the east by cups, and on the west by saucers. If all the dirty dishes I have washed up were placed end to end they'd reach to the moon. When I am not washing dishes I take in meals on little wagons on wheels, to the wards. My entrance is the signal for all the beds to chuck bits of paper and toothbrushes at me. They have no respect for my uniform. The sisters get furious. I shall be taken off breakfasts soon, I have no doubt. The convalescents come out and dry up

(*Continued on page 56*)

Actual photograph of New York's financial district showing predominant position of The Manhattan Company Building—Starrett Built—Starrett Owned

The Manhattan Company Building

Securing an Attractive 6% Investment

A GIANT among giants, The Manhattan Company Building towers high above the downtown New York skyline, one hundred and twenty feet higher than the Woolworth Tower.

Strategically located in the heart of the Wall Street financial district this 70 story building will be one of the outstanding commercial structures of the world. It is 925 feet high and contains 63 stories of office space, seven additional pent house floors and two basements. Its tenants will include many of America's oldest and most distinguished banking, investment and law firms.

Forty Wall Street Corporation, owner of The Manhattan Company Building, First Mortgage Fee and Leasehold 6% Sinking Fund Gold Bonds afford a most attractive investment opportunity. The value of the completed property, including fee, leaseholds and building, has been independently appraised at $22,000,000. On the basis of this valuation, these Bonds will represent less than a 57% loan.

This wide margin of safety will be increased still further through the operation of a quarterly Sinking Fund, beginning November 1st, 1930, sufficient to retire all of these Bonds at or before maturity.

Gross annual rentals from leases and contracts for leases *already signed* are more than sufficient to cover estimated annual operating expenses, maintenance, insurance and real estate taxes, average annual ground rent and maximum annual interest requirements on these Bonds.

Write for special Booklet

G.L.OHRSTROM & Co.
INCORPORATED
Forty-Four Wall Street, New York

Please send me copy of your special Booklet C. 22

Name ....

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IT (WITH SALAAMS TO IVORY) FLOATS

The business of pushing a razor over one's face is, of course, a very familiar business. So familiar, in fact, that it may seem to be the only way to accomplish the result.

But there is a razor that does the job differently. Instead of *pushing* the Enders Razor you *pull* it. You take it in your finger tips and pull *very* lightly, and how it does float through that hair! The lighter you hold it and the lighter you pull, the cleaner and more easily it cleaves the whiskers. All of which your skin enjoys very much . . . both then and afterward . . . *much* more than your present strong-arm, tight-fisted method.

We believe that is one reason why millions of men are shaving with the Enders Razor. The other reason is the Enders blade.

You can always count on it that each new Enders blade you take out of the package is sharp. By hair testing, and by other tests and inspections, we find and discard all the dull ones before packaging. Enders blades cost 35 cents for five. That's 7 cents apiece. It is our intention that every one will be worth 7 cents and more in shaving satisfaction.

The Enders Razor itself, with six blades, is only a dollar at almost any store where razors are sold. Why don't you get yourself one? Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 West 40th St., New York City.

Enders RAZOR

The Hair Test
New Enders Razor with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades, 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

(*Continued from page 55*)

for us sometimes, some of them are topping. I do a bit of flirting in between plates. Snitch is a good sort. A man from her village she was a bit keen on was brought in wounded the other day. Snitch was terribly thrilled and asked Matron if she could go and see him.

Now Matron isn't a bad old stick at all, a bit Stone Age in her outlook but not a bad old bird. We all like her, but she has one bee in her Sister Dora cap, and that's W. C.'s. "Certainly, my child," she said to Snitch, "you can go and sit with your friend but you must not be idle. Take this." So she hands poor old Snitch a big wad of tissue paper and a pair of scissors. "While you are talking to your friend," says Matron, "you can cut squares of paper for the W. C. I will give you some string and every hundred sheets you can string them ready to hang up."

Aids to Romance

Wasn't it a howl? Matron was quite annoyed when Snitch refused point-blank. She said it was false modesty. But poor old Snitch was furious. Fancy cutting squares of lav paper while talking to the wounded hero you're a bit gone on. The story has gone the rounds and the patients are calling poor old Snitch Lavatory Liz. They keep on bringing her parcels of tissue paper to the wash-house, and bits of string and scissors. Snitch will never live it down. She hasn't seen the hero yet; she won't give in and Matron won't; besides, she's afraid the story will have got to his ears and she's afraid to face him. If it was me I should shout with laughter but poor old Snitch is afflicted with blushing modesty.

Have you heard from home? They make me sick with the awful stuff they write about doing our duty, etc. I think it's funny. The other day Mother called me her English-hearted heroine. She always was a bit washy, but this war seems to be finishing her off. How you and I have been able to survive Mother all these years I'm blessed if I know. Anyhow, there's one heroine who wouldn't have been so keen if she had known she was coming to France to spend from six-thirty A. M. to after nine P. M. up to the elbows in greasy water, in a bath of steam. Still, I suppose it's preferable to cleaning Matron's bicycle every day for six months, as I did in England during my training. Why the dickens they dress you up in a pretty cap and make you think you're going to smooth the patients' fevered brows beats me hollow. If they told you the truth you could take it or leave it, and if you took it, as you probably would, you wouldn't feel they had let you down. They seem to think a V. A. D. is never tired, or that she ever wants any sleep. I've never heard a dog spoken to as some of the Pukker nurses speak to us. They are scared stiff we'll pinch their jobs after the war of course, but they needn't worry. None of us in Washing-Up Alley ever want to smell iodoform again. All I ask is home and breakfast-in-bed for the rest of my life. I've had all the excitement I want. Being a V. A. D. is an overrated pastime.

Still, I am not complaining after what Dale told me about your shop. I think I'm jolly lucky. She says if she'd stayed there any longer she'd have gone mad, what with men dying in the ambulances under your very eyes and no sleep. She says is Mrs. B—— still ruling the roost, and if she is may God have mercy on your soul, but she hopes to hear she died in horrible agony. So let me know and write soon, darling old Sis,

Your loving TRIX.

Dear Trix. I chuckle to myself at the story of Snitch and the lavatory paper. Dear Trix. Thank God she has struck a soft job under a matron who is not all efficiency and no heart. I chuckle again. I feel almost happy. A letter from Trix is as stimulating as a glass of bubbly. Dear Trix. I know sisters who detest one another, but Trix and I are not that kind. I do not exaggerate when I say I would die for her. She is closer to me than anyone on earth.

Dear Trix—dear old Trix—

(*To be continued next week*)

Junk that Jinx

Continued from page 12

a bad shot or a poor putt I'd change but never if I was going well. I would dislike having the ball cleaned for fear the good luck would be washed away.

The superstitions in the gallery are more interesting and amusing. Friends of the players who are gallerying have hunches. They follow certain holes and not others, cross their fingers till they hurt, even cross their eyes. They leave if their favorite is doing badly, return if the reports are favorable.

Funny I cannot think of any superstitions I had around the greens because that is where they usually thrive in profusion. I am glad they did not find a home in me, for it would have meant more things to eradicate.

Helen Hicks believes that if she qualifies well in any tournament she should wear the same sweater the next day and the next until she loses. She says she does not believe in many of these things and hopes to outgrow the few superstitions she has now.

Edith Cummings was strangely addicted to superstition. She drew number thirteen as a qualifying number in a tournament when she was national champion and did all in her power to have it changed. On the other hand Jim Barnes won the National Open when his locker number was thirteen. He has always asked for the number since, and of course he is almost always welcome to it.

When Johnny Farrell was playing in the Open Championship in Chicago at the Olympia Fields Club he wore a bright green woolly sweater. In the play-off for the title which he won against Bobby Jones he became very, very warm, and decided to take the liberty of slipping his sweater off for a moment. During this slight breathing spell his game began to slump, so he stretched his arm wearily back into the sweater and came in hot but victorious.

Mrs. Mallory is by far the most superstitious among the tennis players. At one time she would not appear on the court without a curious pin which she considered very lucky. Ultimately this mascot disappeared and the loss was felt as much as though it had been a member of the family.

Superstitions of the Stage

Members of the theatrical profession who have superstitions are fanatical about them. William Collier always goes to every performance by the same street and by the same means by which he arrived for his first. No matter how much traffic or how great the delay he will not change his course.

In a dressing-room, or back stage in

double-quick relief
WHEN PAIN STRIKES
BET-U-LOL

THE DOUBLE-ACTION LINIMENT

Bet-U-Lol has long been prescribed by physicians. Thousands of osteopaths, too, know how invaluable it is in relieving pain, congestion and inflammation.

PENETRATES THE SKIN DISPELS CONGESTION

Bet-U-Lol is not a mere surface rubbing lotion. It is a remarkable and superior liniment in which two unusual actions are combined. It actually penetrates down through the skin pores—right to the seat of pain and congestion. It quickly soothes the pain. Yet, at the same time, it stimulates local circulation to remove the cause.

BET-U-LOL

WHAT DOUBLE-ACTION MEANS TO YOU

In congestion and inflammation of the throat, chest and back, so prevalent in cold, damp weather, Bet-U-Lol is the ideal liniment. For muscular soreness—whether for childhood's bumps and hurts or the deep seated aches and pains of maturity—its double-action brings a new and marvelous form of quick relief.

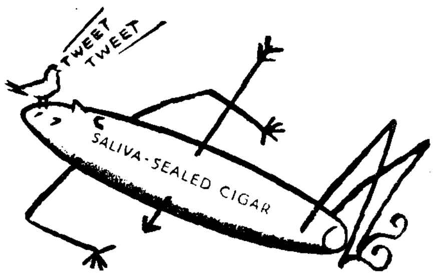
BET-U-LOL

GET A BOTTLE TODAY AT ANY DRUG STORE

The active concentrated properties of Bet-U-Lol will win your instant appreciation. It will not burn or blister the most tender skin. Where Bet-U-Lol does not bring prompt relief your physician should be consulted. 1 oz. bottle—75 cents. The Huxley Laboratories, Inc., 175 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.

BET-U-LOL

This boqey man curled up his toes lonq aqo



Reputable makers replaced hand-and-lip cigar rolling with modern machine methods many years ago. Sanitary Codes followed . . . prohibiting spit-tipped cigars—*by law!*

ROCKY FORD says that . . . for all reputable 5¢ cigars. And adds this . . . for itself:

ROCKY FORD is a surprising 5¢ smoke. Its body is fine long domestic filler. Its wrapper is imported Sumatra. It is a smooth, mild, mellow smoke.

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ROCKY FORD is as pure and clean as a modern loaf of baker's bread. We make **ROCKY FORD** in Richmond, Virginia, in a vast, sunny factory which is the pride and show-place of the city. Sanitary machines cut and roll the long domestic filler. Sanitary machines place and seal the choice Sumatra wrapper. Sanitary machines even fold your **ROCKY FORD** in the humidor-foil that seals in its goodness. The first hands to touch it are yours.

Rocky Ford

The better 5¢ Cigar

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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the theater, it is considered bad luck to whistle. Some feel it bad luck to park their shoes above their head in a dressing-room.

In 1924 when I entered the National championship I had my superstitions, and more and more seemed to grow on me. They got me into an absurd way of thinking. They broke into my concentration, which is so important to good play. Something had to be done.

The match I lost in this championship was to Mary K. Brownein, in the semi-finals. It was played over my home course, in my own home town with my family and friends around me.

While returning to my home in my car after this match I was thinking of all these things. I became so absorbed and so provoked with myself that I drove faster and faster. Two blocks from the house I was hit by another automobile. My car was dashed upon the sidewalk and I ended by almost running over a friend who was out for an afternoon stroll. I realized then that if I could be enough absorbed in these silly superstitions to have an accident it was about time to give up this absurd way of thinking.

Hoodoos and Jinxes

Hoodoos and jinxes belong in the same category with superstitions and lucky pieces. Some golfers play against opponents it is impossible for them to defeat, even though their game may be far superior, while others cannot score well with certain people in the gallery. To be two up with five holes to play is considered a pretty bad situation—for the one who is up!

Maureen Orcutt for many years could not defeat Mrs. D. C. Hurd although she had victory in hand many times. Now Maureen seems to hit a winning streak of birdies and pars when she comes up against Helen Hicks.

Mrs. Harley Higbie of Detroit at the present moment seems to be the notable person who is hoodooed or fated, as she calls it. In the Women's Western championship held over the Mayfield Country Club in Cleveland, Mrs. Higbie found herself in the admirable position of being dormie four on Mrs. O. S. Hill. Mrs. Hill then started a spurt and won on an extra hole.

I played Mrs. Higbie in the third round of the Women's National at the Oakland Hills Country Club at Detroit. Going to the fourteenth hole, my opponent was four up with five holes to play. A piece of good luck or fate, call it what you will, came to my rescue on this green when my putt for a half caromed off the other ball into the hole. Whether Mrs. Higbie's mind dwelt for a moment on the results of the other match when she had been in the same position, I don't know. At any rate Mrs. Higbie, with only a half necessary, lost each of the four remaining holes by a mere fraction of an inch. On the sixteenth green I had my hand outstretched in congratulations only to see her ball curve off the lip of the cup. The eighteenth found Mrs. Higbie with what appeared to be certain victory in her grasp. Taking a mashie to play her third shot she hit a little too firmly and went over the green. Coming back the ball rolled past the pin, too far to be easily holeable, so we played the nineteenth. A trap on the very edge of this green caught my opponent's second shot, and Mrs. Higbie lost what should have been her game. Perhaps fate had intended her to lose or maybe I was destined to win that tournament.

I should hate to think that fate governs my life, guides my putts, or straightens my drives. It would be such an easy way of consoling oneself for those "two-footers" we miss.

Mascots are childish—but more or less harmless. They have a sentimental fascination and afford amusing conversation.

Belief in fate is a little different side of this picture and an altogether understandable attitude as an antitoxin against the violent self-condemnation which descends upon every golfer good or bad at some time in his career. Golf is that kind of a game.

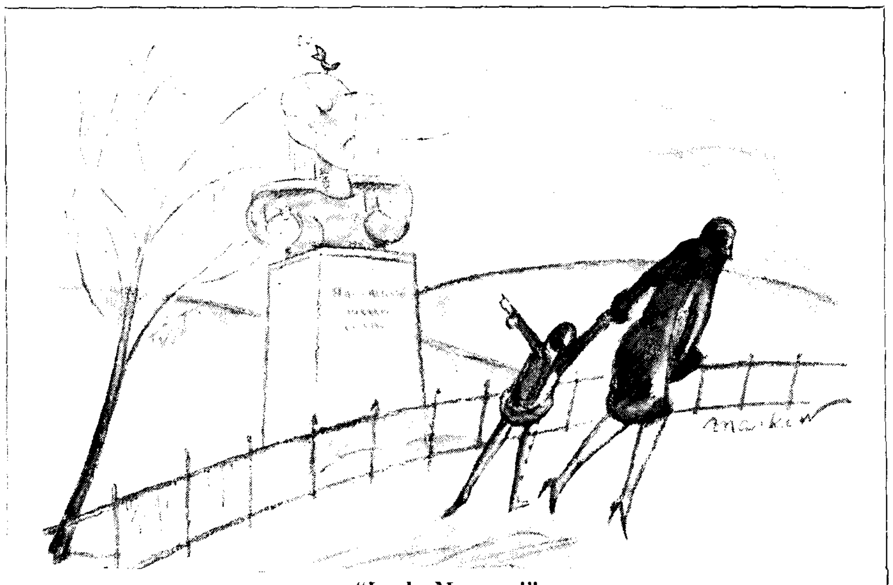
Great Bobby Jones says, "I can't get away from a feeling of predestination." Bobby points out that professionals are apt to say "it was his tournament" and let it go at that, and hope their tournament will come along soon.

Bobby Jones has seen putts on which a championship has hung—his own putts—rim the cup when they might as well have dropped, also he has seen them drop when they might as well have rimmed—predetermined. Bobby believes in the long run that fate plays no favorites.

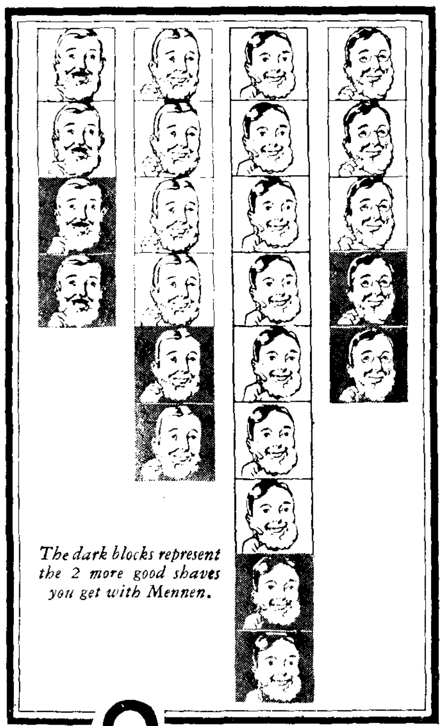
Play the Game

I do not believe in fate. To me the individual is responsible from beginning to end. If you accept an attitude which you know in itself is a handicap then you are deliberately erecting an additional hazard in a game already sufficiently full of trouble.

The only way to play a winning game is to have winning thoughts. Think the right thing all the time so strongly that it will not be necessary to overcome, or forget, such things as superstitions, hoodoos or jinxes. I have tried very hard and think I have succeeded in getting rid of almost all of them. If one happens to creep in now and then, I go the opposite direction just to prove to myself that it is of no actual value.



"Look, Mamma!"



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Jim Henry
(*Mennen Salesman*)

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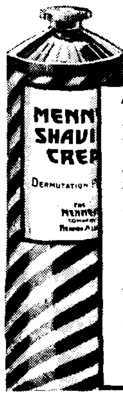

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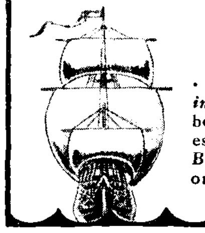

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Uncle Sam

Continued from page 23

the glitter of steel in the remark. Whitcomb couldn't think of a ready reply, and Sam didn't wait for him.

"Your idea, Stockton, was that the use of taxis by the young should be restricted?"

"Yes, I still hold that opinion."

"How would you go about your reform?"

"I haven't thought that out to my satisfaction, but several ideas have occurred to me. We might make a law that minors couldn't engage a taxi to take them beyond town limits, and couldn't engage one even in town after dark."

"You mean, I suppose, the taxi driver would be punished if he took them without their parents' permission."

"Something of the kind."

"It's a little complicated. You couldn't enforce that law."

"In any case the moral effect of it would be wholesome."

"Not if you can't enforce it. How would you decide, if you were the driver, whether a boy was twenty-one or twenty and a half? Would they have to show their birth certificate whenever they hailed a cab? And suppose they were brother and sister, nineteen and twenty, trying to get home at the dark end of a winter's afternoon? You think it would be more moral to let them walk?"

"THE details are difficult," said Stockton, "but I believe we could work out something practical."

"And suppose you permit them to hire a taxi in the town during the day. Won't they flirt then and there if they want to?"

"That reminds me," said Stockton. "Most of the taxis, Mr. Mayor, have the rear seat enclosed in leather, with just a small window in the back. Couldn't they be altered so that there would be glass windows all the way around?"

Sam laughed. "If you expect them to misbehave inside the car, oughtn't you to protect the innocent souls on the sidewalk?"

Mr. Abbot had been listening in patience. When he had to endure what he considered foolish talk, he always stroked his short beard.

"If I may interrupt," he said, "I'd like to say that the young people do a number of other things beside riding in cars. I agree with Mr. Stockton that we ought, as a town, to provide better than we do for the welfare of youth, but restrictive legislation won't be enough. The natural place for boys and girls, next after the home, is the school. Build up the school life of the town, and you'll keep their minds occupied. We need a number of things in Bellevue, but the taxpayers aren't educated up to their obligations. The best schools now teach many things besides the book subjects, and if the town would vote the appropriation, we could put in some vocational courses, and get teachers to develop dramatics and music and that sort of thing. Our children are pretty healthy and energetic—we ought to engage all their attention."

"That sounds good to me," said Sam. "How much would that sort of thing cost, Abbot?"

Stockton saw the committee getting off the subject again.

"Mr. Mayor, this discussion is a little out of order. The town has a school board already—we ought not to trespass upon their field."

"We're not," said Sam. "We're just discussing the whole life of our young people. Let's see the thing in the large. What I like about Abbot's remarks is that they're constructive. I'd rather build up the school than pass another law, any day. Besides, I've been thinking that perhaps we don't do enough for the young people just after they leave school. We ought to have some kind of club, properly managed, where they could dance and play tennis and that sort of thing, and the parents could go along too if they wished. I'd be glad to do my part to build such a place."

Whitcomb recovered his voice.

"That's nothing but a country club."

Sam stared at him.

"I guess you know more about country clubs than I do, Jim. I was never in one. But what I'd like would have an educational side. These youngsters want to dance, but, so far as I can see, they don't do it very well—they just hug each other and hop around. The way to take the danger out of an amusement like that, I should think, would be to teach them to do it artistically. I'd engage a professional dancer to come and make experts of them. The same way with swimming and tennis."

No one seemed overeager to second his proposal. For Bellevue the ideas were startling. Whitcomb took courage from the silence:

"You might get Irene back to teach them, Sam. I see in the papers she's making a success."

Several of the men looked up quickly at the mention of her name. Sam saw that French was right—there had been talk. He kept his quiet manner.

"Irene has done well—I'm very proud of her. She illustrates what I mean. The serious study of dancing has saved her, I think, from an idle and perhaps unhappy life."

"Sam," said Douglas Hill, "this club idea of yours may have something in it, but it needs a lot of thought. If they all congregate there, they'll meet at least a few companions who aren't just right for them."

"Of course it needs thought. The women will have to take a hand and manage the place. But I've an engagement at the bank, French. Couldn't we organize now, and adjourn for another meeting? I'd like to nominate Stockton for chairman, and Whitcomb for secretary. And we ought to have a few sub-committees—one on the school situation, one on the control of taxis, one to report on my club idea—and one to find out who owns the roadhouses near here."

"Why that?" said Whitcomb.

"We'll look them up and see if they'll coöperate. A man isn't a rascal just because he owns a roadhouse. If that's where the young people go when they hire a car, it would be easier to improve the roadhouses than to regulate the taxis."

Whitcomb was beginning to be suspicious. Sam met his eye blandly, but Jim had something of the hunted look he had worn that day when he had asked for a loan to save his investments.

THAT afternoon Sam left the office early. He was within a few blocks of his house when he met Whitcomb.

"I was looking for you, Sam. I want to ask you something."

"Yes?" He didn't invite Jim to go home with him. They stood there in the middle of the sidewalk.

"I've got to find out what you meant this morning by your remarks about roadhouses. You got on my nerves."

"What's the matter with your nerves? I meant what I said."

"You don't know, I suppose, that Marlet and I own the house on the road to Norwood."

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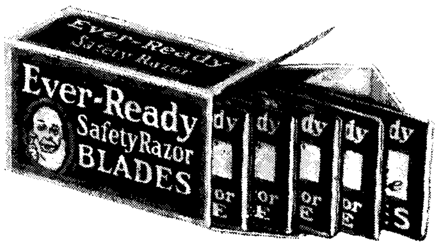
BLADES



"Do you?"

"You mean to say you didn't know?"

"I'm not saying anything. As a matter of fact, I knew it."

Whitcomb wore a look of rage and defeat. Sam was sorry for him.

"Jim, what's wrong in owning a roadhouse? Why are you ashamed of it?"

"People will criticize like the devil!"

"No more than Stockton criticized French, and he knew French and I are partners. When I put you on the committee to report about the roadhouses, I did wonder what you'd do with the situation, but I know what I'd do if I were in your place. I'd tell the mayor and his advisers that I owned that house, and I'd be able to tell him that I'd bought up all the others in the neighborhood, too."

"Why, for heaven's sake?

"Jim, you haven't enough imagination to run a soda-water fountain! If the houses are to be investigated, a lot of them will be ready to sell out cheap. It's a good business, to start with. Then if you and Marlet control them all, you can clean them up. Make your money out of the gasoline and the hot dogs, or whatever you want to sell, and see to it the youngsters don't go there to misbehave. You've the chance to be a public benefactor."

Whitcomb was taken aback.

"That would need capital."

"Find out how much, and let me know. There's always money for a paying business. If you run all the houses, you can organize to do it wholesale. Is that all you wanted to speak about? Good night! And next time, Jim, don't get so hot."

AS HE went up his front steps and took out his key he did feel a little guilty. He knew he wouldn't have given Jim such a scare if Jim hadn't spread that talk about Irene. But the day left him, on the whole, deeply satisfied, and he joked during dinner with George about school gossip, and complimented Priscilla on her new gown. They noticed his high spirits.

Toward the end of the meal Maggie brought in a letter and laid it on the table beside him. It was from John. He opened it and glanced hurriedly through it. After dinner, when Priscilla had gone to another part of the house for a moment, he took it out and read again certain lines:

"If you can't lend me the money, I don't know where to get it. Naturally I ask for it with reluctance. But perhaps this is false shame. In a sense you are responsible for my predicament. When you proposed to found your factory in Bellevue, I feared, as I then told you, the effects of competition. I admit that you have disposed of all the goods we have been able to consign, but apparently you can make a profit at a selling price which we can't meet. If you had cared to protect me, you would have kept your prices up."

He put the letter away, then took it out again and began figuring on the envelope. Priscilla found him lost in his calculations. He hid the envelope in his inner pocket, came over to the table, and picked up a magazine.

"Did French's committee meet, Sam?"

"Yes. We made a good beginning. I think something will come of it."

"Was Mr. Stockton satisfied?"

"He didn't say. We really didn't get very far—just surveyed the ground."

"When do you meet again?"

"The mayor will call us as soon as there's something to report."

"There! I suppose he'll let it die, without doing a thing!"

"No, we'll do something. I'm going to build that club. They seemed to like the idea well enough. I stopped in and asked Emily Wiggins if she'd help. She will. We'll give it an educational aspect, without spoiling the pleasure. They'll need a good dancing teacher."

The pause was ominous. She guessed what he would say next.

"I'll write Irene and see if she wants the job. It was Whitcomb's proposal."

"It was yours, Sam!"

"No, Whitcomb thought of it himself. She probably won't care to return for such work, after she's got started on the stage, but perhaps she will come for a while and give us a good send-off."

"Sam, do you think that's kind to me?"

"It isn't unkind, is it?"

"As if you needed to ask! It's an insult!"

HER eyes were blazing. He had never seen her so angry, but for once he didn't care.

"I'll bring her back if I can, Priscilla, and for a reason I'm glad to explain to you. There's a rumor around town that I sent her away because I was ashamed of her—because she represents something shabby in my past. That's your own suspicion, I know. You never asked yourself whether such a thought wasn't an insult to me. I'm going to have Irene here again, if only for a short time, and the town's going to accept her. I've been patient long enough."

"If she comes back, Sam, I go."

He wasn't disturbed.

"Don't be hasty, Priscilla. But if, on second thought, you feel you must go, then go. I shall have Irene back."

For a moment neither said anything.

"Sam, it oughtn't to be difficult for you to see my situation. You and Mary have some secret about Irene which you don't share with me. There's a relation between you and the girl which I can't understand. If you had had an affair with Mary when you were young, and wanted to bring your child home here to live with you, I think I could have been reconciled to that—provided you told me frankly. But you lied about her, from the first. You really can't expect me to forgive you—no woman would. In spite of the way I've felt, I've stood by you because you're my husband. But I won't begin again with Irene in the house."

He was still standing by the table, turning the pages of the magazine.

"The situation is quite clear, Priscilla—you don't trust me. I told you Irene wasn't my child. It happens that I know who her father is, but I've no right to say—Mary asked me not to. It's her affair. Because she asked me, I tried to keep her name out of it, too—that's how I came to tell you that lie, as you call it."

"Tell me this, Sam—do you ever see Mary?"

"No. That is—"

"Exactly. You do see her!"

"She called at the bank, a while ago, to ask about her daughter."

"Oh, she did!"

"And she may call again some time. I told her I'd be glad to see her. I shall be. She's a fine woman, and I value her friendship."

Priscilla spoke very quietly:

"You've made your choice. Now I'll make mine."

SAM was seated in his office chair with a pile of papers before him which he was fingering, for once obviously roused. Tom Wiggins sat at his right, hugging a gaunt knee. French looked smaller than usual in the large chair at the left. Behind them stood Phil Berton, suave and discreet as ever, with his gift for assuming the background.

Sam's eyebrows were lowered. They were waiting for him to speak. "Well," he said, "if Whitcomb gets the proxies, he can put me out. That part's clear

(*Continued on page 60*)

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THE MADISON PAINT CO.
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(*Continued from page 59*)

enough. The only question is, how many proxies has he, and who's sending them in?"

"I thought you owned the majority of the stock," said French.

"I *did until recently.* A while back I was a little put to it for some cash and sold out a few shares where I thought I could count on them. I don't know but what I could get them back if *Jim hasn't found them already.*"

Wiggins let go of his knee and settled both feet on the floor.

"I thought you were overreaching yourself, Sam, when you built the factory."

"Oh, I don't regret it—it's only a temporary embarrassment. It wasn't the factory anyway—the club came to more than I expected."

They sat a moment in silence.

"What beats me," said French, "is where Whitcomb and Marlet raised all this money. Even if Stockton has got some of the parish to back them up, there wasn't enough wealth in that crowd to account for his getting into the Norwood bank."

SAM'S face lighted with a sudden grin.

"I told Jim what sort of investments to make," he said, "and I guess he took my advice."

French shook his head. "That was a mistake."

"Oh, I don't know. It will do us no harm in the end to have him on a solid footing."

"Well, if they turn us out of the bank," broke in Wiggins, "this town will go downhill. Jim may have some sense for a few days at a stretch, but he can't keep it up all year. If the folks lose faith in this institution it's done for."

Sam looked up at Berton and smiled again, this time with a keen glint in his eye which would have meant no particular good luck to Mr. Whitcomb if that gentleman had been there to see it.

"I shouldn't mind knowing," he said, "just how long Jim could last if the experiment were not too expensive. But I asked you in to consider a little plan of mine. Since he is surreptitiously buying up the stock at a premium, I'm thinking of selling him some of my shares anonymously and making as much profit as he wishes to give me."

The men on each side of him looked puzzled. Only Berton understood.

"Then you'd be out," said French.

"Yes, I'd be out."

"Who'd be in?" said Wiggins.

"My idea was that you would," said Sam. "I have my own reasons for wanting to let go of the bank. It can keep on without me, and I need a vacation. That was all decided before Phil reported this move of Jim's. I have been thinking some time of going home to see my folks. I was thinking of asking you to run the bank for me, Tom, from the time I went away—holding on to my shares, of course. But now if I can find enough proxies to swing the election, I'd rather like to sell Jim anything I've got, over and above what is strictly necessary for control."

French wasn't impressed.

"I don't see what you'd accomplish by that trick, Sam, except to make Jim mad."

"Well, I'm mean enough not to dread that result, but I have another idea up my sleeve—I'll tell you about it later."

Neither French nor Wiggins showed their usual enthusiasm for their friend's strategy. They looked at each other across the desk.

"Sam," said the mayor, "how are you going to know whether you've got the proxies on your side?"

"That's the point," said Sam. "Phil is picking up some information for me as he goes along. But I was thinking of a rather dramatic campaign against myself. If Tom here would just come out with a statement to the stockholders that he wasn't satisfied with the present administration and would like to run against me, why, we might get Whitcomb to help put him in."

Tom looked as though he suspected sudden lunacy.

"I wouldn't be caught in such a scheme."

"We can debate the matter some other time. I just had the idea, and hoped you'd sympathize with it."

Berton broke his sphinxlike silence: "I wonder if Mr. French or Mr. Wiggins has heard that rumor I told you about this morning, sir."

"Oh, yes," said Sam, "that's rather essential to the scheme. It completely slipped my mind. You remember Dick Marlet, Cora Stockton's cousin—that fellow who went to school with me? Well, Phil understands that he and Whitcomb have fallen out."

French and Wiggins saw no great promise in this news.

"And if they've fallen out, perhaps Marlet would like to sell out his shares in our bank. In fact, Phil understands that Whitcomb wanted to buy them, but Marlet was sore at him. Whitcomb did him on the roadhouses."

"I doubt," said French, "whether Marlet has enough stock to count for anything. He is not a saver."

"Well," said Sam, "if you'll send one of your cars around to my house about two o'clock this afternoon, I'll go over to Norwood and ask Marlet about it."

"That would give the whole thing away!"

"Will it? I'll tell him I need the shares badly. If he passes on the news to Jim, Jim will bid higher, and I'll sell the shares back to him. We'll have another talk tomorrow morning, and I'll let you know the result."

French and Wiggins rose to their feet.

"Frankly, Sam," said French, "the whole scheme looks pretty shaky to me. I don't think we ought to move until we have got a solider program than this."

"This will be solid as we go on with it," said Sam. "Can you stop a minute, Tom? I'd like to see you about another matter."

Berton got the mayor safely through the door and closed it behind him.

"Sit down again, Tom," said Sam. "Cheer up! I want your advice on another matter."

WIGGINS sat down and pulled his chair up to the desk.

"I can't understand this sudden ignorance of yours about the stockholders in the bank. What's happened?"

Sam leaned back and smiled at him.

"Of course I know who the stockholders are. I didn't want to mention it, not even to you, Tom, but I'm rather embarrassed about Priscilla. You know she has been away a long time and she's pretty critical of me on one ground or another. Most of my holdings in the bank are in her name, and I'd hate like anything to ask, as a favor, for her proxies. That's the situation in a nutshell—public life a bit cramped by domestic."

He continued to smile, but Wiggins had a feeling that inwardly he was a little mortified.

"Well, hasn't the usual notice gone out to her, asking for the proxies? That's impersonal enough."

"But there's something else. A while ago a letter came to her in Stockton's handwriting. I forwarded it of course. Now if Stockton is working with the rest of the minority to support Whitcomb, I can't get it out of my head that he may have been asking for Priscilla's vote against mine."

(*To be continued next week*)

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The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 17

am glad to say, belong to a different grade of society."

"You're not an habitué of the Milan, though, Mr. Grossett?"

"I am there pretty often."

"The manager does not seem to remember you," Milsom remarked.

Reuben sat up in his chair.

"What's all this about?" he demanded. "Mr. Milsom here asked me at the inquest to come up and see you and answer a few questions, and I was very glad to come, but what have you got in your heads about me? I don't understand what you're driving at."

"We hoped you might have been inclined to talk a little more freely to us here than you would have been in court," Milsom admitted. "We hear so many conflicting stories, you see. For instance, we have heard that you were seen at the Milan on the night the young lady was killed. Is that true?"

"I was nowhere near the place."

THE sub-commissioner glanced at the shorthand writer. The latter's pencil was busy for several moments.

"Very well, then," the sub-commissioner continued. "We are to understand that that is not true. Then we heard in various quarters that a certain amount of mystery attaches itself to your life since you gave up the study of the law. No one seems to know what you do in the daytime, but you are frequently out all night. Are you still engaged in an office, Mr. Grossett?"

"I am looking for a job."

"Been out of one long?"

"That's my business."

The sub-commissioner raised his eyebrows.

"Come come, Mr. Grossett," he expostulated. "I thought that if we treated you in friendly fashion, you might be inclined to be more confidential."

"But what have these personal questions to do with anyone except myself?" Reuben protested. "What is there for me to be confidential about?"

The sub-commissioner leaned forward across his desk. Something menacing crept into his tone.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Grossett," he said. "I will put the matter as plainly as you like. These are the points upon which we need information from you: First of all, the whereabouts of David Newberry; secondly, the murderer of Miss Belle Morgan; thirdly, the head of the criminal organization known as the Lambs."

"In plain words, you want me to—"

Reuben stopped short. A cold shiver ran through him. The sub-commissioner completed the sentence for him.

"Quite right, Mr. Reuben Grossett. We want you to squeal. You might just as well."

Reuben, although his tongue was as dry as dust in his mouth, and his temples were throbbing as though with the beating of red-hot anvils, made a supreme effort. He forgot his terrible slip, he pushed back the memory of it. He looked across the room at that merciless figure at the desk, and he took up his part once more.

"I'm afraid," he regretted, "that I have wasted your time, and you have wasted mine. I am not the man you seem to think I am. I know nothing of any of these matters. If you will allow me," he concluded, half rising to his feet—

"Don't hurry, Mr. Grossett—pray don't hurry," the sub-commissioner begged. "Much better for us to come to a little understanding together whilst you are here. Now, let me ask you this: Are you a great traveler?"

"I never leave England," Reuben replied.

"Then why," his questioner continued, "have you five trunks of perfectly new clothes—complete outfits, in fact—lying in the cloakroom at Cannon Street Station, labeled 'via London Bridge to Tilbury for embarkation on the Tolada next Monday'? Is the game up here?"

Reuben laughed with almost hysterical uneasiness.

"You've got me mixed up," he declared. "There's no luggage of mine at Cannon Street. I'm not thinking of leaving the country, and if I were, what business is it of anybody's? I'm not accused of anything, am I?"

Detective Milsom coughed.

"Certainly not, Mr. Grossett," he intervened. "Most certainly not, but there are one or two little matters we should like to have cleared up. For instance, Lord Newberry. You weren't on very good terms with him, were you?"

"I didn't know him," was the swift rejoinder.

"Not know him? But you were both in the same gang twelve months ago."

"What gang?"

The sub-commissioner smiled.

"The young man was brought up in a lawyer's office," he observed. "All the same, Reuben Grossett, it is our belief, from information we have received, that you could, if you would, tell us all about this gang. I suggest that it might make things easier for you."

"You two gentlemen have an utterly wrong idea of how I spend my life, and my time," Reuben insisted.

"Oh, I don't think so," Milsom remonstrated. "We really are not so ill-informed as you seem to believe. Today, for instance, you rose at one o'clock. Very late indeed for a young man of your age. You took some sort of a meal in the refreshment room at Cannon Street Station, you visited your barber there, you sent a telephone message from the telephone booth, and then you took the underground up here. I think that's fairly correct, isn't it?"

"You're having me watched!" Reuben exclaimed.

"Yes, we're having you watched," the sub-commissioner acknowledged. "And you will be watched from now on until we discover what we want to know, unless you turn sensible, and tell us the truth. Come on, young man, out with it! There's two thousand pounds' reward for the Swan Alley murder; there's five hundred pounds' reward for the Milan Court murder. Tell us all about this precious gang, and indirectly you may earn both."

THROUGH sheer terror, Reuben was goaded into the effort of his life. There was surprise and mild offense in his rejoinder.

"If you've been following me about you've lost your time," he declared. "I know nothing about gangs. I'm a bit of a slacker, I admit, since I came into my money, but what have the police got to do with that?"

"Chuck it, Grossett," Milsom enjoined sharply. "Tell us how long it is since you were at the Lion and the Lamb in Bermondsey?"

Reuben's collapse seemed imminent.

"Look here," he complained, "I don't understand this. You've got me here, you say, to ask a few simple questions which you didn't wish to ask at the inquest because you wanted them kept out of the papers. I came all right, didn't

(*Continued on page 62*)

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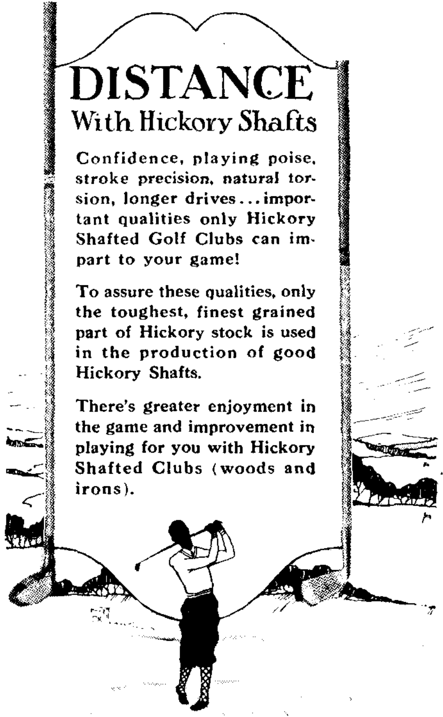

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(Continued from page 61)

I? Now you're asking me a string of things which have nothing to do with me. I've had enough of this."

A bell rang on the sub-commissioner's desk. He picked up a small receiver, muttered a word or two, and handed it over to Milsom. Milsom listened with a slightly bored expression.

"Send him up," he directed.

"I'm going," Reuben announced. "I'm sick of your questioning. You don't believe anything I say. The stiffs can follow me, and see how much they can find out."

"One moment, Mr. Grossett," Milsom begged. "You haven't altogether understood us. We've been going for big things with you. We've got enough of the little ones to keep you busy for a time. We can't have you leave us like this. Besides," he added, listening to the approaching footsteps, "you may be interested in meeting an old friend."

There was a knock at the door. Once more the policeman presented himself. He made no announcement, no name had passed. Leaning heavily upon his stick, Tottie Green made his entrance.

IT WAS a strange and, to both the sub-commissioner and Milsom, an utterly unexpected drama which was played out before their eyes. Reuben stood swaying for a moment upon his feet. His eyes seemed to search everywhere for some other exit, for some means of escape. Then with a ghastly little cry he collapsed into his place. Tottie Green stumped along, a figure of fate. He was dressed in deep black, but his clothes were already dusty and smeared with tobacco ash. His waistcoat buttons were undone, his breathing could be heard at the other end of the room. Yet about his thick mouth there was a new and vicious strength; his watery eyes gleamed.

"Mr.—what name did you say?" the sub-commissioner inquired.

"Tottie Green," the newcomer answered. "That lad in the chair is my Chief of the Staff. I'm the head of the gang you're hunting, who've got Dave Newberry. Now, I can't stand. I've brought all you want. Give me a chair. What's that chap there with a pencil? A shorthand clerk? See that he takes down all I say. I'm here to make sure that that vermin there hangs."

There was a breathless little pause. Milsom, with firm hands, helped Tottie Green to ensconce himself.

"I've got to smoke," the latter insisted. "I always said I'd go out smoking, and I got to. You can spare all the cigars in the world when you hear what I'm going to say. Come on! Something strong."

The sub-commissioner fumbled in his drawer, and produced some fine Havanas. Tottie Green selected the blackest and lit it.

"I got my own private doctor," he confided, as he blew out a cloud of cigar smoke. "He's told me for the last year or so that I'm hanging on between life and death. That being the case, I won't beat about the bush. I want to make sure of him."

His stubby, unclean forefinger stabbed the air toward where Reuben was cowering.

"He's a foul murderer," Tottie Green went on. "Take down that, young man with the pencil. He's murdered at my orders before now. I've been behind him. He murdered Dick Ebben of Swan Alley, and served the skunk right. He was squealing. He did in Dave Houlden in the Milan Hotel five years ago. That don't matter either. What he's got to swing for is this last job. He killed—Belle—Belle that I've looked after all these years—a woman and my pal Morgan's daughter—the chap you sent to penal servitude—killed her because she'd fallen for Dave Newberry."

He paused and, except for the sound of his frantic breathing and the scraping of the reporter's pencil, there was silence in the room. Reuben tried to raise himself, clutching at the back of the chair. He turned a white face to his accuser.

"You're lying, Tottie Green," he shouted. "It had nothing to do with Dave Newberry, though I hated her for it. She squealed, I tell you. I was hiding in her room, and I heard her telephone. She squealed—to Dave—that the lads were bringing their guns and knives, and coming strong. I tell you I heard her. What do we do to squealers? She got what was coming to her. She got—"

He broke off. Suddenly his cry rang through the office.

"You devils!" he yelled. "You fiends! You carcass from hell, Tottie! You've made me talk, and I'd kept my lips shut. They'd got nothing from me. Oh, hell!"

He stood there shivering until his knees collapsed, and he cowered in the chair again. Tottie Green's waistcoat began to heave. He was laughing. He turned to the sub-commissioner.

"Say, Mr. Policeman," he appealed, "what do you think of that? You heard what he said? He confessed all right, didn't he? He gets into the Milan when he likes through the waiters' staff. You heard, didn't you? That chap with a pencil, he's got it down. Reuben will swing for that, eh? Tell me he'll swing—because I might go out myself at any minute, and I want to be sure."

There was a horrible flush on Tottie Green's face.

"He'll swing all right," the sub-commissioner assured him. "Now, listen. Do you mean to tell us that you are at the head of this gang who were fighting in Widows' Row—the gang to which David Newberry belonged—the gang—"

"Chuck it!" Tottie Green interrupted. "You've got a fool lot of stiffs, or they'd have tumbled to me before now. I'm Tottie Green, and I've been head of the Lambs for fourteen years—a small job at first, but the biggest in Europe up till today. They'll get hell now. I've signed the warrants for seven men to get theirs for squealing, and they've had it. You'll find their graves in Highgate Cemetery.

"My death warrant has been as good as any king's that ever sat on the throne. Yes, I'm a murderer a good many times over, but I've only murdered squealers. I've had 'em every time. But, my Gawd, listen! Here's the great joke! I'm the squealer now! I end my life with a squeal. I break the gang with a squeal. And because of that damned piece of foul flesh, that cowardly louse over there! Wait!"

HE DREW a flask from his pocket. He took long gurgling, sobbing gulps. When he had finished, it slipped from his fingers, and lay upon the dark green carpet. No one noticed. The sub-commissioner was tearing a piece of blotting paper to pieces; Milsom was gripping the side of his desk until his fingers bled.

"Now then! On with the pencil! Take it down, quick! Number 11a Riverside Row, Tooley Street way, in the downstairs room. That's been our headquarters for seven years. They'll give you a show, I can promise you. There's a back way out, and bombs, and there'll be a few stiffs' widows before you gather them in, but that's where they are. Headquarters—the Lion and the Lamb, Bermondsey.

"That's where I sat and planned. That's where I signed death warrants. And listen. Dave weren't a bad sort. If you're quick he may be alive. Number 15a Mortimer Place, Camberwell, respectable Nursing Home, nice matron, nurses all swell—I paid anything you like for their uniform. A doctor on the premises, an Armenian Jew, clever as paint—torturer, anything you like. There's Lem, too, there, getting over the wounds he got when Dave winged him in Swan Alley. He was the other chap in that. He gave Sam West his. Gawd, is there anything in that flask?"

He leaned down but failed to reach it. Milsom, scarcely knowing what he did, steadied him with one hand, and picked it up with the other. There was still a little liquor left. He handed the flask to Tottie Green, who raised it to his lips and drank.

"My last drink!" he muttered. "I've got to act quick, because I've poison inside me, and it's working. Now then! Anything else you want to know?"

The sub-commissioner found words.

"Is this amazing story of yours the truth?" he demanded.

"Every word of it," Tottie Green swore. "I'd have gone on too. I'd have fought you chaps but for him. There was only one thing meant anything to me in life. He knew it. It was Belle—the most beautiful creature that ever lived. He knew it, the skunk. If she squealed, she squealed. I'd have forgiven her. He killed her because of Dave. If Dave's still alive, if she'd been here, I'd have given her to him."

Milsom came to himself. He was at the telephone.

"Two police vans. The flying squad. Men armed—five minutes! Coming myself—Milsom. Got that?"

He turned away. "I want to save Newberry," he explained.

The sub-commissioner rang the bell. Tottie Green gave a great groan. He fell forward. His lips twitched. As the sub-commissioner bent over him, he half opened his eyes for a minute. His trembling forefinger stole out towards the unconscious figure of Reuben sprawled across the chair.

"He swings, mind—he swings!" he muttered. "I've squealed for that!"

DR. ERASMUS NADOL, secretary and resident physician to Miss Mason's private Nursing Home in Mortimer Place, sat at the desk in his consulting-room, with a pile of accounts before him, with which he had no sort of inclination to deal. He was a thin-featured, delicate-looking little man, with a stoop so pronounced that it amounted almost to a deformity. His features were good, although his nose was slightly too curved, and his lips a shade too red. His high forehead was distinctly intellectual. His hands were the hands of a woman, fine and delicate. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and few people would have mistaken him for anything but what he was—a very clever man.

A KNOCK at the door interrupted his reflections. In response to the doctor's invitation to enter, Cannon Ball Lem, leaning heavily upon a stick, and looking little more than the ghost of his former self, hobbled in.

"What are you doing down here?" the doctor demanded. "It isn't your time for treatment yet."

"Blast your treatment!" Lem muttered, staggering into a chair. "Why don't I get better? That's what I want to know?"

"Because you drink a bottle of whisky a day, and lie about it," was the chilly retort. "You undo all the good my medicines could do you. You are drinking yourself into the grave. No doctor can help a self-indulgent tank like you, who hasn't the courage to keep off the drink even for a week or two."

"If I didn't take a drink now and then," Lem growled, "I should go out right away."

"You'll do that as it is," the doctor assured him. "What do you want?"

"I want to know first of all if there's any news. What about my lord upstairs?"

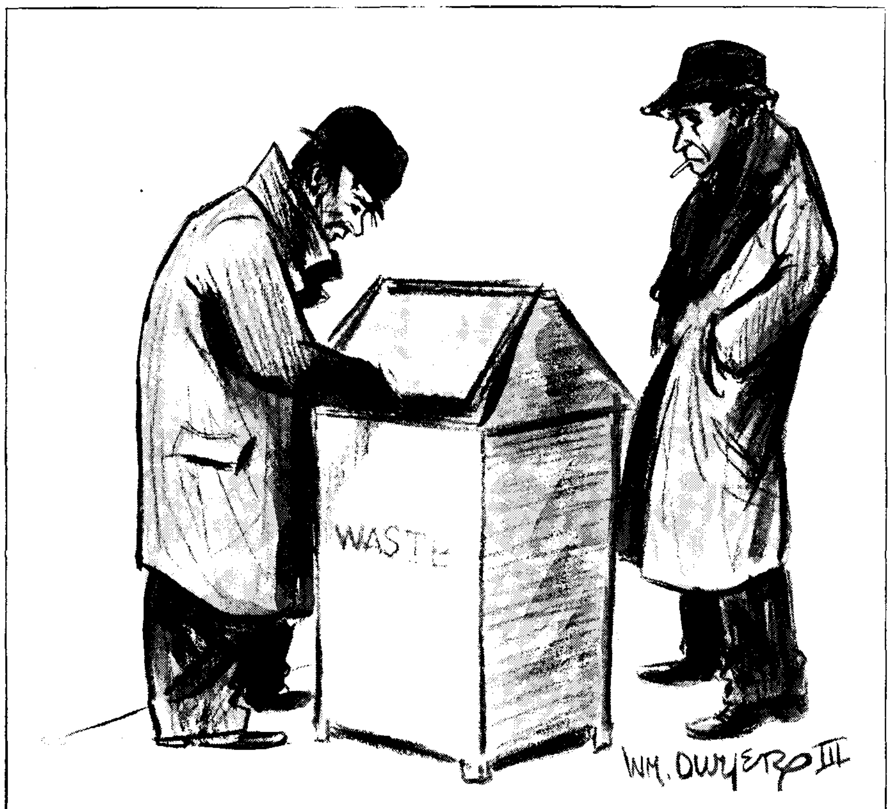
"No progress in that direction, I fear," Dr. Nadol regretted. "The young man appears to be possessed of what you lack—courage and an infinite capacity for bearing pain. His nerves, too, take a lot of breaking. Open the door for a minute, and listen to that."

Lem leaned over, and did as he was bidden. From a room upstairs came the shrieks and sobs of a tortured being, growing and fading as though with the intensity of the pain, ending in one long wail of despair. Even Lem shivered.

"What the devil's that, Doc?" he asked.

"Never mind. Something of that sort has been in his ears day and night. He never knows when he isn't going to hear those cries of agony, and he's made no remark since the first day. He just

(Continued on page 64)



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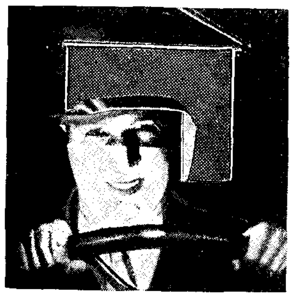

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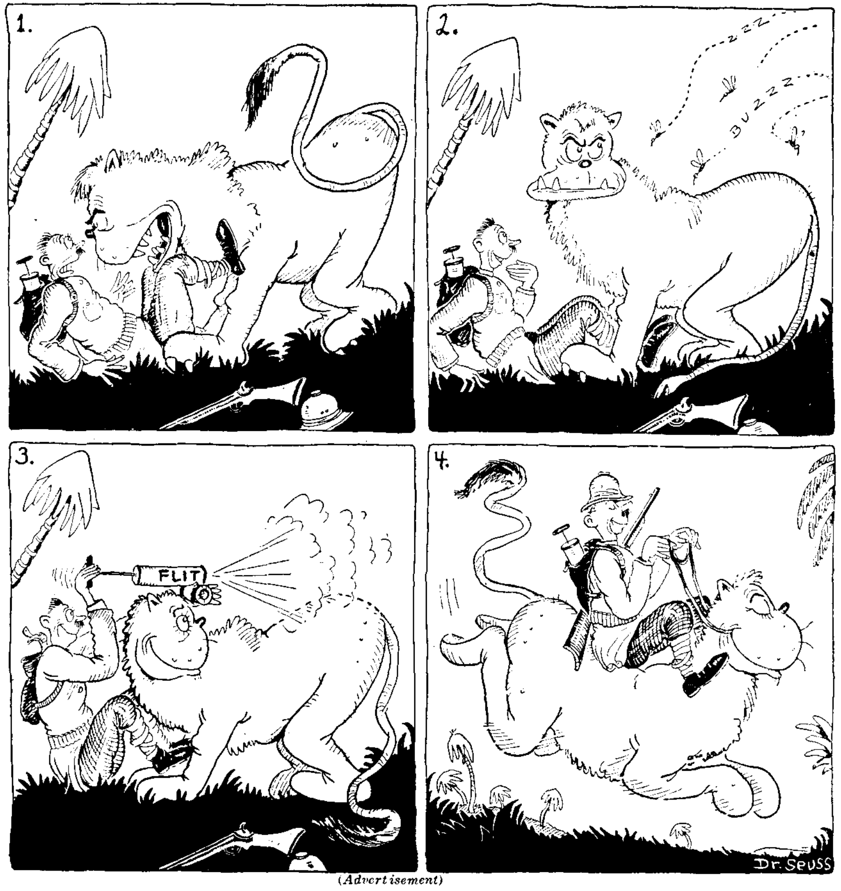

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(*Continued from page 63*)

asked Nurse Angus who was being tortured. She told him that it was an operation, and we didn't give anæsthetics here. He simply turned over."

"Have you had him in the theater?"

"Twice. He's due to go in today for the third time."

"Look here," Lem said gruffly, "we want that diamond or the money like hell, but it ain't safe to keep him. Put him out, Doc. Put him out today. Give him the last screw, and if he won't hand over, finish with him. I dunno, but I've got a queer feeling about things. Reuben was coming last night. He never come near. He ain't telephoned today. What's wrong?"

The doctor looked at him keenly.

"To tell you the truth, Lem," he confided, "when you came in, I was asking myself the same question. I can't get any message through to the Lion and the Lamb. I wanted Tottie Green's last word—about him," he added, jerking his head upwards. "I've rung up on our private telephone into the parlor six times. No reply. There should be Tottie Green there, and Fishy Tim, and Reuben. I've just sent a messenger round."

"The old man will go dotty about that," Lem observed.

THE doctor pushed the papers to one side, and glanced at his watch.

"If you'll tell me what time you're putting the screw on Dave," Lem continued, "I'm coming in to watch."

"The more fool you," the doctor retorted. "Last time I gave him more than I've ever known a man bear in my life. If he sees you sitting there, he'll never utter a sound."

"I'm coming all right," Lem declared sullenly. "It's the only fun I get. Who the hell's this?"

There was a quick knock at the door. A woman, well and precisely dressed in official black, entered. With her, almost supported in her arms, was a young woman obviously on the point of collapse. Her cheeks were ghastly pale; she was shivering. Her eyes were distended as though with fright.

"What is this, Miss Mason?" Doctor Nadol inquired.

"I was sent for by Nurse Susan," the matron explained. "She says that the front doorbell rang, and she found this young lady lying on the doorstep in what seems to have been a faint. I think she's off again now."

The doctor left his place. He came over and helped carry the girl to a couch. She lay there groaning. He made a brief examination.

"Healthy enough," he observed, standing back. "Taken something that disagreed with her, I should think."

"I've taken poison," the girl faltered, and closed her eyes again.

The doctor turned, frowning, toward the matron.

"This is a very bad time," he admonished her severely, "to let strangers into the Home. Why did you bring her in?"

"How could I leave her there?" the matron rejoined. "The first policeman who came along, or any people who passed and saw her fainting and knew that this was a Nursing Home, would have brought her in. We could not have refused when they know that there's a doctor on the premises. You might have had to answer some inquiries."

"You're quite right, Matron," the doctor admitted. "We don't want her here, though."

The girl opened her eyes.

"Let me have a room for just twelve hours," she begged. "I've been silly. I'll go away then if I'm better. I can pay—pay anything you like. There's a purse in my bag there. Ten pounds if you want—anything. I'm not poor."

"What is your name?" the doctor inquired.

"Crawford—Mary Crawford."

"And your address?"

She shook her head.

"I shan't tell you that," she said. "I've run away from home. Perhaps I shall go back, but I shan't tell you my address."

"Take her up to Number 10," the doctor directed the matron. "Take off her outer clothes, and give her a dressing-gown until we make up our minds whether to keep her or not. Remove her shoes and stockings, and give her a hot-water bottle. If she wants to be ill, let her."

The matron led the girl away. Almost immediately afterwards the telephone bell rang. The doctor listened with immovable face, uttered a few monosyllables, and rang off.

"Anything wrong?" Lem asked.

"Probably a great deal," the doctor replied. "Everything to us seems to be as usual, but evidently at headquarters there is another feeling. How long is it since Tottie Green left the parlor of the Lion and the Lamb?"

"Once within my memory," Lem answered. "That is when he came down to the lads at Riverside Row."

"He has gone out this morning," the doctor announced. "He has left no message. No one knows where. Reuben has not been near the place. That is the report of the messenger I sent down."

Even Lem showed signs of uneasiness.

"Perhaps he's coming here to see Dave himself," he suggested.

"Did you ever know Tottie Green to play a fool trick like that?" the doctor asked. "The one reason the gang have lived and flourished is because of Tottie Green's brains. Once in his lifetime he has visited Riverside Row and the lads. Never in his lifetime has he crossed the threshold of this place. Do you suppose he would break through all his habits of caution just now when all Scotland Yard is combing London? There's something wrong, my friend."

He stretched out his hand and took up a timetable.

"Look here," Lem protested, "you ain't going to sheer off, and leave me here, and Dave—leave the job half undone. You've got to put Dave out before you go. I'm a broken man, and a cripple, but I'll see to that, Doctor."

THE doctor was busy clearing out the very bulky contents of a cash box. When he had finished he turned to his companion.

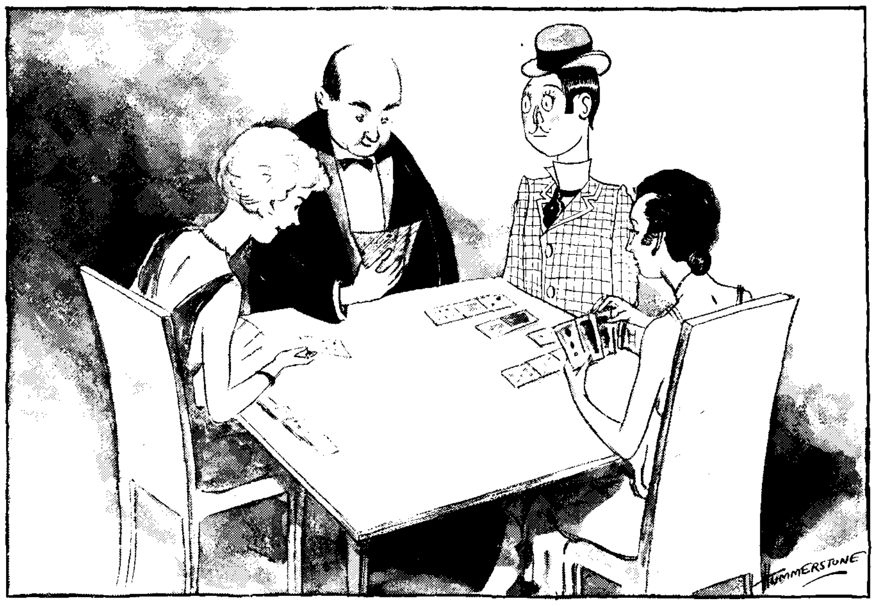
"You can go and fetch Morrison and Smith, and tell them to come to me in David Newberry's room. You can tell the matron to have the theater prepared. Make yourself useful as long as you are hobbling about. As to my dealing with David Newberry, I have my instructions from Tottie Green, confirmed by Reuben. I shall not alter them to please you."

Lem's great hand twitched. He clenched his fist, and unclenched it. The doctor looked at him with a queer and evil glance.

"A lump of brawn such as you are, even if you were in fighting trim," he said scornfully, "would be a mass of butter in my hands. I have half a dozen needles in my pocket if it interests you to know it, a scratch with any one of which would take you off in less than a minute. I learned early in life, when I knew that I was going to be small and delicate, and that I was going to lead a life of adventure, to find the means of life or death quicker than your clumsy methods. Be off. I still have five minutes' work to do here."

Lem shambled away. There was little to be seen of his vaunted courage.

(*To be concluded next week*)



How you feel when your partner gets every bid

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. J-10-7
H. J-6-5-3-2
D. A-K-9
C. A-Q

West
S. 8-5-4
H. None
D. Q-10-8-7-5
C. 9-7-5-3-2

East
S. 9-6-3-2
H. Q-10-9
D. J-4
C. J-10-8-4

South
S. A-K-Q
H. A-K-8-7-4
D. 6-3-2
C. K-6

IF THE above hand, given in last week's Collier's, had been played at Auction, South's one Heart would have been the final bid; but it was played at Contract and some very interesting bidding developed. South started with two Hearts. After West's pass, North bid five Hearts, reckoning his strength on the point system that works so admirably. East passed and South bid six Hearts. He was warranted in accepting his partner's slam invitation because he had quite a bit more than the strength required for his original bid of two. So the hand was played at six Hearts with South the Declarer.

West led his Seven of Diamonds; North won and led a trump on which West discarded a Club. This showed the Declarer that East must take a trump trick and the small slam, which seemed assured when dummy's hand was exposed, now looked extremely dubious.

On trick 1, the Diamonds played were the Seven, King, Jack and Trey. East had played the Jack, counting from the lead of the Seven that West had Queen-Ten-Eight. Everything indicated that the Seven was a fourth best. If the Seven had been West's top, retaining the Jack by East would be useless; but if the Seven was a fourth best playing the Jack must give West valuable information. South retained the Deuce, thinking that he might induce West to place it in his partner's hand.

Trying the only method that occurred to him, Declarer attempted to "squeeze" his way out of trouble. He led two more trumps, forcing two more discards from the West hand and, when East obtained the lead and returned his partner's Diamond, North won, put South in with a Spade and then South led two more trumps in continuation of his squeezing effort. That was followed by two rounds of Clubs and then two more Spade tricks (11 and 12). None of these devices, however, induced West to part with his Queen of Diamonds, so the last trick went to the adversaries and the contract was defeated.

After the play, a discussion arose concerning the propriety of the slam bids. North and South were disposed each to consider that the other had been "too gay," but a reproduction of the hands convinced both that the other's bid had been sound, and it was decided that it was one of those unfortunate cases in which a system—if anything, too conservative—goes wrong. Then an onlooker suggested that the trouble was not with the system that brought forth a slam bid, but with the play of the Declarer.

The Correct Play

After the first round of trumps, the chance for Declarer's success looked exceedingly slim, but it was there if the hand had been played as an elimination and not as a squeeze. After taking the first trump trick, it could do no harm to lead a second and next to eliminate the Clubs from Declarer's two hands, which could be done in two rounds without danger. The next thing would be to get rid of the Spades. If East trumped the third Spade and led a Diamond the scheme would fail, but East was more apt to have three Spades than two Diamonds and consequently there was less risk in leading the third Spade than the second Diamond. After the third Spade ran successfully, a Diamond should be led and won in dummy. It then would be easy to place East in the lead with a trump. This promised a small slam unless East had three Diamonds or less than three Spades. When put in with the trump, East could lead a Spade or a Club; it mattered not which. In either case Declarer could trump with one hand and discard his losing Diamond from the other.

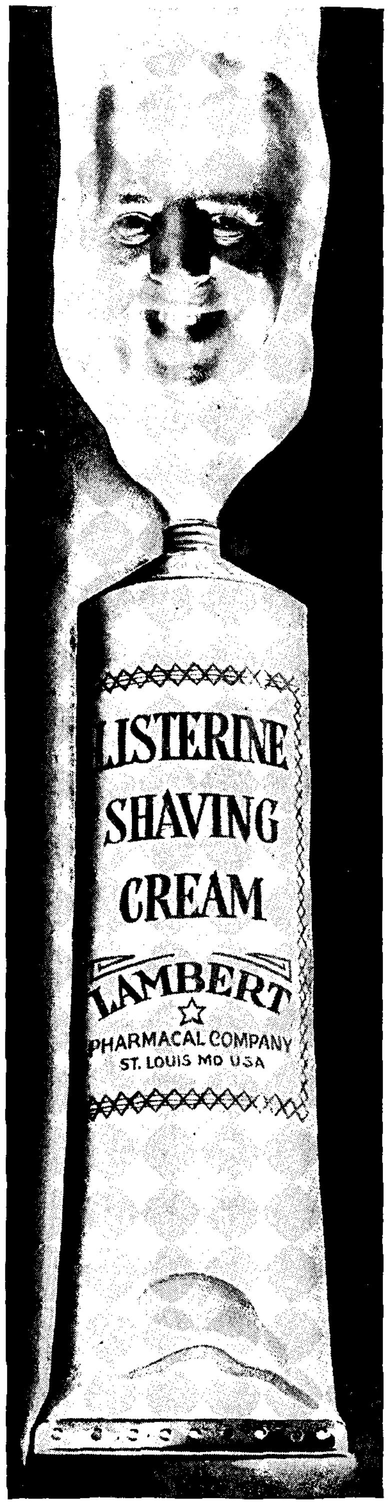
Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-Q-10-8
H. 8-6-3
D. 7-3-2
C. 9-5-3

East
S. 7-6-4-3
H. 9-7-4-2
D. J-10-8-5
C. 4

West
S. 5-2
H. K-J-5
D. K-9-6
C. Q-J-10-8-7

South
S. K-J-9
H. A-Q-10
D. A-Q-4
C. A-K-6-2



Slide the whiskers off on a film of glycerine

WAIT! Before you scrape your face again, before you *drag* off your whiskers tomorrow, read about a remarkable new shaving cream which *lubricates* the skin.

This silvery cream quickly brushes up into a thick blanket of ever-moist lather. Not only does it soften the stubble, but there is menthol in it for extra coolness, antiseptic essences of Listerine for protection against infection, and *glycerine*.

The glycerine deposits a velvety film of lubricant right at the base of the hairs. On that film your blade *slides* in a way that will astonish and delight you. Gone is the smart and scrape of razor friction. Gone, the tenseness and rawness.

You will find your shave swifter than ever before. And sweeter. Easier on your temper and on the temper of your blade. Try a glycerine shave with Listerine Shaving Cream just once, and somewhere in your memory there will be such a recollection of whiskers departing without struggle and pain, that no other lather will satisfy you.

5 months—50c

Listerine chemists did not make this glycerine cream to compete for your favor on a price basis. Their aim was the ultimate in shaving comfort. So they painstakingly developed a luxurious blend of costly ingredients. The big tube contains 118 inches of cream, enough for 157 shaves. The price is 50c for this five months' supply, and makes the cost one-third of a penny per shave. Ask for it at your druggist's.

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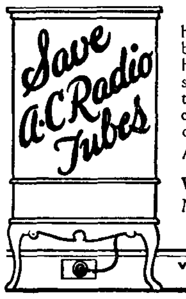

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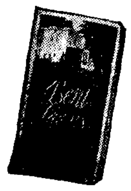

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK
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WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*
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Managing Editor

The Eighteenth Century Gentleman

IT IS almost impossible for us to imagine the world in which George Washington lived and rose to glory. In 1758 he was elected to office for the first time. He did not campaign in person, being busy fighting the French and Indians, but he provided entertainment for his supporters.

Here is his record of what the election cost him:

40 gallons of Rum Punch at 3/6 per galn.	£7	0s.	0d.
15 gallons of Wine at 10/ per galn.	7	10	0
Dinner for your Friends	3	0	0
13½ gallons of Wine at 10/	6	15	0
3½ pts. of Brandy at 1/3		4	4½
13 gallons of Beer at 1/3		16	3
8 qts. Cyder Royal at 1/6		12	0
30 gallons of strong beer at 8d.	1	0	0
1 hhd & 1 Barrell of Punch consisting of 26 gals. best Barbados rum at 5/	6	10	0
12 lbs. S. Refd. Sugar at 1/6		18	9
10 Bowls of Punch at 2/6 each	1	5	0
9 half pints of rum at 7½d. each	0	5	7½
1 pint of wine	0	1	6

Washington was merely acting in accordance with the standards of his time. As W. E. Woodward relates, the Father of His Country was a moderate drinker, a one-bottle man, who found a pint of Madeira enough to quench his dinner thirst for wine. This marked real restraint at a time when even the ordination of ministers was accompanied by what modern men would call orgies of drinking.

Washington was curiously representative of his time. He loved to dance and once when he was past fifty he is said to have danced three hours continuously with the wife of General Greene. Spectators thought that an endurance contest was being fought out by the general and the lady.

He was a famous fox hunter and accounted the best horseman in the colonies. Altogether he was a typical country gentleman of the eighteenth century and yet of all the thirty-one men who have been Presidents of the United States Washington is still the most influential in making our national policies.

"Europe," he said, "has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are equally foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise for us to implicate ourselves in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics. . . ."

That is the sentiment which lay behind the American opposition to the League of Nations. Washington himself might have derived new principles from new facts but what he said in 1796 has convinced enough of us during recent years to keep the United States out of the League.

Washington never accepted pay for his services as commander of the Revolutionary armies, nor would he take the salary voted him as President. He was affluent and he took pride in working without pay for his country.

This desire to serve without reward enabled him to keep aloof from partisan controversies. Although at the end he was counted a Federalist he deplored political parties and all sectarianism. He constantly thought of the entire country rather than of sections.

We would do well at this time of sectional controversy to consider his advice on this subject. We talk about the political conflict between the East and West and the clash between industry and agriculture. In other forms this rivalry raged around Washington.

As an old and affectionate friend he advised against such divisions. He called upon East and West and upon North and South to merge their interests and to bury their differences.

Washington said other things which are useful even to this day. He appealed to his countrymen to respect and to obey the new Constitution, then but nine years old.

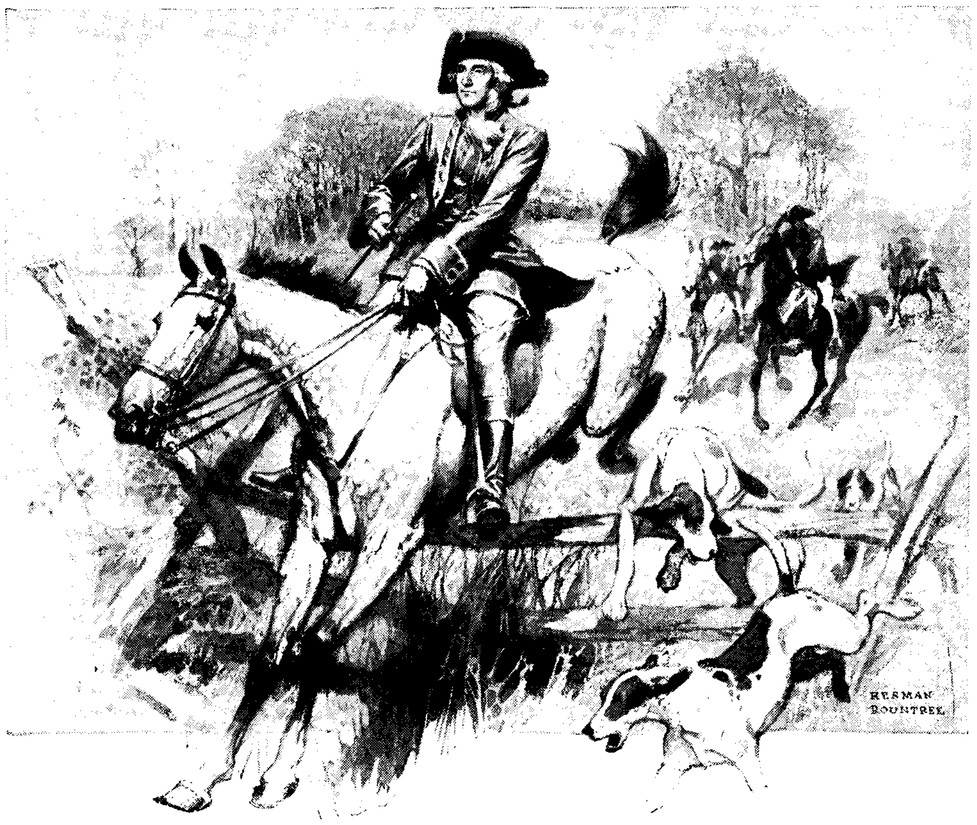
"The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government," he said. Impressive words from the successful leader of the then recent Revolutionary War.

But he added words of warning which have been too often forgotten when he said:

"In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of government as of other human institutions—that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing Constitution of the country."

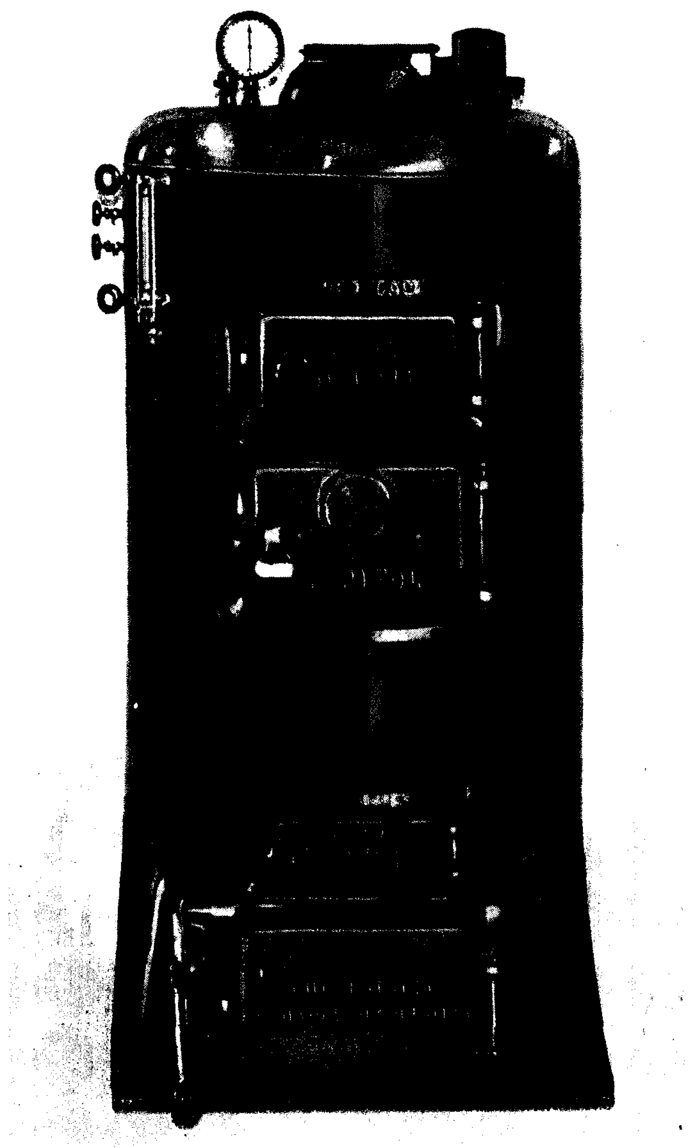
Time and habit, customs of the people, are precisely what we incline to overlook in our feverish efforts to make ethical gains through legislation.

In many ways Washington was a typical man of his time. He had the robust tastes of the eighteenth century. He was enterprising in private business and he wanted value for his money.



But above and beyond all his contemporaries he had a sense of public right. Forty-five years were spent in public service and he wanted nothing for himself except the privilege of retiring to private life. He gave to his country, but he asked for nothing in return.

So it has happened that of all the gifted men who have held public office in this country, and we have been fortunate in this respect, Washington stands out as the towering influence. We remember his words because we still have need of the wise counsel of that clear-headed old man whose one aim was to bring to this country the benign influence of good laws under a free government.



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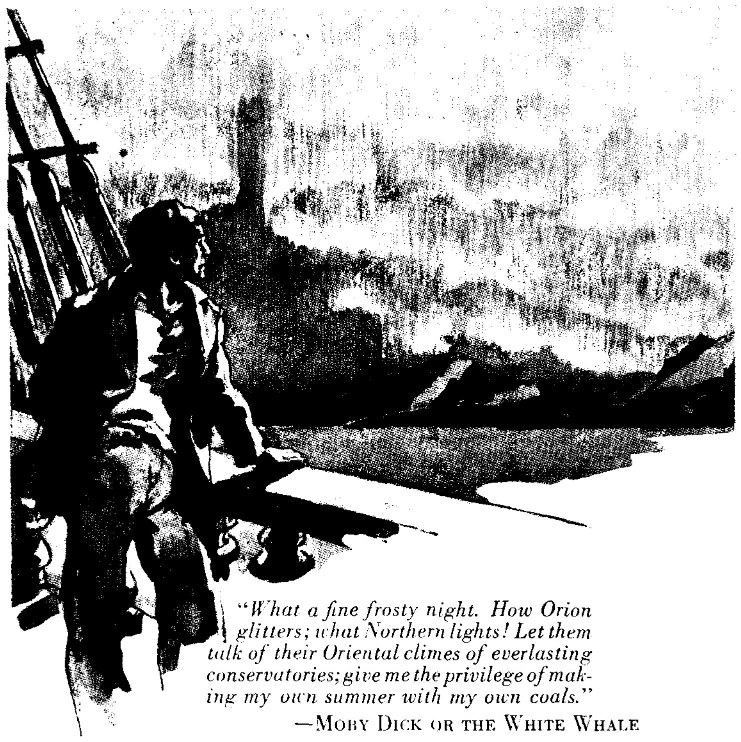

"*What a fine frosty night. How Orion glitters; what Northern lights! Let them talk of their Oriental climes of everlasting conservatories; give me the privilege of making my own summer with my own coals.*"
—Moby Dick or the White Whale

. . . making my own summer with my own coals . . .

TO homes along the cold New England coast, under icily glittering Wisconsin stars, on wind-swept prairies, these three new *Capitol Red* heat-makers are now bringing the privilege of making their own summer. Not only the privilege but the certainty. For their heating capacity is guaranteed in writing, under *Capitol Guaranteed Heating.*

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Division of the United States Radiator Corporation, builds welded steel heating boilers for large installations—business buildings, factories, schools, hotels, and large apartments

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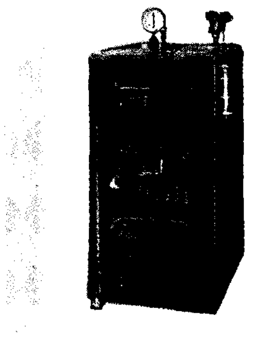
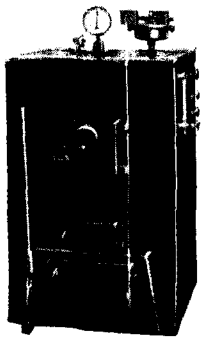


The Capitol Red Top

This is, we believe, the finest square boiler yet achieved. Rock wool insulation. Staunch jacket in baked enamel. Vitreous enamel doors. For medium sized and large residences.



The Capitol Red Head

To cottages and bungalows this handsome heat-maker, with rock wool insulation, brings the advantages of radiator heat for little if any more than the cost of your second choice in heating equipment.

Guaranteed Heating WITH
Capitol Boilers
AND RADIATORS

WHEN CRITICAL SMOKERS GET TOGETHER

Their experience recognizes that Camel is indeed "a better cigarette":

Better in its quality of mellow, fragrant tobacco—

Better in the mildness and satisfying taste of the Camel blend—

When they learn the difference they flock to Camels.

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CIGARETTES

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